May 20, 1939

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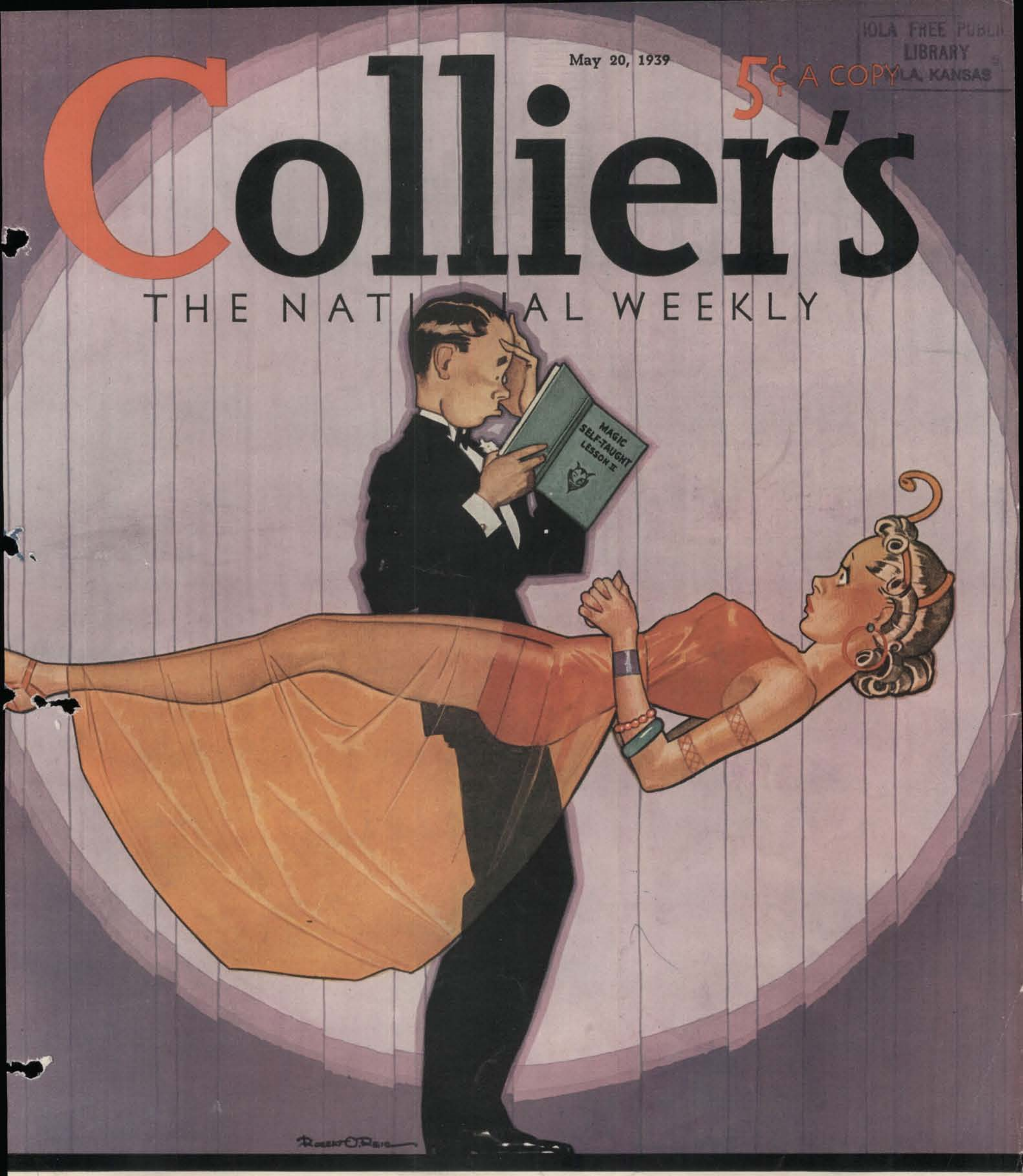
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY


MAGIC
SELF-TAUGHT
LESSON I
ROBERT O. REID

LEGALIZE MERCY KILLINGS!

By Dr. Foster Kenned

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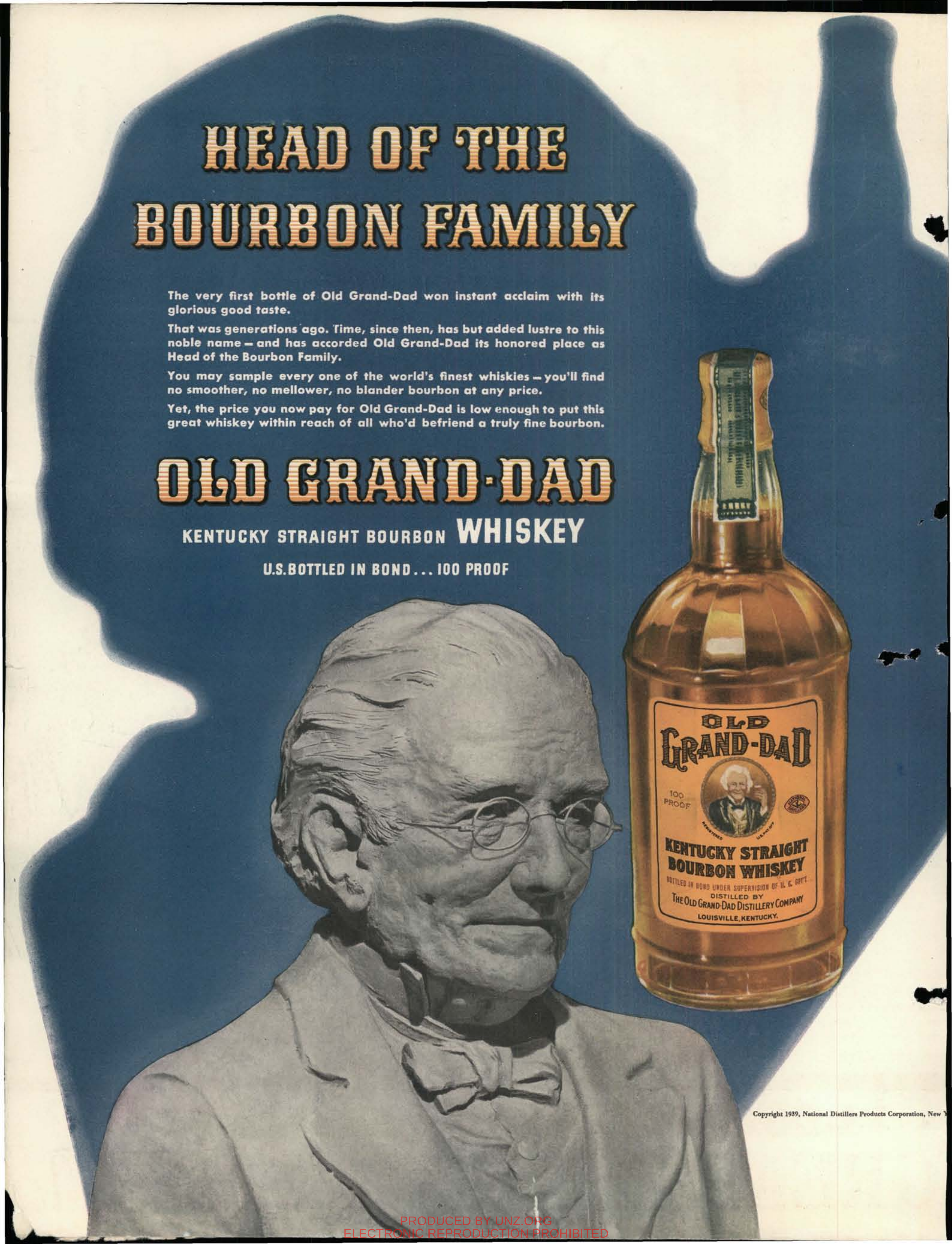

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

The very first bottle of Old Grand-Dad won instant acclaim with its glorious good taste.

That was generations ago. Time, since then, has but added lustre to this noble name — and has accorded Old Grand-Dad its honored place as Head of the Bourbon Family.

You may sample every one of the world's finest whiskies — you'll find no smoother, no mellower, no blander bourbon at any price.

Yet, the price you now pay for Old Grand-Dad is low enough to put this great whiskey within reach of all who'd befriend a truly fine bourbon.

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

U.S. BOTTLED IN BOND . . . 100 PROOF

OLD
GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOV'T.
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

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Your present car will probably represent a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price...with the balance in low monthly instalments.

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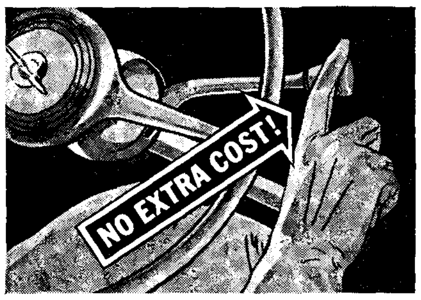
Notice Plymouth's fresh, modern beauty—its new luxury, inside and out. And that big Safety-Steel body is completely rust-proofed.

POWER WITH ECONOMY

Every Plymouth model has the same big, six-cylinder "L-head" engine. You get the thrill of full-powered performance *plus* exceptional economy.

GREATER RIDING EASE

Plymouth is the only low-priced car with the marvelous riding smoothness of independent front coil springs as standard equipment *on all models.*



PLYMOUTH is the only one of "All Three" low-priced cars with the steering [illegible] gear shift standard on "De Luxe" models at *no extra cost.*

THE RUSH TO Plymouth is sweeping the country! Every day new thousands are finding out it's the *biggest value* ever offered for low price!

Just compare it with the other leading low-priced cars! Plymouth is by far the biggest, the roomiest!

Plymouth's big "L-head" engine gives you the zest of full-powered performance *and* great economy. It's the "car that stands up best"!

Biggest surprise to many is the utter *smoothness* of Plymouth's ride ... due to Amola Steel coil springs and Floating Power engine mountings.

And for your protection—Plymouth's time-proven hydraulic brakes and Safety-Styled interiors.

No wonder Plymouth is *going great!*

Special Values in Used Cars

Every Plymouth built—new or used—is backed by the same great engineering. Right now your Plymouth dealer has unusual used car values.

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YOU CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S A LOW-PRICED CAR!"

PLYMOUTH BRINGS YOU the world-famous safety of time-proven Hydraulic Brakes . . . plus a new "Safety Signal" Speedometer.

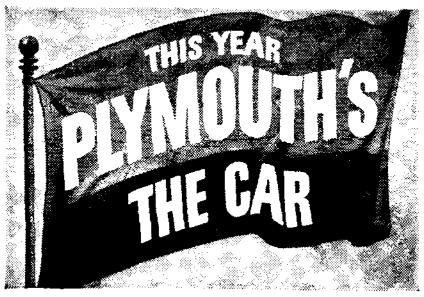
COUPES START AT **$645**
SEDANS START AT **$685**

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9-10 P. M., E. D. S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"



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Collier's
May 20, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

EVERYONE who keeps informed by reading Collier's—or even the newspapers for that matter—knows that syphilis can be cured. Since Collier's first pointed the way for other national magazines by bringing this vital public-health question out into the open, the story of science's fight against the scourge has been told frequently and well.

But down in the swamps and piney woods of Georgia there were thousands of persons—black and white—who had never read anything about the disease which was poisoning one out of every three of them. They hadn't read about it, because no one had ever taught them to read.

And so the message of public health had to be taken to them by word of mouth. Pig roasts and prize contests caught their interest. Then a little country doctor told them the story, and set about performing a modern miracle which has brought him unstinted praise from syphilologists the world over.

Walter Davenport went down to see this modern miracle worker. He rode with him over the gummy back roads in his traveling clinic, and watched him sell his way into the hearts of the people he had come to cure. In "Bad-Blood Wagon," Mr. Davenport next week tells the story of that journey.

PRETTY girls were the only things the hero of Moran Tudury's story couldn't draw. We enjoyed the story particularly because we thought we recognized the political setup in the city Mr. Tudury describes. We thought we even recognized the political boss and his pretty daughter and the newspaper that was trying to unseat him. But the author assures us it's purely fictional.

PAUL SCHUBERT who was a lieutenant, junior grade, before he resigned from the Navy to become a professional writer, checked up with his buddies from the battle wagon Texas, and visited the "Shock Houses" in Brooklyn's Sands Street all over again. Then he sat down and related what the gobs and gals like best about New York, and how they spend their time and money while on a typical "Liberty Party." Boy, it was some party.

AFTER that, you may try to relax. But George Agnew Chamberlain's horse-race romance wouldn't let us. Nor would Albert R. Wetjen's South Seas saga. There's a dazzling fashion spread, a close-up about noisy Ted Lewis, and oh, well, it's not going to be an issue to cure insomnia.

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●

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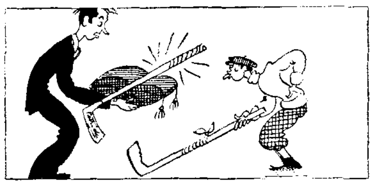
COVER ROBERT O. REID

Any Week

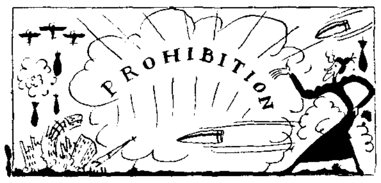
WE'VE had a feeling for some time that the younger generation isn't what it used to be. The trouble is we thought that was fine, looking as we've been doing with some envy upon the youngsters of today. But we weren't to learn the whole, *awful truth until we met Mr. George* McCullagh, the Toronto, Canada, publisher. Mr. McCullagh, a young man in his own right, was in a pretty high state about today's boys and girls. To increase the circulation of his newspaper, Mr. McCullagh was offering boys, free, autographed hockey sticks, a fine dinner and introductions to the most famous of Canada's professional hockey stars. The project developed many dismal aspects, falling quite short of its goal. Naturally Mr. McCullagh investigated. And to his vociferous disgust he found that most of the kids had hockey sticks, didn't want to be dined, and when asked whether they wouldn't admire to shake the hands of such heroes as Lionel Conacher, Ernie Shore, Lester Patrick, and so on, they merely asked, "So what?" and made indecent noises. And that, Mr. McCullagh told us rather sadly, was what was wrong with the world.



MAYBE our lack of complete sympathy for Mr. McCullagh was born of meeting, just before, a lad named Alfred. We gave Alfred a lift in our car near Ottawa. He was hitchhiking and walking from his home in Woodstock in western Ontario to Quebec, a jaunt of upward of five hundred miles—maybe more. Anyway, Alfred was thoroughly on fire. He was fifteen and had received a letter from his uncle in Quebec telling him that if he could get to Quebec there was a cabin-boy job on a ship bound for Florida that he might land. His father had been out of work a year. He had five brothers and sisters at home. He had walked most of the way so far. He told us that he hadn't been foolish enough to start out penniless, having saved up a dollar and a half against the appearance of such an opportunity. He accepted our invitation to supper but wanted to pay us fifteen cents for it, that being what he allowed himself daily for food. Sleeping was done where opportunity offered. "Of course," we said, "you're not sure of getting that job." He said that he wasn't but, "You gotta take a chance in this world if you want to get anywhere." We wanted to give him a dollar but were afraid to. We're rather glad we didn't offer to. Among the things we don't think we can take is the scorn of a kid.

A LOT of people reading about Alfred will jump to the conclusion that that lad is going to amount to something. But we're not sure that amounting to something is completely desirable. We ran across Mr. Walter Thompson, who's been appointed to shepherd and otherwise direct the newspaper reporters who will travel with King George and Queen Elizabeth, during Their Majesties' Canadian and United States junket. Already scores of newspapers and journalists are seething with hatred for Mr. Thompson because he can't give them individual preferences. Mr. Thompson, *suffering the penalties of being fair,* was trying to absorb a bit of solace from a glass of beer. But he told us that it was pretty bitter. "So's life," said he.

AND this seems to us to be a somewhat appropriate time to inform Mr. John H. Noregin of Des Moines, Iowa, that we cannot accept his son Bert. We're flattered and we hope Mr. Noregin will understand. But, no—we just can't do it. "I have been reading your magazine for twenty years," says Mr. Noregin, "and have decided you are a lot of fine, responsible men with *your feet on the ground.* My son Bert is seventeen years old and, while a good boy with no bad habits, I am unable to make anything much out of him. I would appreciate it very much if you will take Bert, my son, and try to make something like an editor or writer out of him. I have decided that this is about all he is good for."



AND we're indebted to Mrs. Sarah G. Charles of Los Angeles, for the staggering news that "war is not an unmixed blessing." In fact, says Mrs. Charles, "The World War gave us the great boon of prohibition, which was afterward repealed by gangsters." Come another world war, goes on Mrs. Charles, and we shall "come out of it a purified nation with a prohibition law which cannot be repealed."

WE STILL hate war. W. D.

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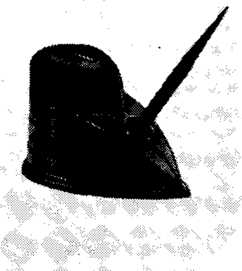

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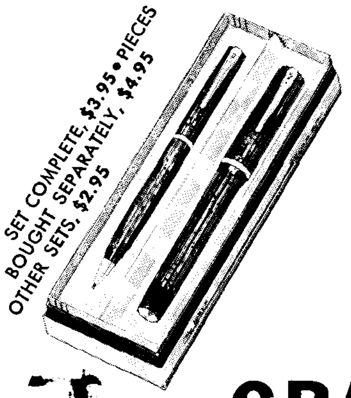

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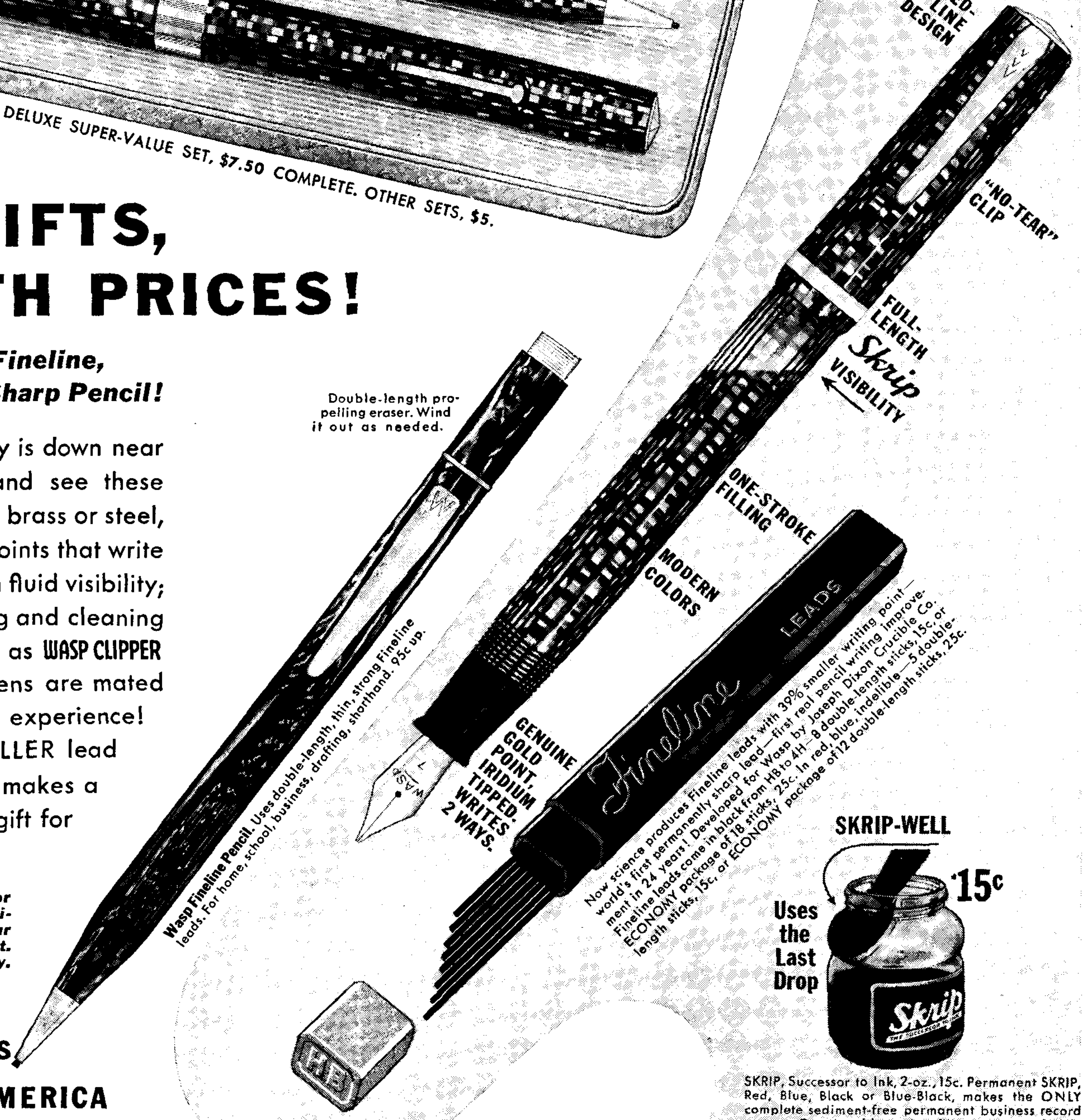
NOW MATCHED *with Fineline, World's Only Permanently Sharp Pencil!*

You're wrong if you think **WASP CLIPPER** quality is down near **WASP CLIPPER** price. It isn't! Just compare, and see these startling betterments: Instead of gold-plated brass or steel, here are genuine 12K iridium tipped gold points that write 2 ways, regular or hairline; here is full length fluid visibility; here is forceful ONE-stroke filling, emptying and cleaning that keeps **WASP CLIPPER** *performance* as good as **WASP CLIPPER** *looks.* And hear this: These stream-styled pens are mated with Fineline, the wholly new pencil writing experience! Fineline's double-length, strong, 39% SMALLER lead point STAYS SHARP-POINTED ALWAYS, makes a fine dense line! Surely, here's the striking gift for anybody, on any gift occasion!

All* Wasp Clipper *pen points are made of genuine gold for longer life, better writing qualities. Some companies substitute gold-plated brass and steel to increase profits. Have your dealer guarantee the pen you buy has a genuine gold point. If you buy a* Wasp Clipper *this guarantee is not necessary.



Double-length propelling eraser. Wind it out as needed.

Wasp Fineline Pencil. Uses double-length, thin, strong Fineline leads. For home, school, business, drafting, shorthand. 95c up.

Now science produces Fineline leads with 39% smaller writing point—world's first permanently sharp lead—first real pencil writing improvement in 24 years! Developed for Wasp by Joseph Dixon Crucible Co. Fineline leads come in black from HB to 4H—8 double-length sticks, 15c, or ECONOMY package of 18 sticks, 25c. In red, blue, indelible—5 double-length sticks, 15c, or ECONOMY package of 12 double-length sticks, 25c.

SKRIP, Successor to Ink, 2-oz., 15c. Permanent SKRIP, Red, Blue, Black or Blue-Black, makes the ONLY complete sediment-free permanent business record system. Get the side-pocket filler well; get SKRIP.

NOW 144% MORE *Skrip* CAPACITY THAN OLD STYLE PENS

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Everybody's talking about the extra care, brilliance that Luster-Foam *"bubble bath"* gives the teeth!

1st REPORTER: Ever see a smile so dazzling? All these glamour girls have it—I wonder why?

2nd REPORTER: It's the dentifrice they use—the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. It's swell!

JIM: Even if I am your husband, I've got to admit your smile gets more gorgeous daily.

JOAN: Honey, it's that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the New Listerine Tooth Paste that does it.

NURSE: Listerine Tooth Paste is designed to go to work on the tiny pits and cracks in enamel—the danger zones where 75% of decay is estimated to start.

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TRY IT?

Don't be so wedded to old favorites that you miss out on the utterly different, wholly delightful action that you get with Luster-Foam detergent in the New Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll wonder why you ever used any other paste.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into an aromatic, dainty, foaming "bubble bath" that wakes up the mouth. It surges over, around, and in between the teeth to accomplish cleansing that you didn't believe possible. And what dazzling luster it gives.

You know this new dentifrice must be delightful, because six million tubes of it were sold in 90 days. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big double-size at 40¢, containing more than ¼ of a pound of tooth paste. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube 40¢ Regular size tube 25¢
THE NEW FORMULA
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
NEW
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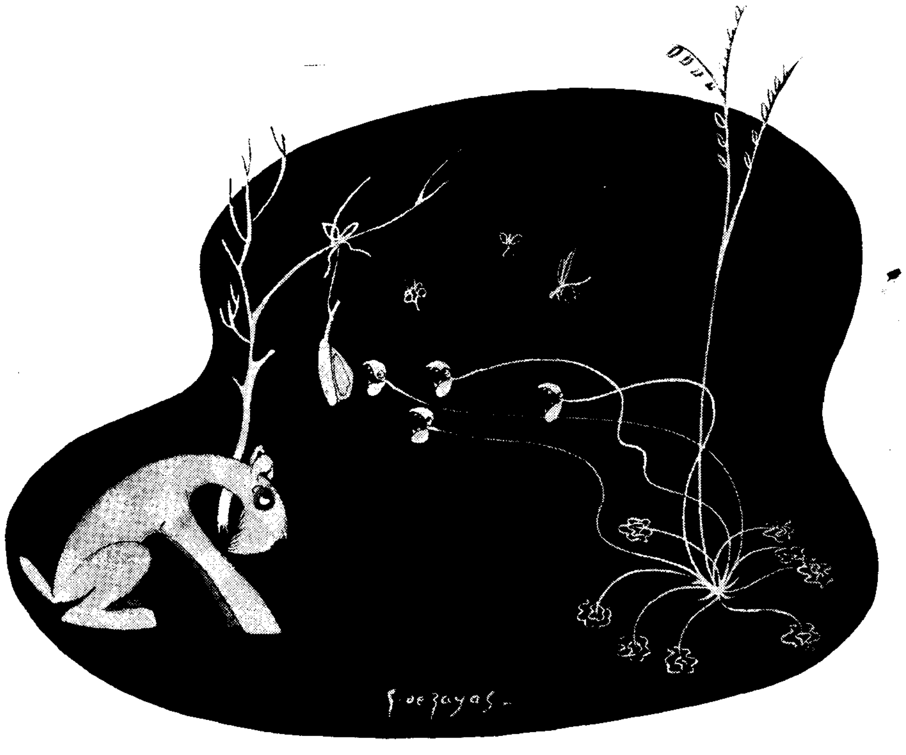
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Supercharged with LUSTER-FOAM

P. S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

At least one species of the sundew, a plant that lives on insects caught with the aid of a viscid secretion exuded by its tentacles, is so sensitive that it reacts to the mere presence of food. When a small piece of raw beef is suspended on a wire within its reach, the plant extends its nearest tentacle and grasps the meat inside of an hour.

Although America has 38,000,000 radio sets and many other means of hearing music free of charge, it still spends an average of $1,250,000 a week to play nickel-in-the-slot phonographs.—*By John G. Wright, Houston, Texas.*

Because of the heavy transpiration that takes place in trees, an acre of forest releases into the atmosphere more moisture than an acre of a lake or river.—*By Ralph Brown, Provo, Utah.*

Few keepers of animals in zoological parks are certain of crocodiles' sex unless they lay eggs.

The Victoria Falls, on the Zambezi River near Livingstone in Southern Rhodesia, is a mile wide and 350 feet high. On a clear day, its great clouds of spray are visible for twenty miles.

The recent visit of the French President and Mrs. Lebrun to England marked the first time that the head of a foreign state was ever received by Parliament.

Although about 35,000 sizable ships have been wrecked and sunk in the seas during the past century, fewer than thirty-five have vanished without a trace.—*By Powell Downer, San Diego, California.*

A peculiar form of dual monarchy is maintained in the territory that surrounds the city of Porto Nova in Dahomey, West Africa. Believing that the head of their government should be on the job at all hours, these natives have a "day king" from dawn to dusk and a "night king" after dark.

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3. BIGGER SAFETY-STEEL BODY—Sofa-Wide Seats. Room for six big people.

4. HANDY-SHIFT—Mounted on steering post. No floor obstruction. More leg room. Easier, handier shifting.

5. FULL-VIEW WINDSHIELD—Greatly increased visibility. Bigger, Constant-Speed Electric Windshield Wipers.

6. NEW, NON-SLAM DOORS—No slamming. Close with finger-tip pressure.

7. SAFETY-SIGNAL SPEEDOMETER—Light shows green, amber, red as speed changes.

8. AIRPLANE-TYPE SHOCK ABSORBERS—Double-acting...low pressure. Swallow the bumps...smooth out rough roads.

9. RUBBER FLOAT BODY MOUNTINGS—Entire body cushioned on rubber...noise and vibration blocked out.

10. SUPERFINISHING Vital engine parts have the superior smoothness of superfinished surfaces, giving longer life.

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THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOU to do without the modern improvements in automobile design and comfort. Think of it! In De Soto, you get the bigness, beauty and performance you want *at the low price you want to pay!*

You get Streamline Styling...luxurious interior...Sofa-Wide Seats...big Luggage Locker...new, easy Handy-Shift...Chrysler Corporation engineering! You get extra luxury today...*added resale value later!*

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Visit the Chrysler Corporation exhibits at the San Francisco and New York Fairs.

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ABSOLUTELY THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL LOW-PRICED CAR IN AMERICA

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① I get lonely for my sleepy little boyhood town. Half-remembered tastes and fragrances bring a longing for those vanished yesterdays. The smell of new lumber takes me back to the lumber yards where we played—carries me further and more swiftly than if it were the timbers in the keel of a great ship. And I'm sure the taste of a potato baked and burned in some open fire would kindle again many bonfires whose ashes have long since turned to dust.

② In the earthen floor of our storage shed were buried carrots, turnips and potatoes against the frost and winter. Just inside the door hung a whole pig, sprawling, stiff and stark. As the winter wore on, the pig grew smaller and smaller and finally vanished altogether. The head and a few remaining pieces were eventually made into headcheese—delicious enough to make a dictionary look blank when you try to find words to describe the flavor.

③ On Saturday nights when my father paid the grocery bill, the grocer always gave me a sack of peppermint and wintergreen drops and then, as an added treat, he would often search the murky brine of a yawning barrel to bring forth a mammoth dill pickle on a long wooden ladle . . . I remember the heady smell of the ponderous old red coffee grinder—the heavy aroma of spices in open bins—the paper bags hung on hooks overhead, like a canopy.

④ In autumn when the tomatoes were dead-ripe, my mother made cream of tomato soup. She'd carefully select the ripe, ruddy fellows fairly bursting with juice and then, with the aid of a colander, mild spices, a wealth of heavy cream, golden country butter and some mysterious and painstaking rites, she'd produce a rich, full-bodied cream of tomato soup that blushed becomingly at the compliments heaped upon it by the ever-appreciative family.

⑤ In the Lumber Camp where my father and I often visited, I remember huge stone crocks of baked beans in the great brick oven outside the tin-covered cook shack. All day long the stalking, stomping, peg-legged cook lifted the metal cover to peer longingly at his brown treasure. I watched him prepare this feast. The beans were soaked until their jackets began to wrinkle. Then great hunks of succulent pork, a touch of dry mustard, pepper, a little salt, a liberal benediction of molasses, an eloquent last look of admiration—and into that cavern from whence they would later emerge, brown concentrate of all the fine flavors known to man and certainly envied by the gods—baked pork and beans! I recall the bedecked sides of the crock over which molasses had bubbled in its fiery enthusiasm, leaving dry rivers in myriad shades of brown—a promise and symbol of baked beans at their best.

⑥ And my grandfather made apple butter in a mammoth kettle—big enough to hold most anything cookable—which was propped on stones, with a slow fire beneath. Into this great caldron went apples, cinnamon, sugar—and spices I do not know by name but that my tongue well remembers. Then brown sugar and, in times of plenty, a bit of maple sugar! And as this simmered and bubbled, the air was filled with an aroma unlike anything else you've ever known.

⑦ The yesterdays with all their smouldering memories come tumbling back to me on blue days. Old scenes are swiftly reset in minute detail by the recollection of corn roasted in the husks—cider strained, heated and bottled in wax-sealed jars to keep it sweet. Trout sizzling in bacon grease. Great gray buckwheat cakes, crowned with sweet, golden-yellow butter and drenched with maple syrup. Hot doughnuts bubbling and hissing their plea to be dipped in powdered sugar and eaten. The heady smell of arbutus, of fresh-cut clover, of milkweed dying in stately manner beside the road. The sweet smell of a plum orchard in spring—the overpowering odor of a haymow. The stale, sweet smell of a cookie jar—imperishable mecca of hungry boys for eternity. The incense of burning leaves, peace offering to the trees for their vanished glory.

All these sweetly sad memories are but symptoms of hometown blues—a strange and somewhat kindly malady that seems to be incurable—thank goodness!

THE House of Heinz has dedicated its future to the perpetuation of the homemade flavors that America can never forget. The world's finest foods, prepared in the real American tradition, with all their homespun goodness and taste—bear the name of Heinz. Housewives everywhere have learned that Heinz-made means homemade—and that's one reason Heinz has been a welcome guest at your family table for 70 years.

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Collier's The National Weekly for May 20, 1939

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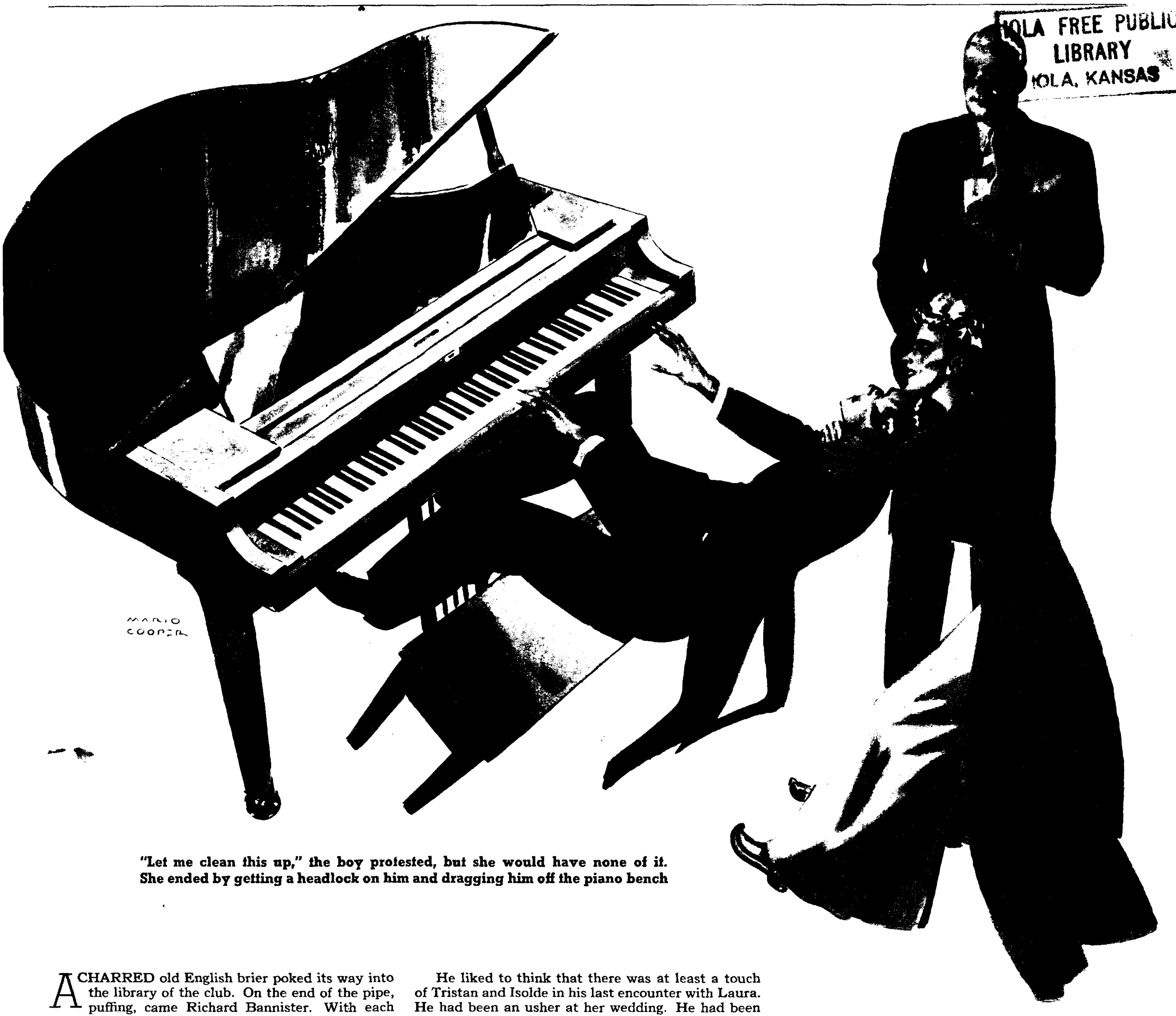


"Let me clean this up," the boy protested, but she would have none of it. She ended by getting a headlock on him and dragging him off the piano bench

Second Lesson

By John Whedon

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The magnificent eloquence of Mr. Richard Bannister, whose lady gave him another chance to lift his voice above a whisper

A CHARRED old English brier poked its way into the library of the club. On the end of the pipe, puffing, came Richard Bannister. With each puff the pipe sniffled; it was out, but Bannister did not know it, for into his mind there had dropped the yeast of an idea and fermentation was in process. The brier drooped from his mouth while outward over his face, like ripples over a tranquil pond, spread thought.

Bannister loosened his belt a notch to accommodate the club's regular Sunday table d'hôte dinner, dragged a high-backed chair into his usual corner beyond the fireplace—being a younger member, he was not yet entitled to a position at a window—and turned it with its back to the room. Then he sank down into it and closed his eyes. He was hidden from view and secure from mortal interruption, but gentle sleep, he knew, would shun him that day.

For he was faced with a problem, and the problem was woman. . . .

For twenty-five years Laura Crane had been to Bannister the fragrance of old things longed for, a pleasant melancholy, a comfortable, sentimental regret. Gentle, old-fashioned Laura. He had never got around to proposing to her; for that he had reproached himself, mildly but repeatedly, these many years. Had he done so, she would, of course, have refused him, but the act of laying his heart openly before her and having her trample upon it might have added to the poignancy of the memory. At any rate, he had come to think of the omission as regrettable.

He liked to think that there was at least a touch of Tristan and Isolde in his last encounter with Laura. He had been an usher at her wedding. He had been generally liked in his college days, and people were glad to have him at weddings. It had come to him in the middle of the ceremony, while the minister was droning along at Laura and her stalwart bridegroom, that all previous disturbances of his heart had been silly, delusive affairs which his youth had betrayed him into mistaking for the tender passion itself, never till that moment encountered. He wondered if this were not rather finer, this thing that had come belatedly to him, than what usually passed for love. He foresaw that, denied as it must be, it would blossom into a beautiful, exotic growth, like the orchid, which feeds on air and water. It would be pure and spiritual, and a little sinister. . . .

HE REMEMBERED how she had looked when she rose, after the ceremony, and allowed herself to be kissed. As she turned he had seen that there were tears in her eyes, and candlelight from the altar, and his heart had dissolved in love.

Then as she came slowly forward she seemed to single him out for a glance of recognition. Something in his eyes must have struck her, for she had looked startled and inquiring—or so it seemed over these twenty-five years. Words had come to his lips and he had whispered them softly, without thinking, as she passed: "Here endeth the first lesson."

Had she heard? Was it real or did he imagine it—

a look of wonder, as if he had just revealed to her a self that she had not known existed; a look that said, Oh, if she had only known! It had seemed to him almost in panic that she hurried up the aisle.

Yes, Laura, he had often thought, if you had only known. Gentle, startled Laura. He wanted always to remember her like that. Ah, well . . .

And today this had come by special delivery:

"Dickie Boy:

"I wonder if you'll think it strange—my writing to you like this after all these years. I'm just back from Paris—You heard about poor Harry, didn't you?—and on my way to Boston, and on the boat here I ran into Jock Madden, of all people, and he told me you were in New York and where to reach you, so here I am writing to you first thing. Aren't you flattered? Europe is terrifying these days—you can't imagine how good it is to be going home, after all this time. Binkie's with me, of course, and *engaged*. Can you believe it? I've been away so long I don't know a soul in New York, and I want most awfully to see you, so please take pity on me and come to cocktails next Sunday. We'll be stopping at the Balcon. Do come and raise a little hell with us for old times' sake. *Please*. Don't fail me, Dickie! Au revoir till Sunday at four. LAURA CRANE."

DICKIE BOY! He hadn't been called that for twenty years. No one but Laura had ever called him Dickie Boy. He might have liked her calling him Dickie Boy then, perhaps, but that was then and this was now, and there was such a thing as fitness. Suppose the men he played bridge with Saturday evenings at the club got wind of it. Dickie Boy! It looked so silly written out.

There was something wrong about the whole thing anyway. Laura and cocktails—they didn't go together. More than that, she had proposed the raising of "a little hell." Gentle Laura, with candlelight in her eyes, raising hell!

And she had been pretty offhand, too, if you asked him, about her husband's death. He never could believe that she had been in love with Harry, but he wasn't a bad sort, when you came right down to it, and after all, she *had* married him. She had married him and she could damn' well mourn him.

He wondered if maybe he didn't owe it to Harry to teach Laura a lesson. For that matter, didn't he owe it to himself? After all, she had passed him up coolly enough, way back there. Now, after all these years, she expected him to come running when it suited her convenience to pick him up again.

As Bannister went on building up his defenses the question narrowed down to how most effectively he might put Laura in her place. Of course, he could ignore her and never answer her note, but that would be merely rude and would reflect more on him than on her. He could call her up and say sorry, he had a previous engagement—but she might believe that he had. No, the thing to do was to raise her hopes by accepting her invitation and going there as she had asked, and then wound her with his suave indifference. He would show her that she had never meant more to him than a college flirtation.

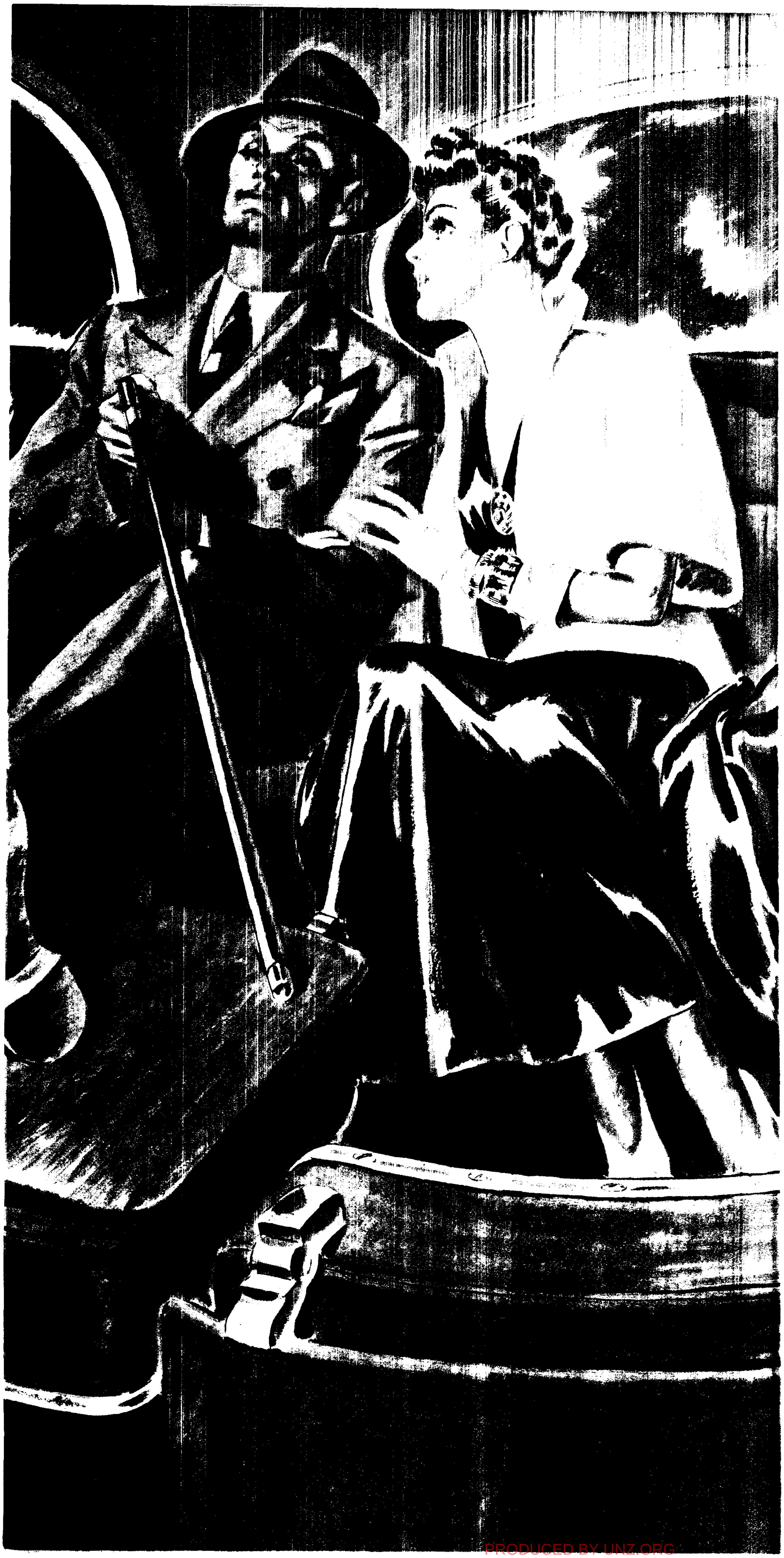
All this Bannister believed.

HE HAD himself well in hand when he arrived at the Balcon that afternoon. The nonchalance with which he hooked his stick over his arm as he lifted the house phone suggested that he was never without one. His voice was as casual as he could make it, but when he heard Laura's his heart fluttered like a fool girl's. She told him to hop right up, the drinks were getting warm. He didn't, though; he hung around the lobby for a few minutes, till he felt once more in command of himself, before stepping into an elevator.

On the way up he glanced nervously into a mirror. What he saw there was too familiar to make any impression on him; he wondered how it would look to one who had not seen it for twenty years. Then he began to have doubts about the flowers he had brought: would she take them as the casual tribute of a man of the world, or would she think he was falling all over himself for her? Perhaps he ought not to have brought candy, too—it was a long time since he had done any of this sort of thing.

Suddenly he was aware

(Continued on page 73)



He stuck his feet up on the seat with an air of sudden decision. Boy, this was going to surprise her. "Once around the park," he ordered

"I'll take that for ten dollars!" she said. She handed two fives to Benny to clinch the bet

SELDOM are we boys in Section 24 at the ball park honored by a visit from the unfair sex, but on this otherwise cheerful May day, just before the game between New York and St. Louis, a vision in a checked suit sauntered down the aisle. Atop her blond, curlicue hair-do was a dashing brimmed hat with red ribbon to match her purse. She was very pretty.

She spied the empty seat beside me, came in and took it.

"Look, lady," I said, "every day the same guys sit in here, and in that very seat the same guy always—"

"This is general admission, isn't it?" she asked icily.

Whatever I murmured was drowned in the chatter of the boys around me, which meant that Boston Benny Mayer, bell sheep of the baseball odds layers, was [illegible] the way down the aisle.

It was very embarrassing to have a big shot like Boston Benny find his regular space occupied by a skirt. But he simply took the seat directly behind the lady and squeezed his fat frame into it. I moved up beside him.

Red Stewart was on the mound for New York and taking his final warm-up throws. So the boys went to work.

If you have never sat in Section 24 during ball games, this report will seem strange. It's a gathering place for guys who bet a bob or two on what may or may not happen at the ball games.

Boston Benny Mayer is the bung starter for odds because of his larger bank roll, and also because he is smart enough to stick to the law of averages. The small fry listen for Boston Benny's odds and then shave or hike them, depending on the timidity or daring of the opposition money.

The day's action began after Red Stewart had put over a pair of strikes. Boston Benny opened with a strictly gag offer of 3 to 1 that the next pitch wouldn't be a strike. We all laughed at Benny's humor until the lady turned and said:

"I'll take that for ten dollars!"

You could've knocked Benny over with a poleax as she handed two fives to him to clinch the bet, because the proposition was definitely a 10-to-1 affair. Big-league pitchers never bust over a third straight—

Well, hardly ever—this time the umpire called the batter out.

"You win thirty, sister," Benny muttered. "I'll bet you an even forty the nex' pitch is a strike."

She nodded a casual okay. And Benny lost again. Hurt to the quick, he said: "Gimme three to one, sister, an' I'll betcha thirty he fouls the nex' pitch."

"That batter won't get even a foul off Stewart, because—"

"Five to one against that!" Boston Benny exploded. "Two-fifty against your fifty. Say it's a bet, sister!"

She sighed and said, "All right."

And was she hooked! I wouldn't bet yesterday's paper that Lefty Gomez couldn't get a foul off Buck Newsom, but the dope at the plate stood petrified as two beauties split the plate. Then he swung like a barn door on the fourth pitch to cost my pal two hundred and fifty bucks. When Benny tried to proposition her again, she said:

"I think you'd better straighten out my account."

Her account, no less! Word spread fast through Section 24 as Boston Benny paid over three hundred and thirty bucks to the lady. Soon the boys were crowding each other to watch him play the sucker game of trying to get even, though none doubted that he'd clip her eventually.

"Didn't we meet behind first at Fenway Park?" Benny asked.

"I never bet on a game before," she said, counting the dough.

Benny then offered her two hundred and fifty, even money, that this third batter wouldn't reach first. To anybody but a dope it's always a 5-to-2 bet, but she took it. We sat back relieved as two strikes went up, but the guy got a life when a sailer nicked him, so help me.

WITH that the lady turned the whole situation into a shambles. She had clipped Boston Benny for five hundred and seventy bucks and he cried for help, because such one-sided action was unexpected. The boys rallied with a mess of deuces, fins and sawbucks in touching tribute to Benny's judgment. Frankly, it was the lady versus Section 24 when Benny bet a C note, even money (it was a 13-to-5 shot), that the runner wouldn't reach second. Unfortunately, the guy went down on Stewart's sleepy windup and pitchout. The batter ended the inning on the next heave with a fly ball to right.

While New York was at bat, Boston Benny juggled odds with all his might, but she wouldn't nibble until the start of the second inning when she okayed a C-note bet that St. Louis would hit safe. Can you imagine hooking such a fish? It was strictly the feminine touch, because what St. Louis calls its sluggers were coming up. Still, she won again when three totem poles drew a blank to put her ahead by a cool seven hundred and seventy bucks.

After that, Benny reduced the number of suicide invitations to a few neat traps. And she didn't fall for any of them But as Benny launched a complicated proposition at the start of the sixth, she interrupted him impatiently.

"I have seven hundred and seventy dollars of your money," she said, displaying the spinach. "I'll bet all of it, at 2 to 1 that Stewart doesn't last out the inning!"

Stewart was headed for a no-hit game. So there was a mad skirmish to cover. Then Benny exclaimed:

"Maybe you was out with this Red Stewart las' night!"

"No maybe at all," she replied coolly. "I *was* out with him."

THE whine of a wounded animal escaped from Benny's cigar-filled mouth, but he couldn't afford to renege. Four more innings of the game remained and a lot had to happen if we were to eat. Besides, whether or not she'd been out with the pitcher made no difference, because Benny had doped out all the propositions and the odds—all except this last one, which found the lady laying seven hundred and seventy, at 2 to 1, that Stewart would be blasted out of a no-hit game.

It was bad to change horses in midstream, but this Red Stewart was not a horse; he was a donkey. He threw a single at the St. Louis catcher to end his no-hit game, and then walked the pitcher. The lead-off batter whanged out a double, scoring a run and putting men on second and third. An intentional pass filled the bases and clogged our throats with heart. As the next pitch disappeared into the right-field stands for a homer, the relief hurler was sprung from the bull pen. Boston Benny handed the lady the money. She rose to go. Not until Benny clutched her arm desperately did we notice tears in her big blue eyes.

"Please," she sniffed. "I must go."

"Stick around," Benny pleaded. "The fun's on'y beginnin'."

"I'd have given anything to lose every one of the bets," she said, "especially the last, but he'll always be a stubborn, headstrong fool, trying to strike out every batter. He'll never, never learn to save his strength for the late innings. This game was his last chance, so we leave for Kansas City tonight!"

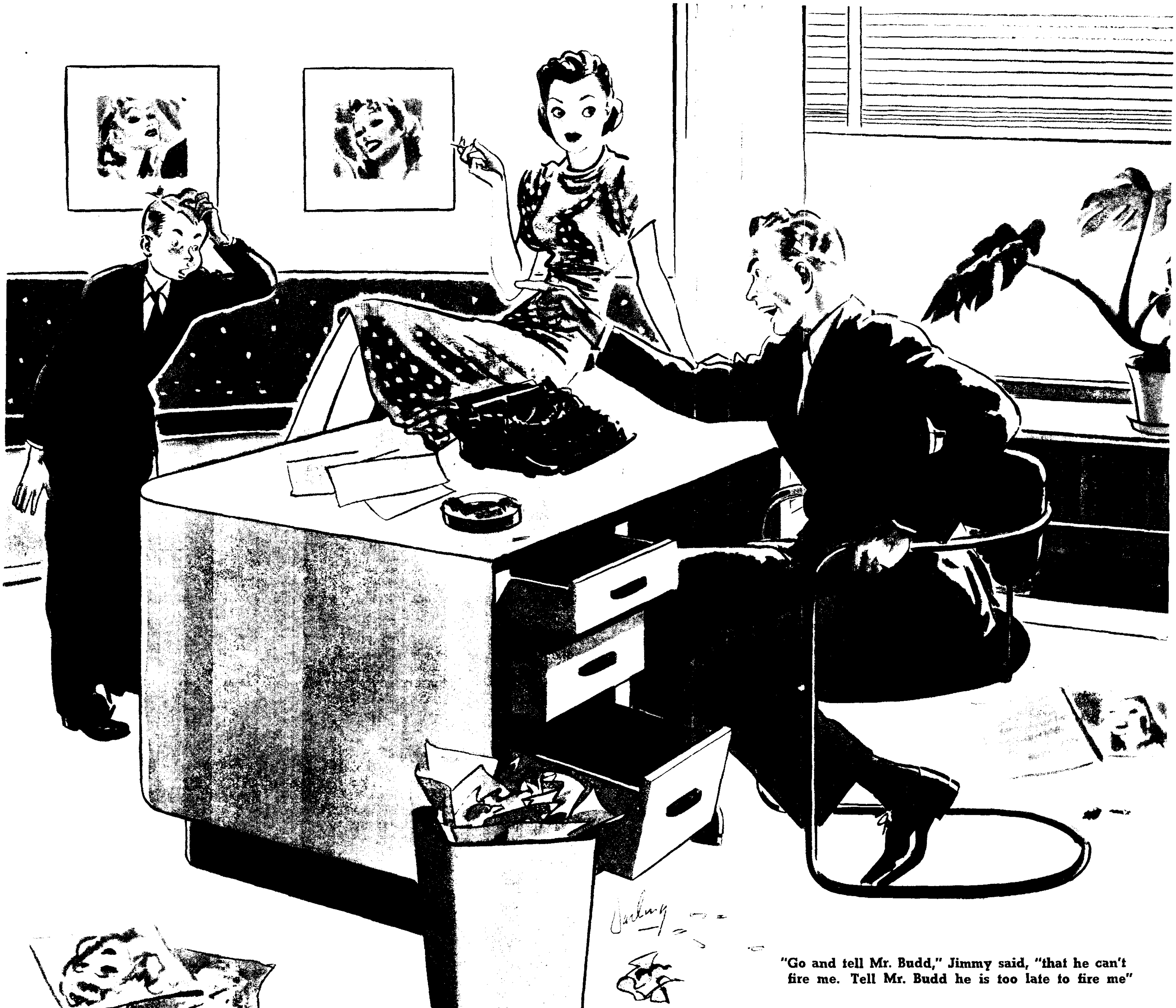
"We?" Boston Benny gulped.

"Yes, we," she said angrily. "I took the dope for better or worse, but the ball club wasn't such a sucker."

We all tipped our hats as she departed with our assets. Then Boston Benny Mayer lifted the tension.

"Look," he said, "let us for once obey that sign on the center-field fence which says, 'No Betting Allowed.' "

IRVING NURICK



"Go and tell Mr. Budd," Jimmy said, "that he can't fire me. Tell Mr. Budd he is too late to fire me"

Hearts of the Ozarks

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

How love went to Pine Knob at last—and the local barber left in great excitement

• IN ONE week the Horace Budd Studios of Hollywood purchased four books, one play, a title, a rubber fan for the front office and a street sweeper. . . . The four books constituted a record. They bought a book by an unmarried lady who was born in a small Kansas town, lived there unhappily for fifty-seven years and wrote a tome. They bought another one by a gentleman who started traveling when he was ten years old and wound up helping the Chinese win the war.

They likewise bought a book about a little boy who lived on a bleak farm and loved a goat. Mind you, some bright mind had to make motion pictures of these books and a motion picture is presumed to contain seventy minutes of rapid and fascinating action. You take a book about a little boy who loves his goat and you hand it to a couple of world-weary scenario writers, with instructions to peruse it and construct therefrom the fabric of a movie film, and next day your scenarists will be missing. They will be at home with their wives and hang-overs.

The fourth volume acquired by the Budd Studios in this heavy week was a thriller called Arizona Thunder, by one James Lee, and not a soul around the studio had ever read Arizona Thunder or heard of Mr. Lee. . . . The Budd offices in New York handled the deal. They didn't actually purchase the book, but took option, meaning that as soon as they deciphered Arizona Thunder and decided if it contained elements fit for a Budd drama, then they might buy. The asking price was five thousand dollars.

TO ADD to the genial confusion, James Lee appeared in Hollywood in person, carrying a portable typewriter, a Maine handbag and a letter telling him how to get to the studio. As author of the work, he had been sent out by New York to clarify his book for the movie folk and help them patty-cake it into a film. He was twenty-six and had the blue eyes and helpless manner of all young novelists. They gave him a studio pass and thereafter he sat daily in his office in a state of suspended animation.

Very little happened to Mr. Lee and there was nobody who would even talk to him, except a lone girl from the publicity office. She trotted in with bulletins and, as she was sympathetic and willing to talk to him, he fell in love with her. Her name was Barbara and he wrote her a daily letter, starting off: "Dear Barbara: With regard to how did I happen to fall in love with you, would state as follows."

She explained to him that young authors often sit around idly in studios and should try to be patient. "Just keep your temper," Barbara advised, looking at him with a friendly smile, "and put your little check in the bank each Thursday, and after a while you can go back to Portland and buy a winter overcoat."

Yes—that's where Mr. Lee came from—Portland, which is in Maine, home of the galloping lobster pot and the fried clam. . . . There, in the shadow of the Longfellow monument, James knocked out tale after tale, all Western in character and locale. He wrote nothing about the horny-handed sons of Maine or the piny mountains. James started about at Denver and worked west. Arizona Thunder was his first real book and it was the apple of his eye. He loved its every hoofbeat, and when it came out he pestered the Portland book shops, asking if they sold it, which they didn't. The cover was a sinister green, with the portrait of a horse pawing the air and a cowboy shooting.

Naturally, this book concerned itself with stirring events in the brisk state of Arizona, where James had never set his innocent foot. Working steadily with the gay zest of youth in Portland, he had become a Western expert, writing intimately about cow hands, gulches, posses, cactus, mesquite and tumbleweed.

Equipped with his short-short-term movie contract, he hastened to the Budd Studios each morning and gave himself over to the pleasant business of falling in love. "I counted twenty-one actresses this morning," he wrote Barbara, "and you are a million times lovelier than all of them rolled into one."

IF HE had sat perfectly still, the situation might have dragged indefinitely, but he persisted in writing sharp inquiries to the front office, asking somebody to ask Mr. Budd what they were going to do about Arizona Thunder. The studio thus awakened to its claims on that volume and was astounded. They didn't care to make any such movie. They had no star for a Western. Fox and Warners made Westerns, but not Horace Budd. The president himself was faintly surprised and wondered how such a book got into the place, but nobody was fired. In a locomotive factory, if some official keeps on buying rubber tires to put on the locomotives, he is eventually fired, but it's different in the movies.

Mr. Lee was assured on a slip of pink paper that he needn't bother about Arizona Thunder. It was further suggested that as long as he had some pencils and paper, he might as well do something for the studio, putting the book out of mind.

Eagerly he did so. He wrote a batch of fresh Westerns. Strictly a man with nothing but Western impulses, he worked rapidly, dashing off tale after tale with the bright optimism of youth, none of them having any more value to the studio than Dr. Cook's Diseases of the Mushroom.

No matter what it was James began, it ended up a Western. Even if he dressed his characters in evening clothes and laid the scene in the New York subway, they always managed to wind up on some wind-swept ranch in the shade of the Panamint Range, with the sheriff galloping hell-for-leather.

From Horace Budd down to the office boys, everyone was discouraged, and for a week James Lee sat directly under the hair-hung sword. He was saved by Shari, the beautiful and exotic star, who was supposed to spring from an ancient Balkan line. Studio cynics said her name was Sharkey and they could prove it, but were never encouraged to. Shari was Mr. Budd's pet and they should have been married years before.

Shari discharged her personal publicity agent in a fit of pique. He had sent the newspapers a scholarly piece, explaining that Shari was definitely not a glamor girl, as glamor means that which is deceptively enticing and thus phony. He did this for the Sunday paper and was fired Monday. Shari contending she was a glamor girl, no matter what it meant. That left a vacancy in publicity and General Manager Sheldon thought of James Lee, a bright lad, but wild about sheriffs.

"I get less pay," he informed Barbara at lunch, "and it's a demotion and I suppose the next step down is where I tend the front gate or collect papers."

"Maybe you'd better go on back to Portland," she said seriously. "If it's going to make you unhappy, don't stay here. The movies always shift people. I started here as a stand-in."

"If I go back to Maine, will you go with me?" he asked hopefully.

"Not in winter," she said. "I am fond of you, Jimmy, but not that fond."

"Consider me a new boy in the publicity department," he said. "We can be married later."

"I know publicity salaries and there is no hurry, for we are both young and you wouldn't let me keep my job."

"So you place love on a vulgar financial basis, do you? Barbara Rennert, checks cashed, money orders vouched, assorted love two hundred dollars a pound."

"Not at all. We'll wait a year. By that time you will be a famous figure in Hollywood and we can have a little house with a picket fence and two gardens."

The Maine expert in Western customs descended the social scale and wrote publicity items with great joy, for it permitted him to loaf in the same office with Barbara, bombard her with notes about love and marriage, take her to lunch and drive home with her in the cool of the evening.

THIS pleasant state of affairs lasted only ten days, when he was shifted over to the Martin Queen company, one of the Budd units, which was heading out to a town called Pine Knob, there to shoot a rural drama, filled with grief and disaster among the milk cans. It was a six weeks' stretch and Barbara was in the station to watch the boys depart. Jimmy talked eloquently until the last minute.

"Listen, darling," he pleaded. "We can be married somewhere along the line and have a honeymoon down in Pine Knob. Think of that. With the robins singing and lilacs perfuming the breeze."

"There are no lilacs this time of year. And you should be wearing your winter coat. Write me every day and don't drink or gamble."

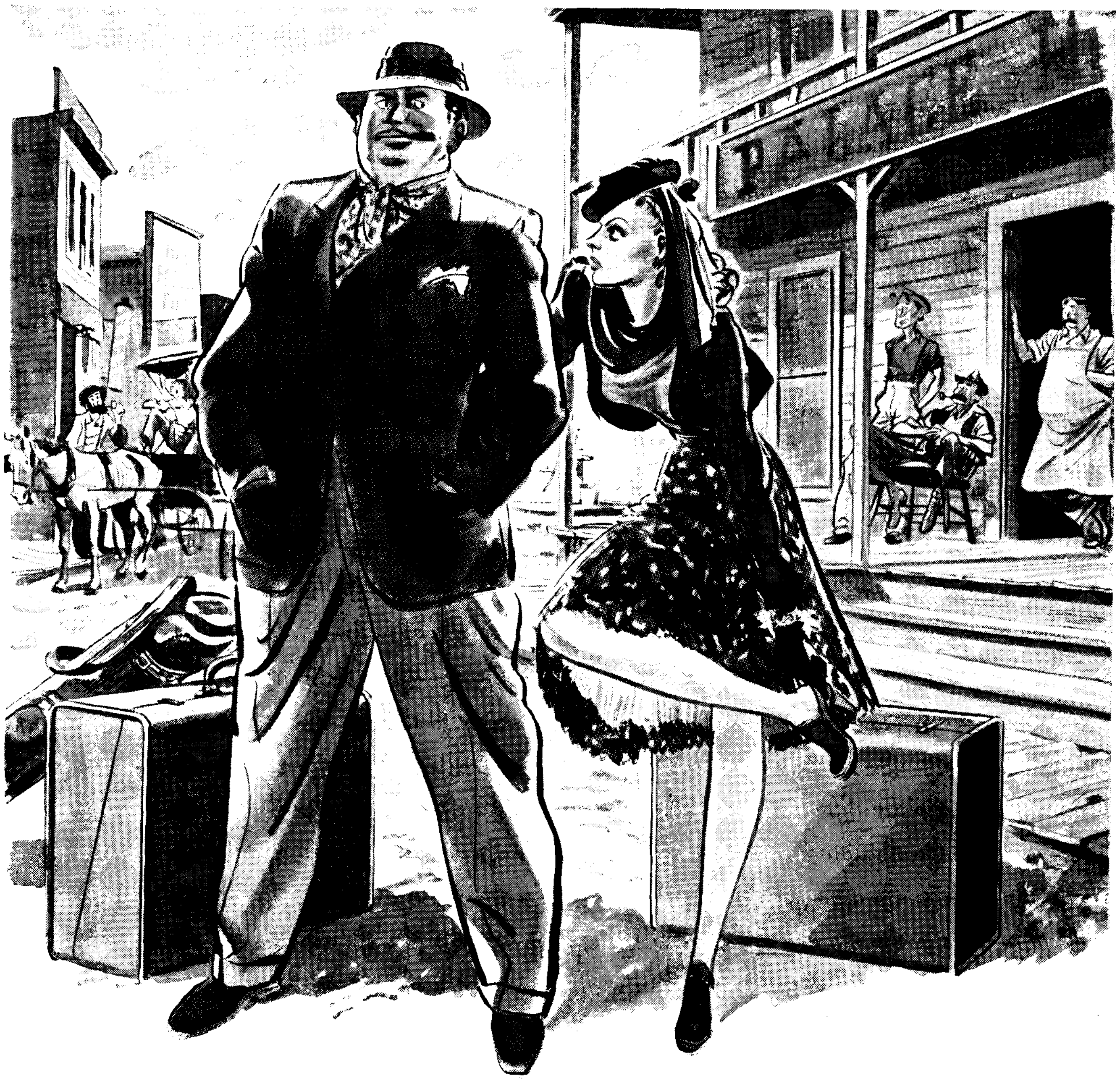
Mr. Lee took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly and almost reverently, as though he were going to be hanged. He climbed gloomily aboard, bumping into extras and cameramen and was disagreeable to one and all, lost twelve dollars shooting craps and went to bed in a fog of pessimism.

His purpose in going along with the Martin Queen unit was to send back to Hollywood a steady stream of information concerning the company. He was there to observe and report, to provide news paragraphs about the actors and residents, record the rate of progress, send in personal sketches and humorous incidents. As these gems reached the studio by air mail, they would be chopped into suitable tidbits, generally by Barbara Rennert, and sent along to the newspapers, thus keeping the public informed and whetting its appetite for that forthcoming masterpiece, Hearts of the Ozarks.

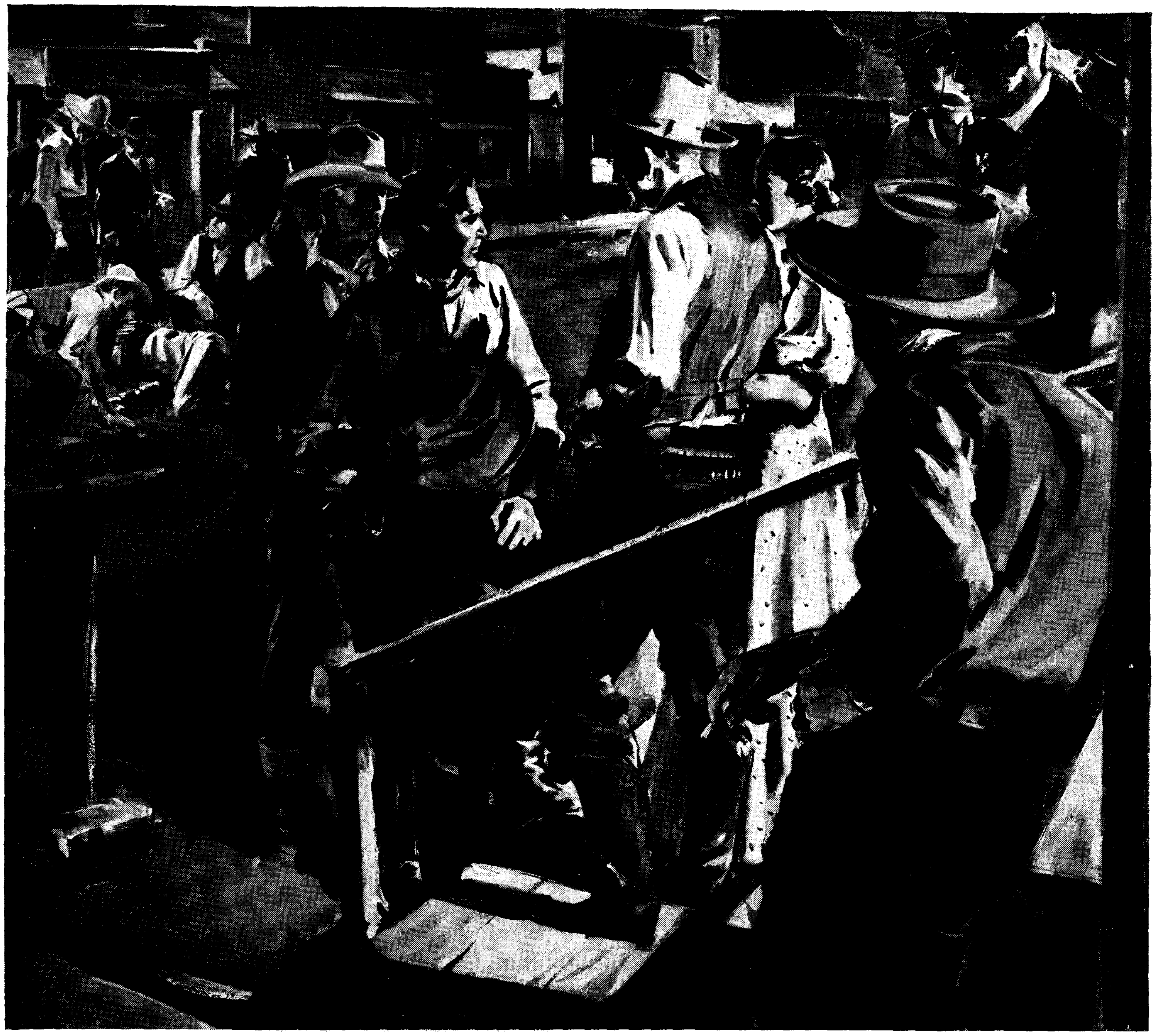
When the Queen outfit settled upon Pine Knob, it was perceptible to all hands, down to the last carpenter, that they had stumbled into the most repellent little hamlet in all the wide land. It might be what the motion picture required as background, but as a human habitation in which to spend six weeks it was a loathsome hole. It even smelled bad.

There was one hotel, the Palace, where the company was housed and spent its time fighting off dust, mosquitoes and fleas. The buildings were ugly without being quaint. The townspeople were clods. When the streets

(Continued on page 35)



Shari glared at the place and at Horace in horror. "If this is a joke," she said, "I don't think it's funny"



Tim Bone said quietly, "There's one of your deputies, Bill. How many more we got to fight?"

Court Day

By Luke Short

Several exciting hours in a cattle town, where not all of the citizens could be bluffed

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWIS

THE closing arguments were finished and, after instructing the jury and watching it file out, Judge Morehead recessed the court and went over to the Stockman's House for a beer.

The courtroom spilled its crowd onto the hard-packed adobe yard. A March wind that had been pelting sand against the courtroom windows and shaking them was a wild thing out in that thin sunlight, and the crowd of ragged nesters hugged the sheltered east face of the adobe building, as silent and patient in waiting as their teams that lined the tie rails.

Ernie Manners, his worn jumper gray and paper-thin over his thick shoulders, walked with a solid and deliberate step as far as the cast-iron watering trough by the tie rail and sat on its edge. Beyond him across the road and under a leafless cottonwood, the Socorro stage was waiting. It had been there since court convened this morning, and it would leave as soon as the jury returned a verdict and Joe Williams was either freed or put aboard it for the journey north to Santa Fe.

Trouble had ridden Ernie Manners and gentled him, so that his square weather-scoured face was almost impassive as he looked at the stage. To the other small ranchers it was a token of their and Joe Williams' defeat, soon to be made public.

Tim Bone came down the walk and stopped by Ernie and said, "Don't look like anyone ever doubted that jury, does it?"

"No."

"Are those Spade riders with the driver?"

"Yes. Guards," Ernie murmured.

Tim Bone laughed shortly, without humor, and fisted his hands in his hip pockets. He was a middle-aged man and wifeless, his face shaped with a strange violence that danced wicked little lights in his eyes and made his speech aggressive. "Don't look like Bill Friend had any doubts either," he observed, quietly for him.

A bailiff left the courthouse door and walked over to the Stockman's House, the crowd's murmur following him. Almost immediately, Judge Morehead came out before the others and crossed the dusty road ahead of a team, waving at the driver. The others followed, and to Ernie Manners and to all those small ranchers of the San Jon basin it was a roll call of their victors.

There was young John Comer, the deputy sheriff, who walked alongside the Spade foreman, Ferd Willis, as far as the near walk, and then stopped and waited for old Bill Friend, the Spade owner, and Martha Friend, his daughter.

Comer didn't need to stop, Ernie knew. Ferd Willis knew it too. Where it would have been easy for Ferd to walk past that clot of hostile men and women, ignoring them, it was not easy to stand and face them. But it was a concession he made to John Comer's arrogance, and Ferd stood there, idly scraping a circle in the dirt with the toe of his boot, looking down at the ground to avoid the stares.

AFTERWARD, he fell in beside Bill Friend, while Martha Friend walked along with John Comer. Of those four, only Martha tried to greet the loose rank of nester men and women watching. Ernie saw her nod occasionally, saw the womenfolk nod in return and less often a man raise a hand to his worn hat. Bill Friend looked straight ahead, erect and unbending and implacable. John Comer whistled softly, his walk slow and unconcerned and somehow wary.

When they entered the door, Ernie looked down at his hand and then wiped it on his leg.

"Maybe we ain't ready yet," Tim Bone murmured. "Maybe we better wait and see what they do to Joe."

Ernie looked up quickly and Tim's glance slid away.

"Don't be a fool," Ernie said quietly. "This'll turn out short weight for us, but don't make the mistake of tryin' to fix it that way." *(Continued on page 60)*

Euthanasia: To Be or Not To Be

By Foster Kennedy, M.D., F.R.S. (Edinburgh)

HEAD OF THE NEUROLOGICAL DIVISION, BELLEVUE HOSPITAL

Are mercy killings common? Do doctors often help hopeless sufferers to die? Should they be given a legal right to do so? Dr. Foster Kennedy, a leading neurologist, discusses these questions and gives case histories. He argues for one kind of mercy killing—the release from living of those who should never have lived at all

ILLUSTRATED BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

FOR many years it was my opinion that to legalize the shortening of life, from motives no matter how honorable or beneficent, was so dangerous that the faces of men of my profession should be set against it. I did not see how safeguards could be flung around this merciful proceeding to forbid its falling into the hands perhaps of fools, perhaps of wicked men. Many wise and kindly doctors, on their own responsibility, will always assuage those occasional cases where death is difficult. However, I came gradually to see that this voluntary exercise of power in mercy, by physicians, did not begin to touch the heart of the problem. And the heart of the problem is one that is seldom heard of, because it is little known.

The shortening of a life that is truly running out is not the most important consideration in this matter. What is truly important is permitting a life that is young, which is geared perhaps for six or seven decades of existence, to continue when that life is at once defective, without value and tortured.

Few laymen know the real tragedies housed in those institutions where we now segregate those unfit from birth: nature's mistakes—many incurably and constantly convulsed; many blind, with heads grotesquely misshaped by immense enlargement or absurd reduction; many whose limbs writhe in uncontrollable contortions, incapable of intelligible speech or continuity of thought. All of these are unfit to be allowed to reproduce their kind; all such are incapable of the joy of work or the joy of play, nor can they even reach the calm [illegible]dity of the vegetable world. They have been hurried away from our sight, and properly so; but because we do not see them they are not extinguished in their existences, nor in their continuity of grief, and it is for them especially that I here would say a word.

We doctors do not always know when a disease in a previously healthy person has become entirely incurable. But there are thousands and tens of thousands of the congenitally unfit, about whom no diagnostic error would be possible. I do not speak, except for a mere word, of the burden of the unfit placed upon the shoulders of those who are well. However, the stress of living for the honest and the hard-working and the intelligent has become, in our civilization, more and more difficult and, if good would come otherwise, it would be well for this stress to be, in a measure, lightened.

There's Always Some Hope

Further, in regarding the outcome of any progressive and apparently incurable disease, it is easier to make a mistake by overpessimism than to be mistaken in an optimistic outlook. Therefore, the granting of death to persons previously healthy and in whom disease has begun to burrow represents far and away the most difficult part of this problem, though such sufferers no doubt loom largest with the layman who thinks about this problem. And, too, knowledge marches swiftly, and an acquired disability that today seems incurable may tomorrow by new discovery be cured.

Legal safeguards, weighty conference and great wisdom would be needed when considering the congenitally deformed, but there the problem is usually simple, the facts well-known, and the hopeless ultimate issue, prolonged for life, known without the peradventure of a doubt.

Any layman who has seen a beloved person go slowly down with pain into the shadows is apt to feel that the kindness that one would give one's stricken horse should surely not be withheld from ourselves. And distinguished men and women, on both sides of the Atlantic, have advocated, eloquently and with vigor, the passage of laws allowing release to be given a sufferer who cries out that his bitter cup should be taken from him. It is rare, however, to find men whose lifework it is to take care of the sick in the company of those who advocate the legalization of such procedures. One needs experience, almost of a lifetime, in medicine to see the errors that might emerge from such procedure and the positively evil effects that would secondarily emerge also.

Swift and Sudden Disaster

To illustrate my meaning may I speak now of one or two battles I have known:

A woman of thirty-five, the wife of a university professor, a fine sculptor, a good horsewoman, a tennis player, with three young children, some ten years ago felt ill, had some fever, and within three days became stone-blind in the right eye and in another two days stone-blind also in the left. It was suspected that inflammation of the frontal sinuses might be responsible for this disaster. These were operated upon and nothing was found wrong with them. She was sent from her home by night train to New York, and it was found that her lethargy of body, which had been thought due to exhaustion after the sinus operation, was in truth due to her being totally paralyzed from the nipples down.

The nature of the changes in skin sensation, combined with the inflammation of the optic nerves, made one believe that we were in the presence of an unusual condition implicating the central nervous system, the result of virus infection. Experience with such conditions made one feel that the future might, however, be better than the present catastrophic facts would seem to make probable. Treatment toward altering osmotic conditions was instituted on the theory that each of the isolated injuries of the nervous system represented isolated collections of fluid in the brain and spinal tissues. However, the level of the spinal-cord ailment ascended, with the result that the two arms in a fortnight also became completely paralyzed. At about the same time she became completely deaf. Two weeks later there were found slight signs of returning power in the toes. But while recovery was thus appearing in the spinal cord, a new trouble appeared in the brain stem by which both sides of the face became paralyzed, and also the tongue and throat.

Feeding, of course, had to be maintained by nasal tube. Speech, of course, was by then impossible. The eyes remained blind and to their paralysis of sight there was added, as a new catastrophe, total paralysis of the eyeballs in the head.

Weeks passed. The legs became slowly capable of poorly controlled and very feeble movement. The arms also could move weakly. Hearing began to return, though sight did not. In the third month of her illness, partial and localized recovery had taken place, in the arms and legs and tongue, so that a blurred and staccato speech had been resumed. Then came a new disaster in the left side of the brain, imposed on the

Fitzpatrick

Physicians encourage hope because it helps heal where healing is possible, and sustains those who are marching to an inevitable end recovering right arm and leg, previously paralyzed by a spinal-cord insult, cerebral paralysis or hemiplegia, which at the same time forbade the central office of speech, producing a total aphasia. The loss of speech, this time, was from an interference with the brain representation of language: the previous loss of speech had been due, of course, to paralysis of the outlying speech organs, those of the tongue and throat, and therefore emerged as a defect in speech mechanics, "internal" speech having previously been retained.

About this time some movement of the pupils began to be evident, and occasionally a powerful flashlight could be dimly perceived. Hearing was now normal or almost so. Tube feeding throughout these months continued, because the weakness of the palate was such that a wrong swallow would cause food to fall into the lung and produce a fatal pneumonia or lung abscess.

One night I found that the caloric intake of her feeding was somehow or other entirely inadequate, and a discussion with the resident physician was arranged. He asked, "Why don't you let her go? She has nothing to come back to." I said, "I *would* let her go, if I could be sure of that, but this disease is very strange in its behavior, and we should pin our faith in her future in two things: First, that each insult is due to a collection of fluid in nerve tissue, *blocking* transmission of impulses, but not necessarily *destroying* tissue, and the other thing is the greatheartedness of the woman herself."

Regained Her Health

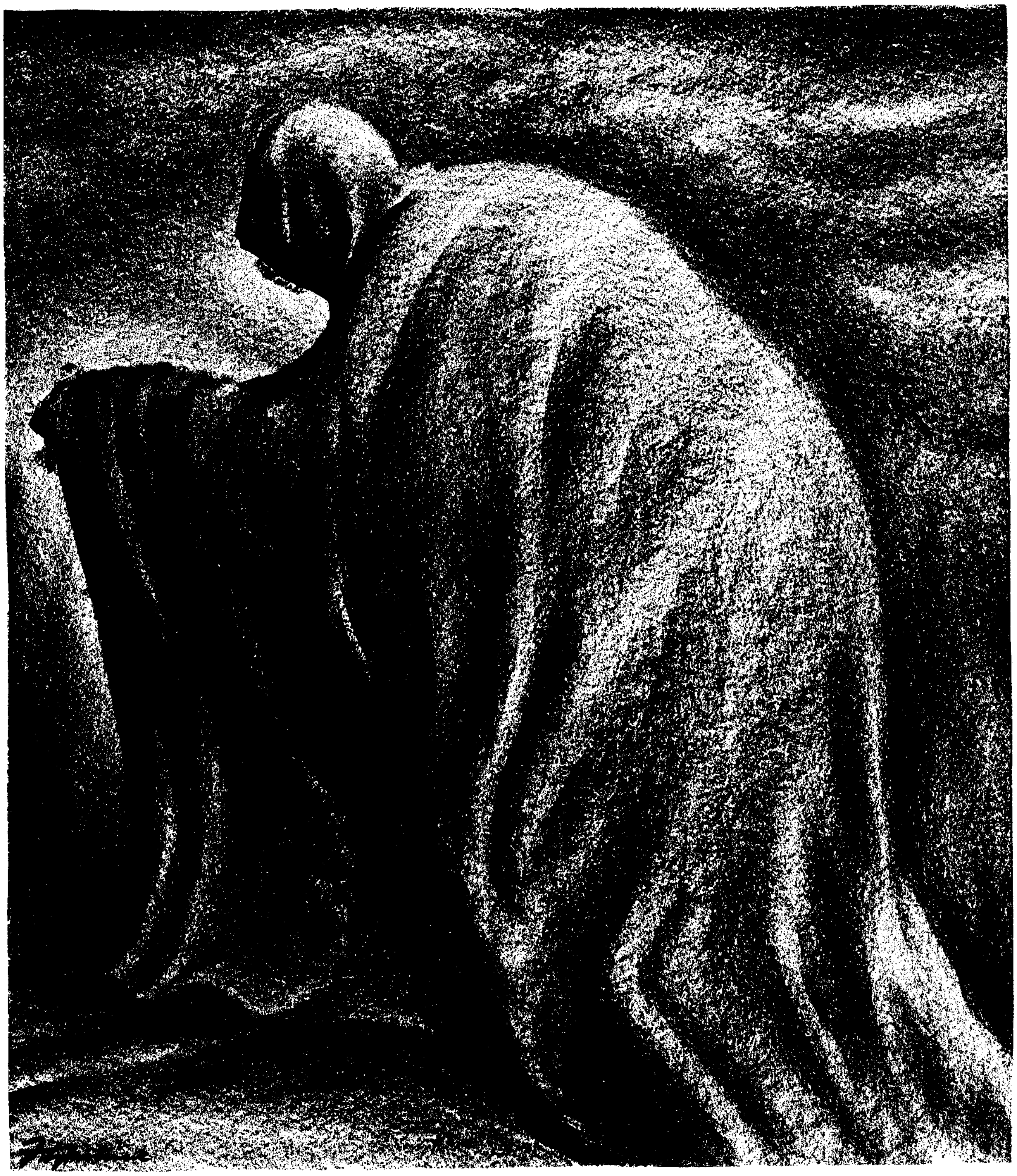
So her feedings were made adequate and sustaining and the struggle went on. Partial recovery from aphasia and resumption of some movement in the right arm and leg took place in perhaps two more weeks. The final blow, four and a half months after the beginning of her illness, came as a total paralysis, of brain type, of the left arm and leg, which persisted for some four to five weeks and from which she very slowly recovered. Sight very, very slowly returned, although the optic nerves to this day have the appearance of complete atrophy. Four months more passed in convalescence, gradual strengthening of arms and legs, gradual rehabilitation of the mechanism of emotional control and of speech.

Now, years afterward, this patient is perfectly well except that vision has never completely returned. She can't hunt or sculpture or play tennis, but she dances with the best. She can read with the help of magnifying glasses in good light. She runs a large household. And by sending a gift to Bellevue Hospital every Thanksgiving Day she wears memory like a plume, in the helmet of courage.

In all of this there has been a great reward.

And again: A lady of seventy years, having austerity of character and keenness of mind, some fourteen years ago began to get thinner and thinner, to vomit almost daily and to have a lot of pain in her stomach. She was taken care of by one of the best and kindest physicians. He was able to feel clearly a large mass in the abdomen. A distinguished medical consultant and this doctor agreed that she had cancer, involving the liver and stomach.

As a friend of the family I was present in the drawing room after their last consultation. Having been just examined, the old lady joined the three doctors.



Nature sometimes makes bad mistakes. A merciful curtain of oblivion would be a boon to these

Leaning forward from her chair on her ebony stick, and looking like a keen American eagle, she held the consultant with challenging gaze and said, "Well?"

He hesitated, and she said, "Cancer?"

The doctor slowly nodded his head.

She pursed her lips and continued to hold him with her eye. Then harshly: "How long?"

He did not answer.

"Six months?"

And again he slowly nodded his head.

She then looked at all three of us and said, "Thank you, gentlemen. I think that is all we can say."

We collected our things and found ourselves quickly and sheepishly outside the hall door.

This lady put all her affairs in order, shuttered up her little house near Washington Square and retired to her farm in Connecticut to die.

However, instead of dying she got better and better, and fatter and fatter, and the winter snow in November drove her back to town. I went down to see her and said, "Ma'am, how are you?" To which she replied, "My boy, it's most disconcerting, having prepared oneself for the next world, to have to engage servants for this!"

Five years later I was present when she died of a brain apoplexy. During that interval it was believed that the mass which she undoubtedly had had in the abdomen was an unusual form of senile enlargement of the liver. During those five years she suffered much by arthritis, which fell upon her probably as a result of abnormal liver function. But her mind was the same sharp sword it had always been; her interest in the world, and her contribution in counsel, so valuable to her friends and to many men carrying out large affairs, as precious as ever. She would certainly have scorned the idea of not bearing her painful arthritis in order to go on having the use of her other gifts of living.

Few Care to Foresee Death

Let us think, too, of the legend of Pandora's Box. You remember the old Greeks told us of this box, which should not be opened by any mortal. We learn that man won the secret of good and evil by Eve's apple, but by the opening of Pandora's Box there were loosed on the world the miseries, the griefs, sicknesses and conflicts that have since assailed him. But after all these horrors had poured out upon us, there came from Pandora's Box the figure of Hope to make it possible for us to bear what had to be borne. Hope is the intrinsic jewel of our soul; without it, our future lies behind us, and we are already dead within. So, not only to assist recovery from illness do physicians nurture hope in their patients, but also to sustain them against inevitable disaster coming apace.

You may say that a vain hope is no hope at all, but I assert that hope is a beneficent emotion in its own right. It puts an edge on interest. It gilds the world, and without it the universe is a gray monotony lacking verve or savor. People say, "Tell me the truth, Doctor." But I believe that by the fingers of one hand I can count those who, in their innermost, have wanted the truth, if the truth were journey's end.

Then, there is the case of a man of sixty-nine who, for several years, had confronted a sea of trouble. First, he had had an operation for the removal of the prostate, then there came a small stroke which did not in any way paralyze his limbs but did deprive him of all vision on his left side. Some months later the right eye became painful and

(Continued on page 57)

SARRA

Irving Fazola, clarinet, and Eddie Miller, tenor sax—two reasons for the success of Bob Crosby's band

A Swing Band is Born

By Jack Mosher

The musical history of Mr. Bob Crosby and his boys—a brief explanation of how good swing bands get that way. It's a goofy business

THERE were six of them. Six desperate guys who knew their way around. And, from the way they moved in on Bob Crosby that night at New York's Hotel Astor three years ago, they might have been gunmen intent on giving him the business.

"I thought," he says, "they'd come to take me for a ride."

They had. A ride that would carry Bing Crosby's kid brother into every last corner of these United States with a baton in his hand. "Listen!" said Gil Rodin, spokesman then just as now, "we've got a band. The Ben Pollack Orphans, they call us, because we left Ben out on the Coast. We need a leader. Your name was suggested. We don't think you'll do but we'll give you a try. So how about it, boy?"

Bob, whom Bing now admits publicly is a blood relation, was in no position to quibble. Billed to sing a duet at New York's Paramount, with Lee Wiley sharing the honors, everything had happened to him that night. "I was as jumpy as a cat," he remembers. "Can it be the fleas? You know it isn't the fleas. It's Love in Bloom. . . . That's what I sang. As comedy it would have been terrific, but it was meant to be romance. Then, to make matters worse, the stage director got to laughing so hard he hoisted the platform still higher instead of lowering it into the pit. So I was practically hiding under the bed when the boys walked in on me."

Later that same night the customers at the Roseland Ball Room were considerably puzzled when a strange outfit jumped on after the regular crew had abandoned the stand. "We had come east looking for a leader," recalls Gil Rodin. "And after an hour on that stand, with Bob out front wisecracking and waving his magic wand, we knew we'd got our man."

So did scouts from a booking agency who were present on that historic occasion. They quickly lined up a series of one-nighters and the band, after a hectic week spent rehearsing their new leader—a reversal of the usual routine—opened at Wilson, North Carolina.

"We simply walked into a tobacco warehouse," declares Bob, "pushed back the bales, sprinkled plenty of powdered soap on the floor and *gave*."

The next night they hit a spot three hundred miles away, making the hop by bus. And by the end of that month they had played the tobacco belt from end to end.

They moved on, hopping by bus from one spot to the next. Over the plains and through the mountains. Catching sleep on the fly. Eating when and where they could. Doing their own cooking at times. Their own washing at others. Keeping stiff upper lips. Blowing and banging and turning it on until they were ready to drop.

Until, a hundred and one moves later, they got set at the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas. They managed to mop up most of the business around that Texas town and, while about it, sign Two-Gun Blewett, a cross between schoolteacher and road agent, wasting his time in a local rib (barbecue) joint. Two-Gun not only copies arrangements — he illustrates them. Then, since the Adolphus is one of a chain of hotels, they played the chain, winding up with six weeks at Cincinnati's Netherland Plaza.

"Where," reveals Bob, "we *almost* got a commercial."

That is radio slang for a sponsored program and the only hitch, it appears, was having one too many in the cast—a radio announcer who had fallen off the wagon coming down from New York. "I'll sober up by the time you're ready to broadcast," he assured them, and opened proceedings that night by charging onto the studio stage shouting, "Hooray for Bob Crosby!"

He achieved positively brilliant heights in pulling mutes out of horns and tugging at the clarinet player's arm while he wrestled with a solo, and paid off by grabbing a script from one of the hired actors and reading it in tones even too

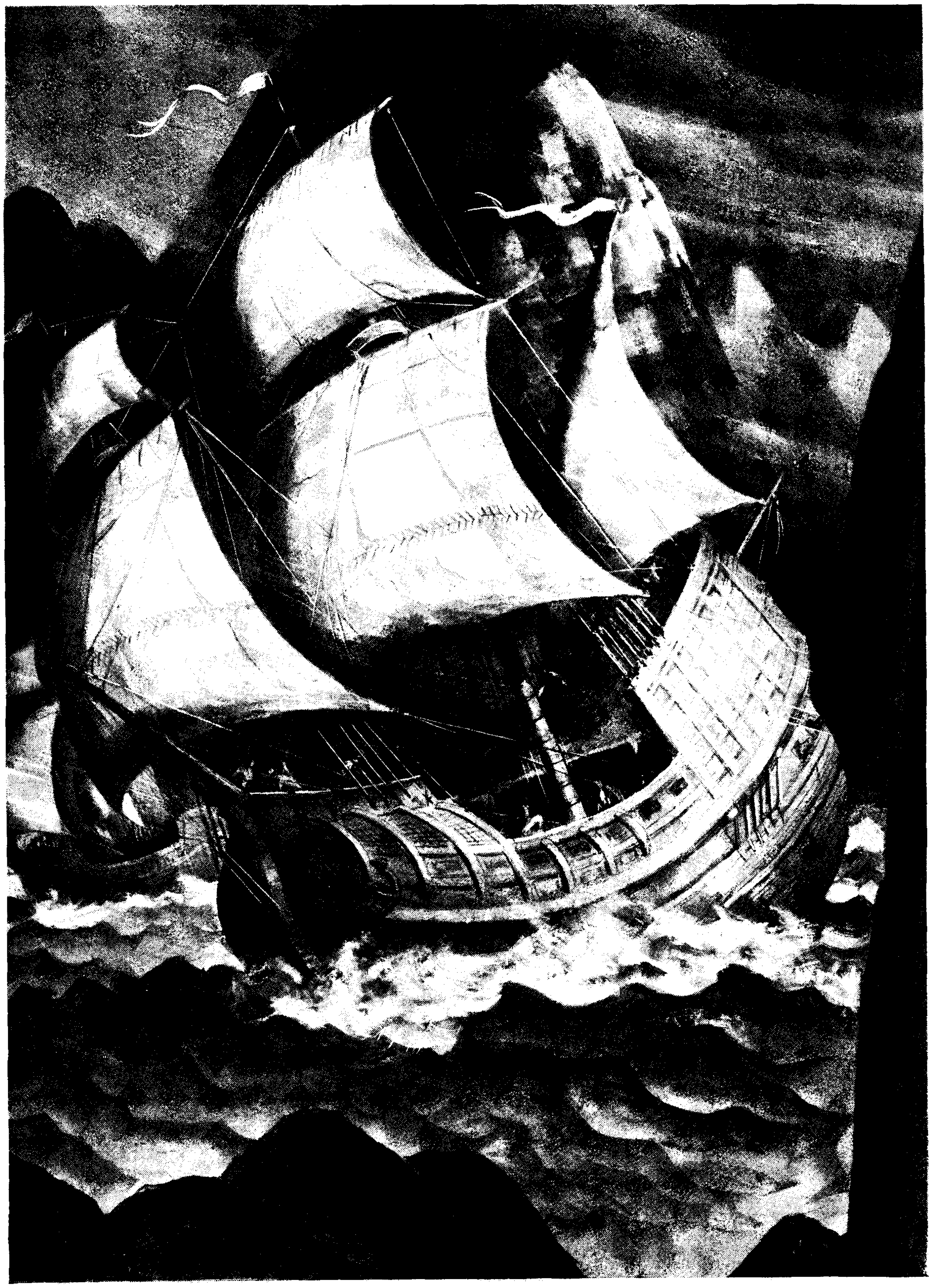
(*Continued on page 32*)

South End of the World

By Jim Marshall

You navigate by the carcasses of broken-backed ships. You see nothing but fog and snow squalls. You're lucky if you get through. And you wonder how Magellan cheated Cape Stiff over 400 years ago

LITHOGRAPHED ON STONE BY JAMES E. ALLEN



Magellan, 419 years ago, left his name for all time on the world's most dangerous waterway

GUS, the big, black-haired Chilean pilot, gave the red muffler another loop around his neck and bawled a Valparaiso love song into the howling wind that machine-gunned hail against the bridge windows. The hail changed swiftly to wet snow that plastered against the glass and shut out all vision.

The song broke off abruptly. The pilot, with a deep Castilian curse, stepped out onto the open bridge. This was no place for comfort—this English Narrows reach of Smyth Channel off the southwest Chilean coast in midwinter. The williwaws shrieked down from the canyons at sixty miles an hour. Snow squalls pelted out from gray fog banks. The roily water swirled ten thousand tons of ship and cargo southward to the Horn.

The Old Man, wadded to the ears, his gum boots shining in the wet scud, was out on the port bridge wing, red nose half frozen in the chill dawn, blue eyes squinting ahead to the thin streak of leaden water that ran five knots between a gnarly black reef and a grim rock island on which the stunted trees showed darkly against the snow. The pilot baritoned another stave about Carmencita, who was too *simpático* for her own good. The Old Man, winking at the shivering passenger, rolled out a Norse line of bass with a strangely familiar tune.

So they sang into the gale and the snow, while Gus lined the ship up on her markers: a black patch on a snow-covered hill ahead; a dark, tide-ridden can buoy aft. He gave the wheelsman the course number, worked through another line about Carmencita and then bawled down the voice tube to the engine room to stand by and give him all the revolutions the old teakettle had in her. The hull throbbed as the throttle watch coaxed another few twists out of the triple-expansion engine. The Old Man, squinting ahead through the snow, jerked the whistle cord. A long, strident blast echoed dully and the wind tore away the white steam jet.

A Strictly One-Way Passage

The narrows of the Narrows were just around the corner—and if two ships met in them, well, it would be just too bad. There was barely room for one freighter in the rock-sided water lane.

The pilot peered over the fo'c'sle head, spoke a word to the wheelsman, and waited silently. The ship, headed straight for a half-tide rock, swung slowly—slowly, fighting against wind and tide—seventy, eighty, ninety degrees. Now she was in the narrow passage, with a six-knot tide against her, a couple of hundred yards either way from cold disaster. If the laboring engine stopped or the rudder gear jammed, well, the Lutine's bell would sound at Lloyd's in London—and there'd be another wreck in the channel for other ships to steer by.

There should have been a channel-side marker—S Turn—but there wasn't. Gus and the Old Man watched the dim, rocky shores, so close on either side. Ahead was only a whirling snowbank, but a few hundred yards up there the ship must swing a whole quadrant to port. Or else. There was, for a minute, no sound save the throbbing of the engine and the dull whisper of the rushing tide. Then Gus spoke a number to the wheelsman, the spokes whirled and the ship's head came around to steady on the new course.

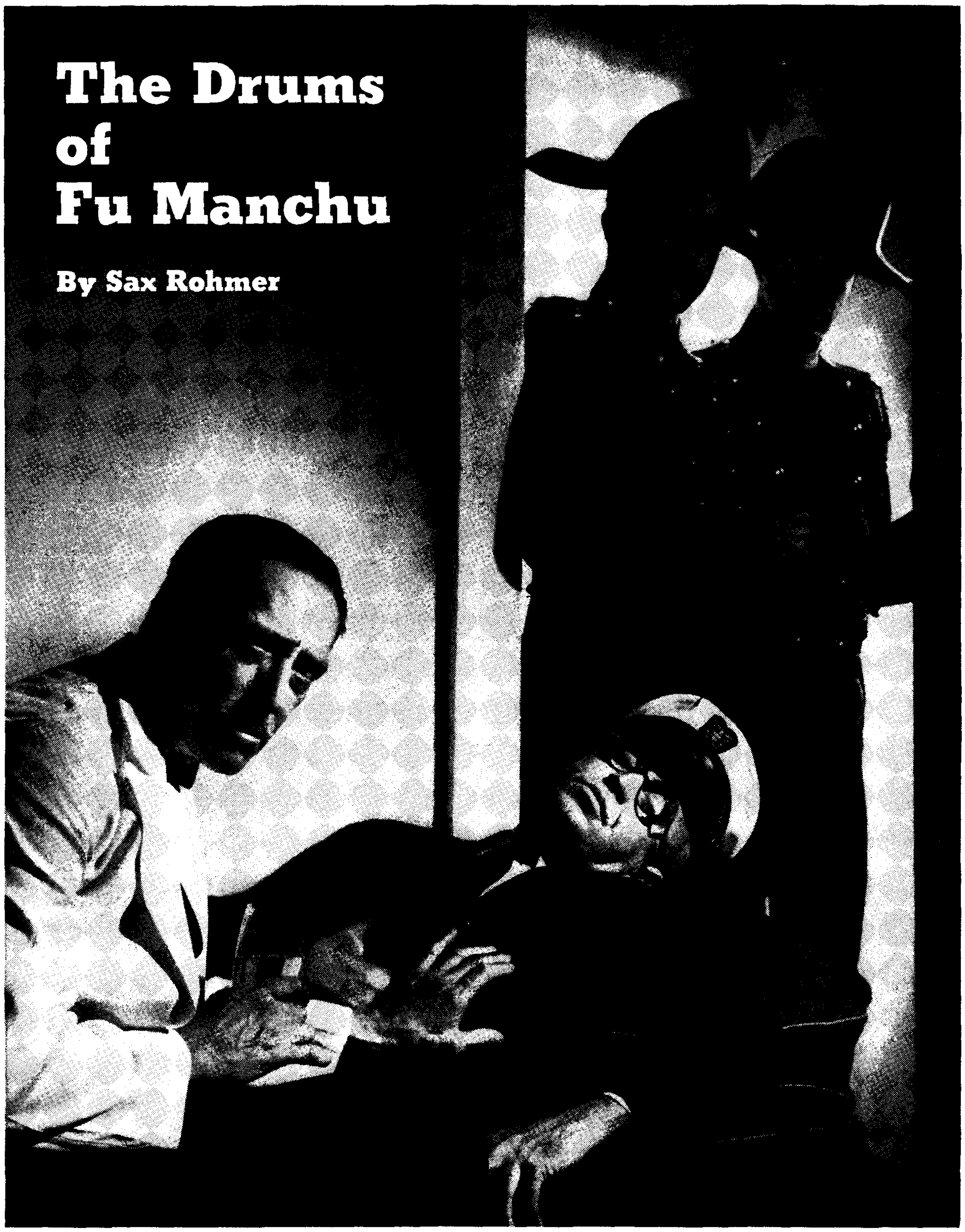
There was quiet for a minute or two and then, as the channel widened, the singing pilot let the shores have it about his diamond-eyed Carmencita. The Old Man, of a more practical race, wiped the snow from his face and came into the wheelhouse to gulp the scalding coffee a mess boy had brought up.

Now, while the ship is bucking the

(*Continued on page* 65)

The Drums of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer


WILLIAM RITTER

"If you will leave Mr. Wilton to me, gentlemen," he said, "I think I can take care of him"

The Story Thus Far:

WITH the support of Si-Fan, a secret society of evil repute, Dr. Fu Manchu, most dangerous of all criminals, is plotting to destroy the world's leading militarists and dictators, with the intention (so he says) of preventing the outbreak of another devastating war. In England, he murders two minor figures; after which, he goes to Venice.

Having shadowed the doctor, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, England's most resourceful undercover man, knows that Rudolf Adlon, a dictator who is in Venice, is marked for death. Hoping to save Adlon, he flies to the Italian city. With him is a young journalist: Bart Kerrigan. Following a series of encounters with a girl known as "Ardatha" (who is closely associated with Fu Manchu) Kerrigan has fallen in love with her!

Smith is kidnaped by the conspirators. Kerrigan makes frantic efforts to find him. . . . Among Fu Manchu's aides there is a mysterious "Mrs. Milton"—Fu Manchu's daughter, Fah lo Suee, who, a victim of the doctor's sorcery, can remember nothing of the past. Obedient to her father's orders, she lures Rudolf Adlon to the unused portion of an ancient palace. There Adlon is confronted by Fu Manchu.

Meanwhile, Kerrigan, searching for Smith, has also been captured. He and his chief are incarcerated in the old palace. But after "Korêani" (known to Smith as Fah lo Suee, and to the world as Mrs. Milton) pays them a brief visit, they succeed in making their escape. Headed for freedom, they stumble on the room where Adlon and the Oriental are talking. They listen.

"Leave Venice tonight, within an hour, and I guarantee your safety," says Fu Manchu. "Refuse and the world will know you no more."

Realizing that they must work quickly, if they are to save Adlon, the two men hurry away and report to Colonel Correnti, the chief of police. Then they dash back to the palace—the new portion of which has been leased by James Brownlow Wilton, a wealthy American, whose yacht, Silver Heels, has been anchored near by for several days. A butler meets them. He informs them that Mr. Wilton has gone away, and that Silver Heels has sailed!

They search the palace. Adlon is no longer there, and it is Smith's theory that Fu Manchu has seized the yacht—unknown to Wilton, who probably knows nothing of what is going on—and spirited the dictator away on it. "I know that Wilton is in danger," the detective exclaims. Then: "He may even be running away from that danger now!"

VIII

THE Adriatic was behaving badly when presently we cleared the land in a naval cutter and set out to overtake Silver Heels. I thought that the chief of police was not easy as our small craft rolled and pitched in a moderately heavy sea.

However, the storm was subsiding, and a coy moon began to peep through breaking clouds. For my own part, I welcomed the storm, for neither the flashes of lightning nor rumbling of distant thunder was out of keeping with my mood.

Unknown to most of its inhabitants, Venice tonight was being combed for one of Europe's outstanding figures. Reserves of police had been called in from neighboring towns. No representative of a great power was in his bed. Rudolf Adlon had been smuggled out of life.

I think that high-speed dash through angry seas in some way calmed my spirit. Lightning flashed again, and:

"There she is!" came a hail.

But from where we sat in the cabin, all of us, I suppose, had seen Silver Heels, bathed in that sudden radiance, a fairy ship, riding a sea bewitched, a white and beautiful thing.

A ladder was down when we drew alongside, but it was no easy matter to get aboard. At last, however, our party assembled on deck. We were received by Brownlow Wilton and the captain of the yacht.

My first glimpse of Brownlow Wilton provoked a vague memory to which I found myself unable to give definite shape.

He wore a beret and a blue rainproof overcoat with the collar turned up; a wizened little man as I saw him in the deck lights, with the sallow complexion of a Southerner, peering at us through black-rimmed spectacles.

The captain, whose name was Farazan, had all the appearance of a Portuguese. He, too, was a sallow type; he wore oilskins. The astonishment of the American owner was manifest in his manner and in his eyes, magnified by the lenses of his spectacles.

"Although it is a very great pleasure to have you gentlemen aboard," he said, in a weak, piping voice, "it is also a great surprise. I don't pretend that I understand it, but you are very welcome. Let's all step down to the saloon."

We descended to a spacious saloon to find a lighted table and a black-browed steward in attendance. I saw a cold buffet, the necks of wine bottles peeping from an ice bucket.

"I guess," said Wilton, peeling off his coat and his beret, "that a snack won't do any of us any harm."

SILVER HEELS was riding the swell with an easy and soothing movement; Brownlow Wilton, seated at the head of the table, dispensed an eager hospitality.

He had simple charm, I thought, this man who directed a great chain of newspapers and controlled the United States' biggest armament works. I had expected nothing so seemingly ingenuous. His reputation, his palace on the Grand Canal, his seagoing yacht, had prepared me, I confess, to meet someone quite different. Only in respect to his state of health did he conform to my expectations: he was a sick man. He ate nothing and merely sipped some beverage that looked like barley water.

"And now, Sir Denis Nayland Smith," he said after a time, "may I ask what all this is about?"

Nayland Smith glanced around the saloon, in shadow save for that lighted table at which we were seated.

"It is rather difficult," he replied, "to explain. But, to begin: where are your guests?"

"My guests?" Brownlow Wilton's magnified eyes opened widely. "I have no guests, sir."

"What?"

(Continued on page 77)

The Assassin

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

A troubled man discovers that power is only as strong as those who confer it

TO HIMSELF Mansac often said, "It's a wonder someone has not killed Him." When he did say it, it was behind closed doors and behind walls, for in His country a man had uttered his own death sentence if such words were overheard. Mansac knew the gossip in the city: that He was heavily guarded, that beside Him night and day were sixty picked men, sworn to suicide were He harmed; but Mansac repeated his thought, not because he doubted the gossip, but because he was young and still believed that justice was as mathematically certain in the universe as the accuracy of sun and stars. And justice must overtake men who ruled as He did, who put themselves, as He did, so far above the cries of human pain.

The steps by which "I should like to see Him killed" became "I should be willing to kill Him" were subtle, built on bedrock hatred. He had reason to hate Him. Mansac's father had been a professor of biology in a little town. He had said in a lecture, "Animate forms, like political systems, are the products of their environment and their time. No one is perfect. No one endures beyond his time. That is natural law." Too late the little professor remembered that He claimed perfection for His political system, and freedom from law.

That night His police and His agents came to the apartment and dragged the professor away. When the mother protested, His police smashed her in the stomach so that she died at nightfall. Eight weeks later His newspapers announced that the old man had been shot while trying to run away. They did not announce that the professor had been a cripple for twenty years, scarcely able to walk.

Mansac fled to the city because one small man can scurry to obscurity among three million. He stole new identification papers from a roommate in a cheap lodginghouse. He was now one Mansac, a name he had never heard before. From this time on no man would know who his father was nor what his background had been. He knew no one in the city. No one knew him. No one would look a second time at this thin young man whose gray overcoat hung slablike on bony shoulders; whose boyish face, from which wistfulness was gone forever, was hardened by some things besides time.

He found work, wrapping parcels in a department store. He lived in a small room, in the poorest part of the city. Having little money did not matter. What he lacked—and he felt the need deeply—was any reason for wanting to continue to live. He was still young but he had nothing to hope for, nothing to dream of. In his father's library he had once read, "There will come a time when it shall be light and men shall awaken from their lofty dreams and they will find the dreams still there and nothing gone but the sleep." That was something for a boy to think of and believe in, but not in His country.

On all sides were men who wore His uniforms, who obeyed His orders. Every newspaper carried His speeches. But gossip spread tales of His activities that His newspapers never printed, of exile camps, of misery spreading like moss on sour ground. Toward Him, whom Mansac had never seen, whom he did not want to see, the hatred deepened. "It is not right that a man should be allowed to govern so," he said to himself.

Then, walking with a fellow employee in the store, one Kordin, he said it aloud. Kordin, an older man with a quiet, patient face, looked up sharply. "Do you believe that? You need not be afraid of me," Kordin said in a warm friendly voice. "I believe it, too. Many people do, more than you might think."

"What can they do?" For the first time he could ask another man the question he so often asked himself: "Why doesn't someone kill Him?"

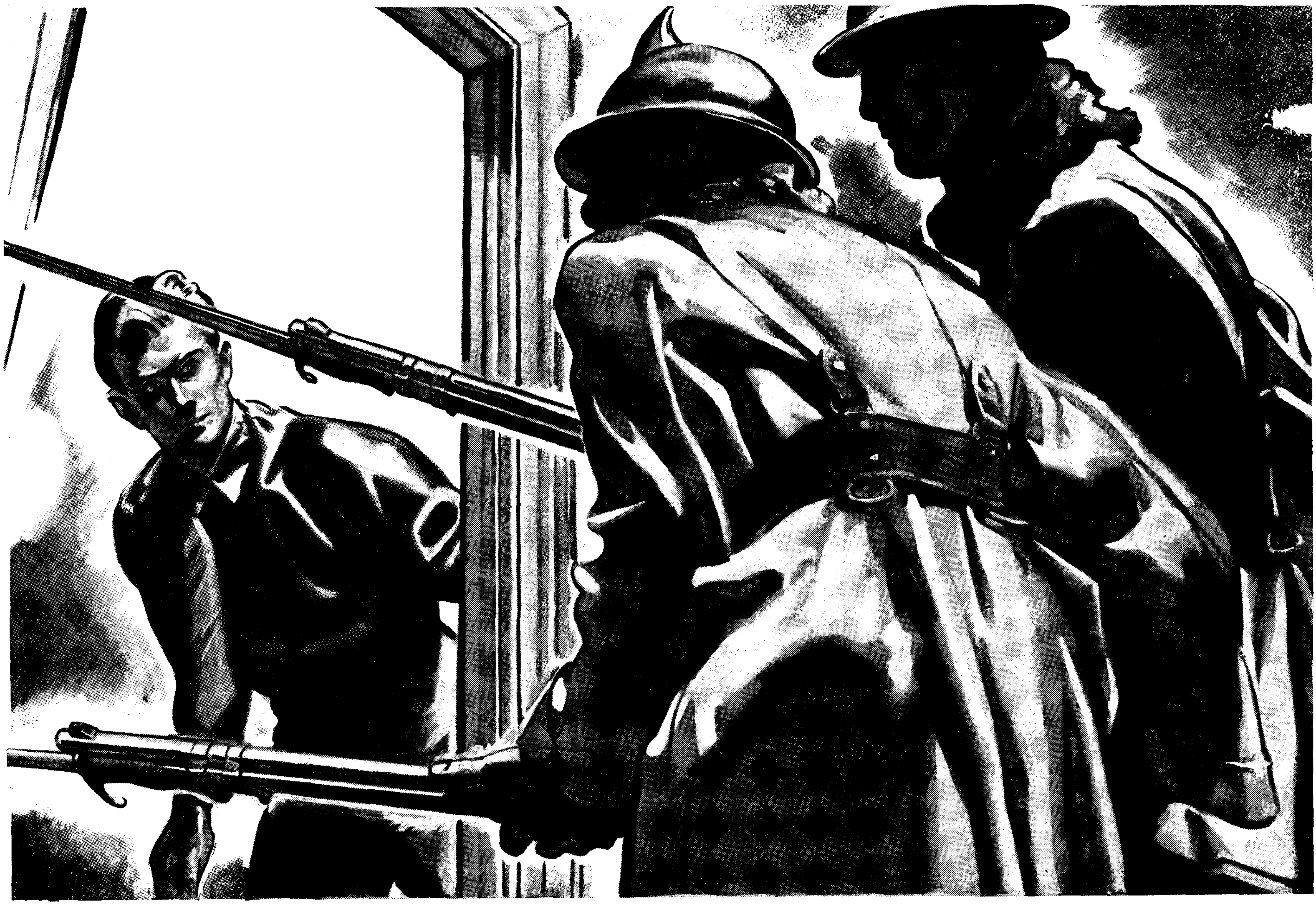
Kordin nodded. "Many people ask that, but they know that for His life ten thousand innocent people would have to pay."

"That is true," Mansac agreed.

"And who knows if His death would really do any good? There are so many under Him, miniature copies of Him, men eager to take His place."

On a summer night, while Mansac lay in his room trying to sleep, he heard gruff voices, and then a woman screaming, "Don't take my son!" That was Mrs. Kremposi, an old widow on the floor below. And while Mansac shivered in midsummer heat, he heard a window

(Continued on page 69)



Two soldiers were there, young country boys. "You take this room," one soldier told the other. "I'll take the one down the hall"

"CHICAGO LOVES THE
Quick-Step!"

"GO—and STOP! GO again . . . STOP! That's the motorist's quick-step, rapid as Chicago itself!

"We love it . . . especially with a car like Chrysler! A car whose GO is quick as a wink! A car whose STOP reminds you that nobody has brakes quite like Chrysler's! A car that translates your instant thought into instant action!

"For Chrysler has a new rhythm this year, which they tell me is born of *Superfinished* parts . . . pistons and bearings and things so smooth that their surfaces are measured in millionths of an inch!

"You can easily see how parts *that* smooth would slide over each other in perfect silence and without friction! I understand they double engine life!

"Such velvety quiet . . . such responsive power! You slip along so easily that Chrysler has provided a safety signal speedometer to flag you down!

"And what a beauty! Tapered Airflow streamlining, without bulging headlamps or trunk . . . but with worlds of luggage space! Gorgeous interior . . . from the handsome ivory plastic instrument panel to the swanky upholstery fabric! All in a body four inches wider at the windshield, with seats as wide as divans!

"A steering wheel gear-shift that's swift and handy! Steering and parking just no effort at all! A car that loves to GO . . . and makes going so easy! For people who like the active life . . . people like me!"

* * *

1939 CHRYSLER ROYAL . . . 100 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase. 2-door sedan, $975, and up. *Dual horns and bumper grille bars extra.

1939 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . . 135 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase. 2-door sedan, $1165, and up.

*All prices are ready to drive in Detroit, federal taxes included. Transportation, and state or local taxes, if any, extra.

Also Chrysler's famous Custom Imperial in five and seven passenger sedans and limousines . . . with Chrysler's amazing new transmission advancement, the Fluid Drive.

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

The Girl . . . wears a grey and white polka dot dress with a plain white vestee . . . the hat is smart rough straw. From Marshall Field & Company.

The Car . . . is a Chrysler Royal 4-door sedan $1010*

GET A THRILL *Buy Chrysler!*

BEFORE YOU BUY ANY REFRIGERATOR

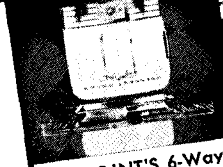
Compare Hotpoint's Plus Values!

36 ADVANCED FEATURES Make Today's Hotpoint The Refrigerator You Should Own!

YOU owe it to yourself to *compare* the new 1939 Hotpoint Refrigerator—point for point and feature for feature—against the entire field. See how much *more* it gives you in time-saving, money-saving advantages—than ever before! New 6-Way Cold Storage provides ample room for extra-large roasts, high-breasted fowl—bulky items of all kinds. Dependable high humidity cold retains food juices and flavor-freshness *far longer.* Ask your dealer for Hotpoint's "yardstick demonstration." It shows 36 features that bring you economy and plus convenience—including Pop-Ice Trays. Stainless Steel Speed Freezer and Vacuum-Sealed Thriftmaster Mechanism. And remember, Hotpoint's Friendly Finance Plan enables you to own any one of 15 beautiful models on easy terms. Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc., 5607 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

Sensational New

6-WAY COLD STORAGE



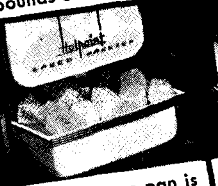
HOTPOINT'S 6-Way Cold Storage provides a variety of tem- arrangements, peratures and humidity conditions.

Inverting glass tray permits storage of high-breasted fowl or extra-large roast. Room for twelve pounds of meat.

Meat storage drawer on the lower rack allows space for stubby bottles, cans, or desserts in tall glasses.

By removing the ice-tray shelf in the Speed Freezer, you provide generous cold storage space for frozen foods.

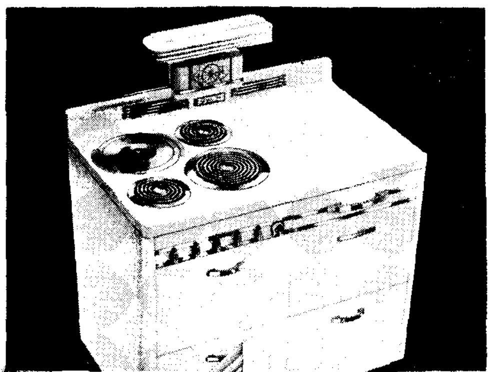
With glass tray on lower rack, ample room is available for chilling beverages, canned juices and other foods.



Meat storage pan is shown here in high position for storing a reserve supply of ice cubes, beverages, or other foods.

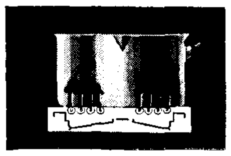
By removing glass tray and meat storage drawer either a large watermelon or turkey can be stored very easily.

Hotpoint

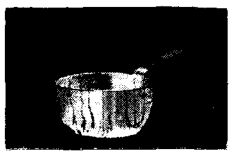


MODERN in fuel, modern in style, modern in efficiency—today's Hotpoint Ranges positively assure you better cooking, *faster* cooking—at the biggest savings in Hotpoint history! For these brilliant new ranges offer all the advantages of electric cookery plus the extra speed and economy of the new Select-A-Heat Calrod Unit! Right at your fingertips are five controlled cooking speeds—from *intense heat* to *low warm.* See your Hotpoint retailer today and learn about the liberal terms on all 13 beautiful models!

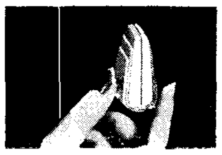
Calrod Cooking Unit **TARGETS THE HEAT**



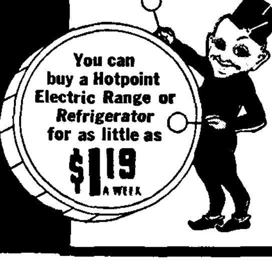
1 Calrod heat is conducted straight through the bottom of pan into food. There's no flame, no soot.



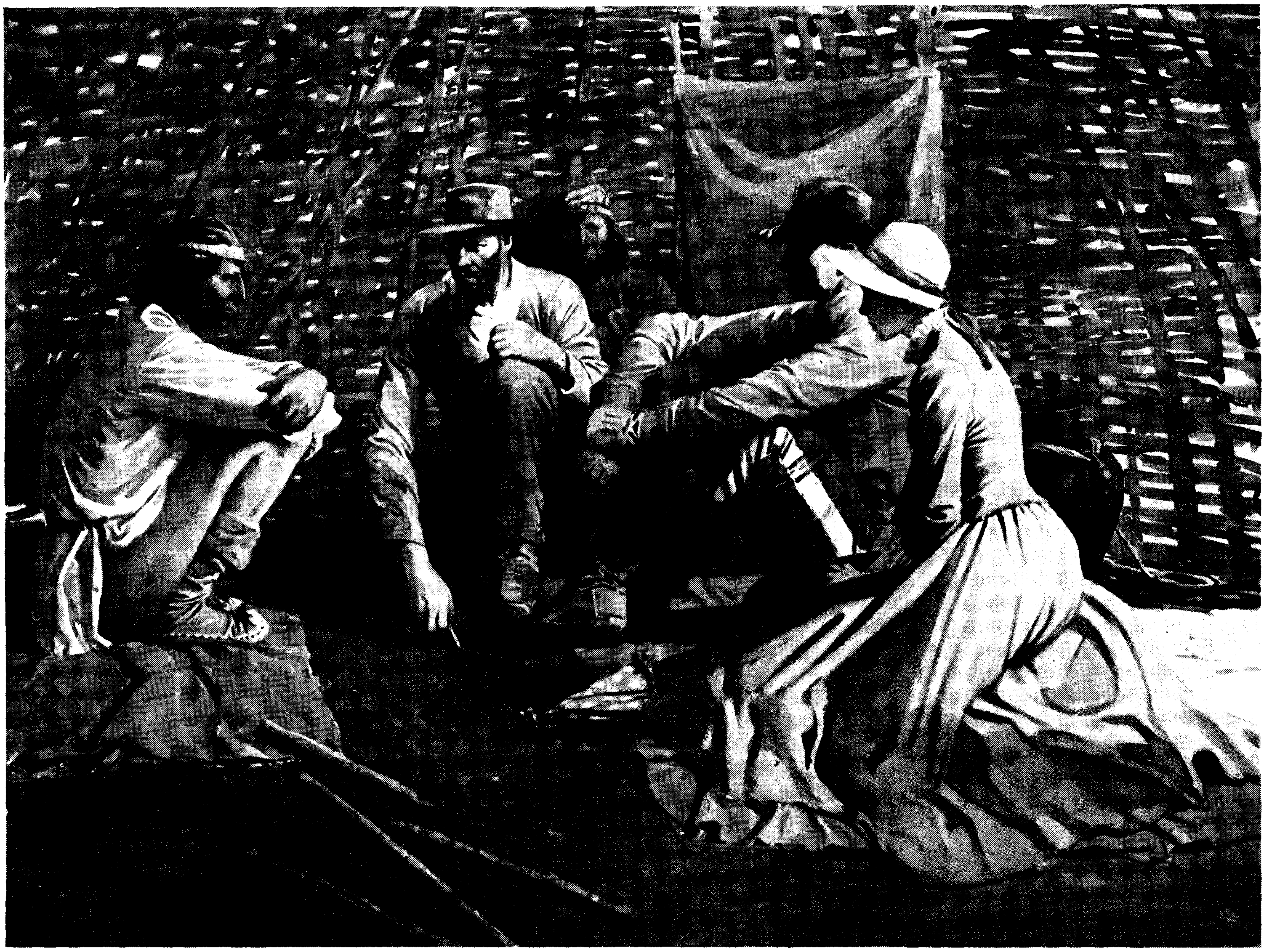
2 Calrod heat is efficiently applied—without waste. All the heat generated is used entirely for cooking.



3 Calrod heat is accurately controlled. Five speeds from one switch—intense heat to low warm.



You can buy a Hotpoint Electric Range or Refrigerator for as little as $1.19 A WEEK



"He says you must be careful of Antone," Al Hazel interpreted. "Antone is very sly"

The Border Trumpet

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

AN "ARMY girl," Eleanor Warren spends three years at a school in Boston. When she rejoins her father, Major Warren, who is in command of Camp Grant, in Arizona, Indians, led by a man known as Antone, are on the warpath. But with Philip Castleton, the young lieutenant to whom she is engaged, and surrounded by other old friends, she is happy.

Among the newcomers whom she meets is Harriet Mixler, Lieutenant George Mixler's wife. Harriet is soon to become a mother; she does not care for army life; and, fearing that Dr. Shiraz, the post physician, may be away with a scouting party when her baby is born, she implores her husband to resign his commission and take her back to her home in Virginia. But Mixler refuses to leave the army.

Two wagons, en route to Summerton's ranch, are attacked not far from the post—presumably by a band of Antone's marauders. Reconnoitering the scene of the trouble, Tom Benteen, a lieutenant in command of a small detail, finds one survivor: a girl who says that her name is Lily Marr. Benteen escorts her to the post, where she intimates (to him alone) that the attack had not been made by Indians!

Philip Castleton is a capable officer; but, (as Eleanor soon learns) he is not liked by his men, with whom he is extremely strict. Nor is he any too popular with his fellow officers. So no one is surprised when Major Warren picks Benteen to lead a detachment on the trail of Antone.

The detachment leaves the fort. Al Hazel, a noted scout, leads the way. Some Indians—members of a small party—are either killed or captured. Unfortunately, one of them—a squaw—gets away; and Benteen feels sure that she will find Antone and give him ample warning. He prepares for a hard fight.

Meanwhile, Dr. Shiraz has gone to Summerton's ranch, where a victim of a shooting affray is in need of medical attention. While he is absent, Harriet Mixler gives unmistakable signs that she will soon become a mother. Whereupon, Lily Marr volunteers to take the doctor's place. . . .

Benteen and his men move toward a mountain. They move cautiously—the Indians, they know, are not far away. Someone says: "I think I see someone moving over there." Benteen looks in the direction indicated. Presently he makes out the stir of several figures.

IV

ANTONE *wants us to know he's* there," Benteen said.

"That's right," said Al Hazel, dryly. "If an Injun don't want to be seen you wouldn't see him."

"Pretty certain of himself," considered Benteen. "McSween, how's our water?"

"Half canteens, sor."

The slope lay gray-brown under the solid beat of the sun; at this three-o'clock hour heat boiled up gelatin waves from the rocks and turned the atmosphere smoke-blue. The metal strip on Benteen's gun butt was hot enough to burn the skin on the back of his hand. "It will be a damned warm climb. He may be as strong as the squaw says, which is pretty strong for this detachment. But those rocks will make a good shelter, if we need them." He went to the saddle, quite carefully reviewing Major Warren's instructions. He weighed those instructions against the situation before him, making a careful balance. The responsibility was entirely his own; this column belonged to him at the moment, to be expended if he thought the results justified it, to be saved if not. This was the hard choice an officer in the field had to make. He looked back at the men, and at the horses; and silence settled down.

"We will close in," he said.

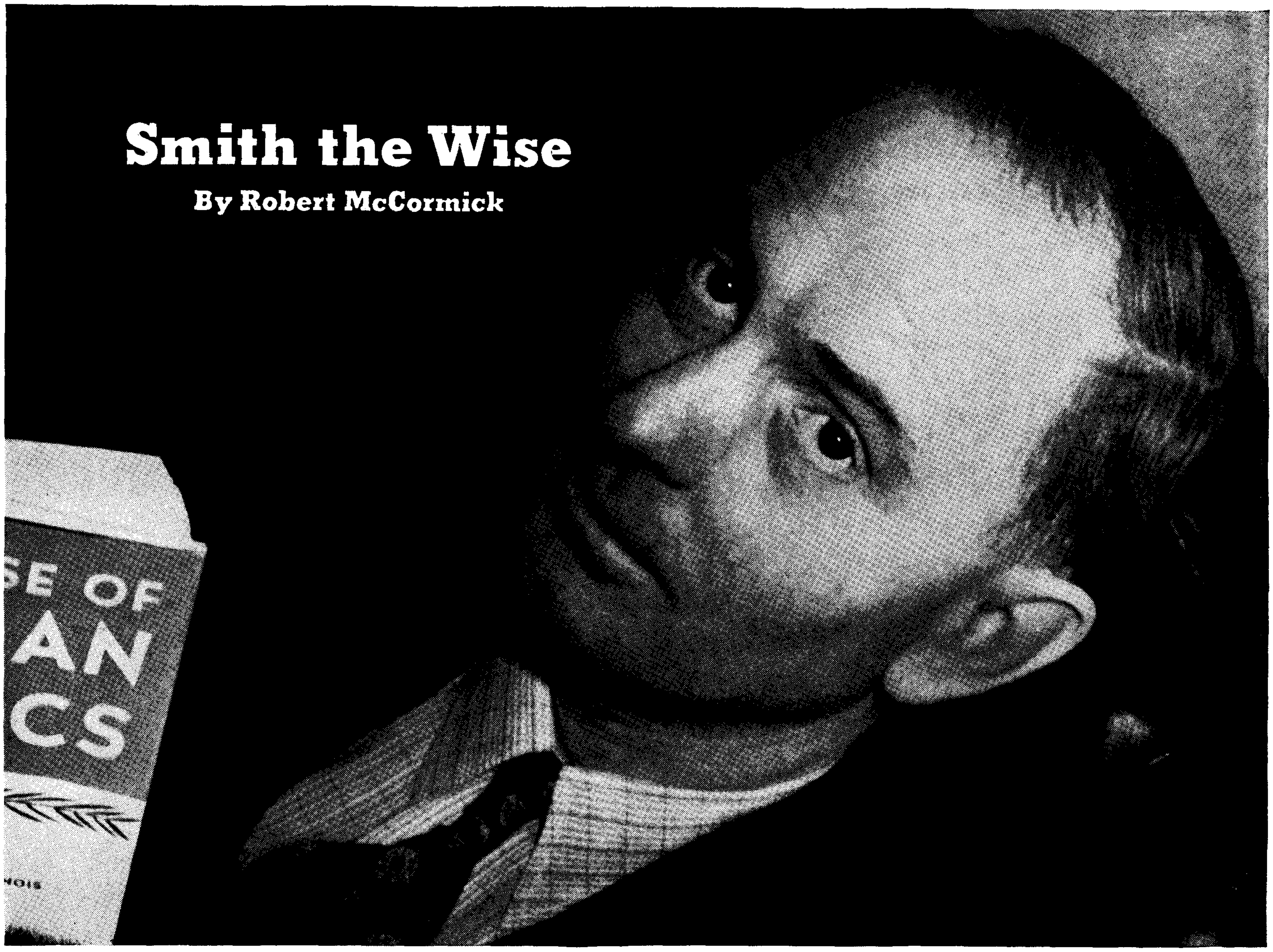
Still double file, the detail took to the slope and started the long climb, carbines canted forward. A defined trail ran irregularly through the rock scatter. High up, to the extreme left of the summit, an Indian on a horse moved into sight and cut a distinct circle on the slope, waving his lance, and moved out of sight again. Another four hundred yards onward Benteen said: "Skirmishers," and watched his column break into a single line abreast him. "Ford, take the right. Hazel, please go over to the left. If we run into more trouble than we can properly account for we'll fort up in these rocks."

He kept sharp watch on the rim, above, and saw the furtive blur of

(Continued on page 42)

Smith the Wise

By Robert McCormick



IFOR THOMAS

Academic training isn't supposed to make a politician. Rep. T. V. Smith of Illinois gets around that by being, in his own estimate, "an ignorant man and a philosopher." It has worked pretty well, so far

A POLITICIAN," says T. V. Smith, "is a man who can compromise an issue without compromising himself, and who can give an issue clean away without giving himself away.

"And a philosopher is a man who deals in subjects two sizes too large for him."

T. V. Smith should know. He's both. Or neither, depending on what you think of T. V. Smith. The politicians suspect he must be a whiz of a philosopher—whatever a philosopher is—because he rose from instructor to the exalted estate of full professor at the University of Chicago in the phenomenal time of five years. The academicians have high regard for his political aptitude because he mastered a streamlined demagoguery with which he talked his way into the front ranks of radio orators and into Washington as congressman-at-large from Illinois.

Smith was born in a log cabin, as he frequently reminds his public, at Blanket, Texas. His father, a farmer-blacksmith who had real difficulty hammering the most barren living from the unenthusiastic soil and work-torn hoofs, wanted Tom to become a minister, "the easiest way he could think of to raise the family one notch higher in society." But Smith gave up old-time religion when he "discovered science." So he studied at the University of Texas, migrated to the University of Chicago for his Ph.D. and a teaching job. Since he was very busy educating the young and writing thoughtful tomes, some of which were so lighthearted they fell into the realm of high-brow entertainment, there seemed little danger he would shoot off on another tangent. But one summer day in 1933 he picked up a phone and called the Democratic political boss of Chicago.

No Place for a Softie

"Did you get into politics, as I am about to do, because your friends pushed you in?" he asked in a sweet alto voice, "or did you get into politics, as I am about to do, because you wanted to?" The answer was a long pause, a loud gulp and "yes."

"I knew," says Smith, "I could never like that man. No sense of humor." He thereupon proceeded to get himself elected to the State Senate, the first Democrat to represent the fifth district since the Civil War. Politics in the fifth district generally is as raw as a cannibal sandwich and it's no place for a schoolteacher. Smith's campaign reached a crisis when he was told his opposition had prepared an affidavit claiming he was a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Almost half the population of the district is Negro, the rest strongly Catholic and Jewish. So the faintest suspicion of Kluxism would fix up a candidate just dandy with the voters.

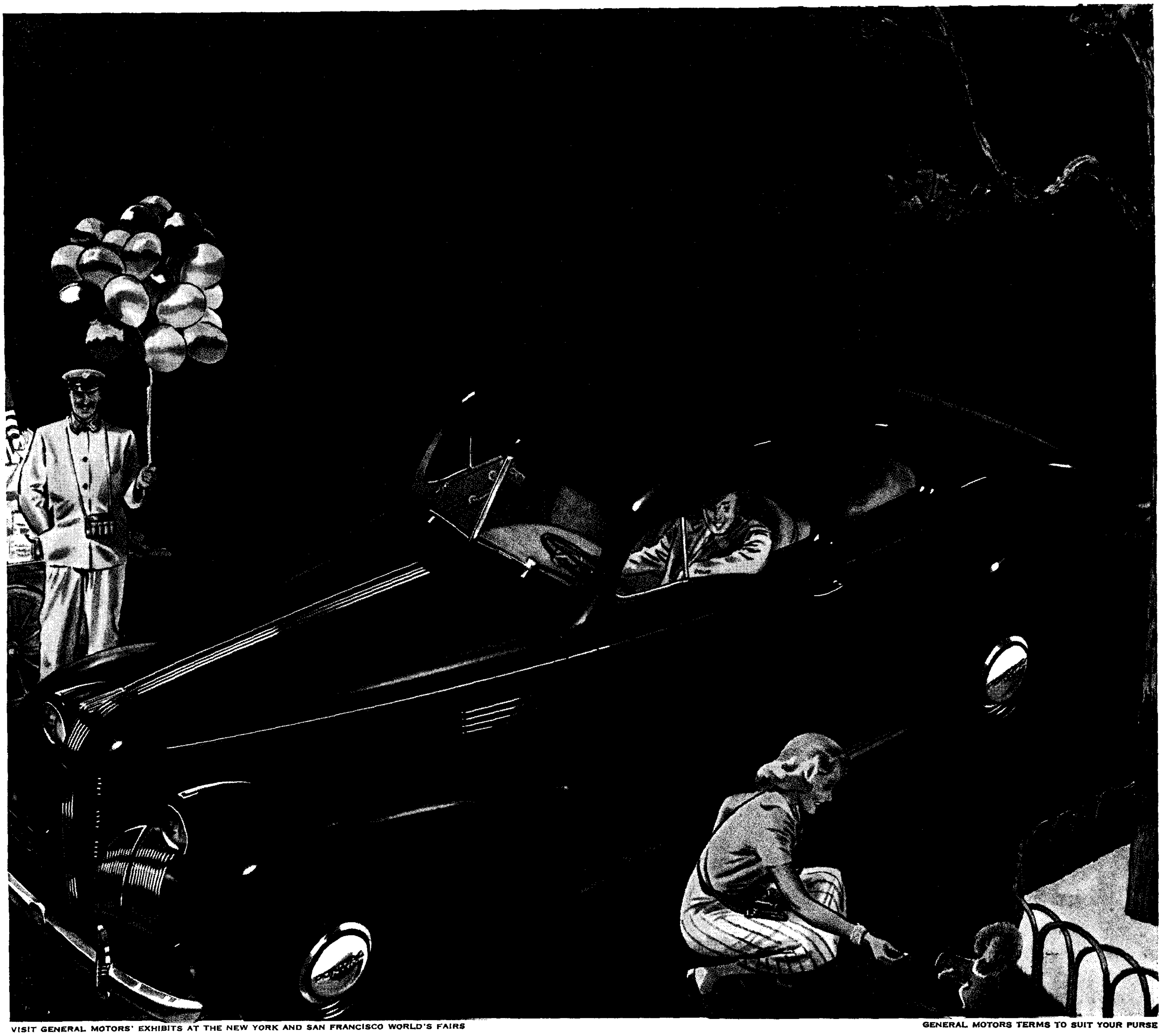
Smith was first speaker in a debate at which he believed the affidavit would be produced. Carefully he laid a groundwork of innuendo about the document, telling as definitely as he dared what he thought was coming. Then he whirled sharply on the enemy and hissed like a tire going flat: "I recall a motto taught me by President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, a motto I have always tried to live by, and a motto I suggest we adopt for this campaign: I propose, gentlemen, that we lie as little as possible!"

Having been thus prejudged a prevaricator, the opposition couldn't have exhibited the affidavit if it had one. Nor could it the night before election, a proper time for such shenanigans, because university Negroes who recognized Smith as a friend organized voluntary police groups who rode through the black belt until dawn laying for the man who might be bold enough to drop copies of the affidavit in the voters' mailboxes. Smith electioneered in the belt against the advice of some of his pals who feared for his safety. A combination guard and scout was sent with him on his maiden speaking trip into the area, according to a Chicago legend, to report on, and if possible protect, this angel who rushed in. The scout returned to headquarters with his eyes bugging out. "Man, he's got 'em charmed," he gasped. "They can't decide whether he's Abe Lincoln or Booker T. Washington."

All You Need is an Idea

Smith says he has more knowledge of politics in his muscles than in his head. Some fifteen years ago, however, he curtsied solemnly to William Jennings Bryan for the Great Commoner's ability to hold the loyalty of the men in the street, though his admiration of Bryan on other counts was scarcely feverish. "So far ahead of most public men in responsiveness to popular feeling is Mr. Bryan," he decided, "that one might suspect that while others still depend upon the old-fashioned and uncertain method of keeping an ear to the ground, Mr. Bryan walks in the garden of human nature in the cool of the day, like the God whose cause he pleads, and by an invisible radio extracts from the twilight zephyrs precisely what common men think and feel."

(Continued on page 39)



VISIT GENERAL MOTORS' EXHIBITS AT THE NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO WORLD'S FAIRS

GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE

This SIX wins praise that *usually* goes only to EIGHTS!

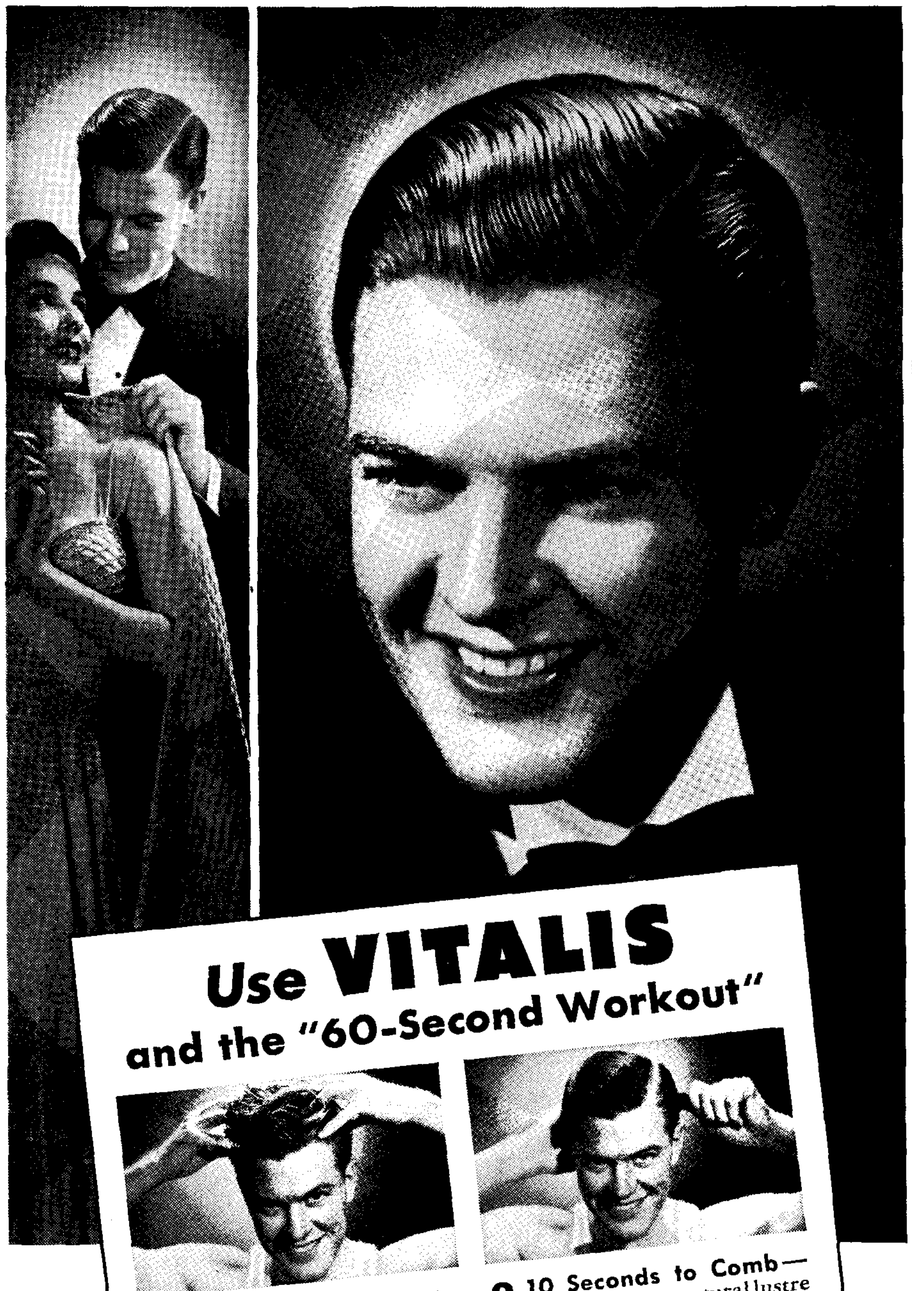
$758

AND UP, *delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Subject to change without notice. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment, accessories—extra.*

There has been a lot of praise for the Pontiac Six this year. In fact, our owners say it acts more like an *eight* than a thrifty *six!* They like, especially, the silken smoothness of its L-Head engine—which runs so quietly you can scarcely hear it. They like its quick acceleration, too—and the easy manner in which it holds a high cruising speed on the longest trips. And, of course, *nobody* fails to mention its economy. The Pontiac Six is really a marvel in its miserly use of gasoline and oil—and its price is so low that it is within easy reach of almost everybody. If you are considering a low-priced car this spring, take a look at Pontiac. It's an extremely smart choice for the average person.

GENERAL MOTORS' *SECOND* LOWEST-PRICED CAR

Good-Looking Hair wins Admiration and Respect!



Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 10 Seconds to Comb—Your hair has a natural lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

GOOD-LOOKING hair's important—important to you in business—important to you socially. And the easy, effortless way to hair that's good-looking—*and healthier, too*—is Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

FOR HEALTHIER HAIR—Briskly apply Vitalis to your scalp with a fingertip massage. Feel the bracing "tingle" that tells of aroused circulation. Soon your scalp feels flexible, "relaxed" as tautness disappears. Hair takes on a new richness and lustre. You rout loose, unsightly dandruff with every "Workout" and help prevent excessive falling hair.

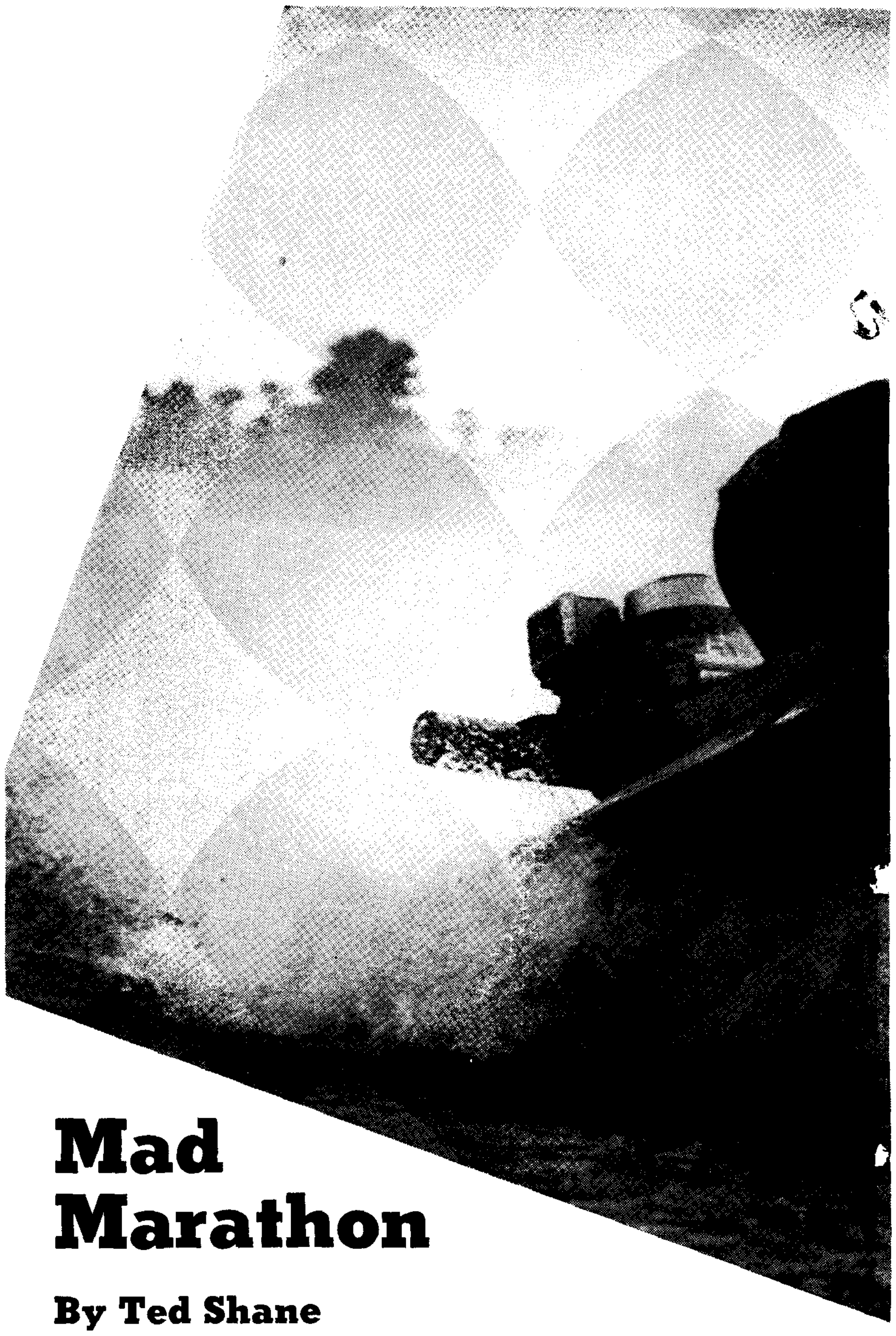
FOR WELL-GROOMED HAIR—Your hair takes on a rich, attractive lustre as Vitalis' pure vegetable oils supplement dried-out, depleted oils of the scalp. It's smartly groomed! Notice how much more easily it responds to comb and brush—how neatly it stays in place. And there's no objectionable "patent-leather" look whatever.

Get a bottle of Vitalis today—at your druggist's. Make Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" part of your regular routine, as thousands of successful men have done. Have hair that's healthier, more handsome—hair that wins the admiration and respect of men and women alike.

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Vitalis Sealtubes!

VITALIS HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!



Mad Marathon

By Ted Shane

That Albany-New York thing is on again—133 miles of dangerous water in a hundred-horsepower eggshell. If this newest insanity appeals to you, all you need is a few dollars and a suicide complex

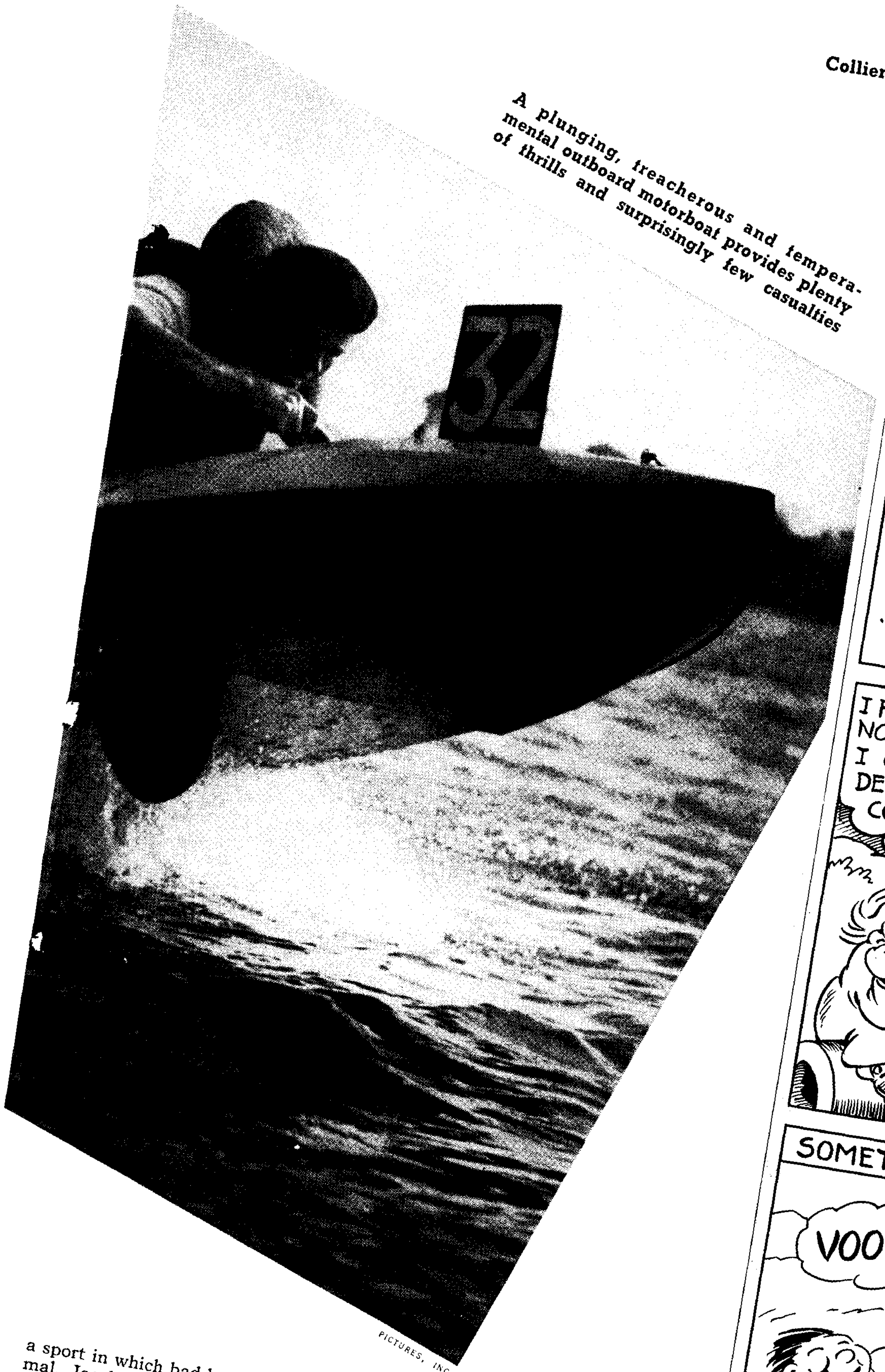
FROM out of the north and through the rain and wind that chopped the Hudson River into frenzied whitecaps just a year ago, a tiny skittery object with a loud noise attached bounced confidently toward the finish line of the annual bone-rattling, earsplitting, body-stiffening Albany-to-New York outboard marathon.

Crouching like a jockey, and fitted into this walnut shell of a boat as with a shoehorn, sat Fred Jacoby, oblivious to the weather and his terrible discomfort. With a 20-minute lead and a quarter of a mile to go, Fred figured he'd not only won the race but had licked the race hoodoo by becoming its first double winner. He'd won in 1937.

The spectators, huddled on the Palisades and boat docks around Spuyten Duyvil, suddenly had the cheers wiped from their lips. Just like that, Fred's boat went nuts. Heading dizzily off the course, it ran amok—snaking madly in and out of the forest of shad-net poles set out by the river fishermen. Suddenly it stopped. Fred yanked his motor from the stern, feverishly fell to dismembering it. Another waterbug whizzed out of the fog and passed him, and Ted Roberts had won his first Albany-New York race in eight tries.

Fifty-seven seconds later Jacoby sputtered across the finish line steering with an oar stuck under his motor. The rules won't let you row—or drift over. Your motor must do the job. Jacoby's motor gave one last gasp and died. The 133-mile battle with Old Man Hudson in one of his dirtier moods had been too much for it. As for Jacoby's steering equipment, the waves had beaten that poor steel thing to a pulp, rendering poor Fred rudderless.

You may ask, and you have a right to: Was this an unusually bad break for Jacoby? Certainly not. It was just one of the normal occurrences in



A plunging, treacherous and temperamental outboard motorboat provides plenty of thrills and surprisingly few casualties

PICTURES, INC.

a sport in which bad breaks are normal. Jacoby's 1938 motor was better than Roberts' but his luck wasn't.

You may also ask: "What manner of man bounces down a boiling river in an animated bedroom slipper, pulls motors to pieces and risks pneumonia, madness and chilblains—all for a hunk of silverware and some paltry prize money?"

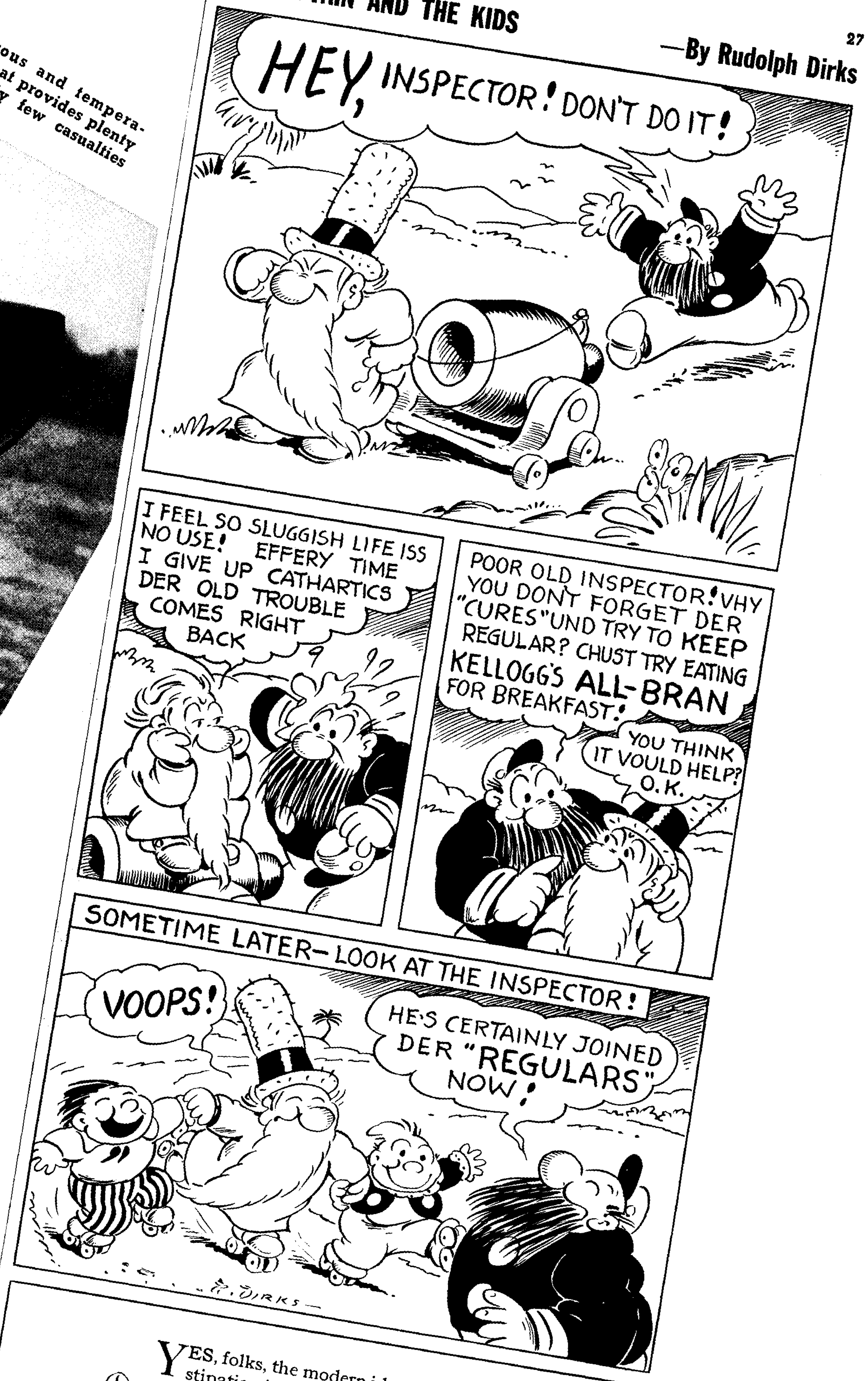
Outboard nuts is the answer—the newest of sports, the fascinating, exasperating, dizzy-paced business of manipulating a rowboat with athlete's phut.

Outboard motoring got started back on a hot August day in 1906, when one Ole Evinrude, first generation Norwegian American of Oslo and Milwaukee, took the future Mrs. E. on a picnic over to an island on a Wisconsin lake. Just like a woman, Mrs. E.-to-be got a sudden hankering for some ice cream. Romantically, Ole jumped into a rowboat, pulled two miles to shore, two miles back—in a broiling sun. While the lady drank the melted cream with some disdain, an idea was born in the fertile engineering brain of young Mr. Evinrude. Why not make a cheap little one-lunged motor which could be hooked on your rowboat to get the ice cream back before it melted?

From that day to the snowy April day in 1928, when they inaugurated the first Albany-to-New York marathon, a lot of water has flowed around these shingle drivers.

At first the outboard motor was used for service only. That is, it fetched ice cream, it made fishing even lazier, it ran small boats around floodwaters, it made oars archaic. Its tremendous convenience lay in its light weight and portable nature. You merely hooked it onto a gadget on your car, or slung it on a little duffel trailer, and took it off on week-end or vacation junkets.

Before long some young Ralph de



HEY, INSPECTOR! DON'T DO IT!
I FEEL SO SLUGGISH LIFE ISS NO USE! EFFERY TIME I GIVE UP CATHARTICS DER OLD TROUBLE COMES RIGHT BACK
POOR OLD INSPECTOR! VHY YOU DON'T FORGET DER "CURES" UND TRY TO KEEP REGULAR? CHUST TRY EATING KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST!
YOU THINK IT VOULD HELP? O.K.
SOMETIME LATER—LOOK AT THE INSPECTOR!
VOOPS!
HE'S CERTAINLY JOINED DER "REGULARS" NOW!
R. DIRKS

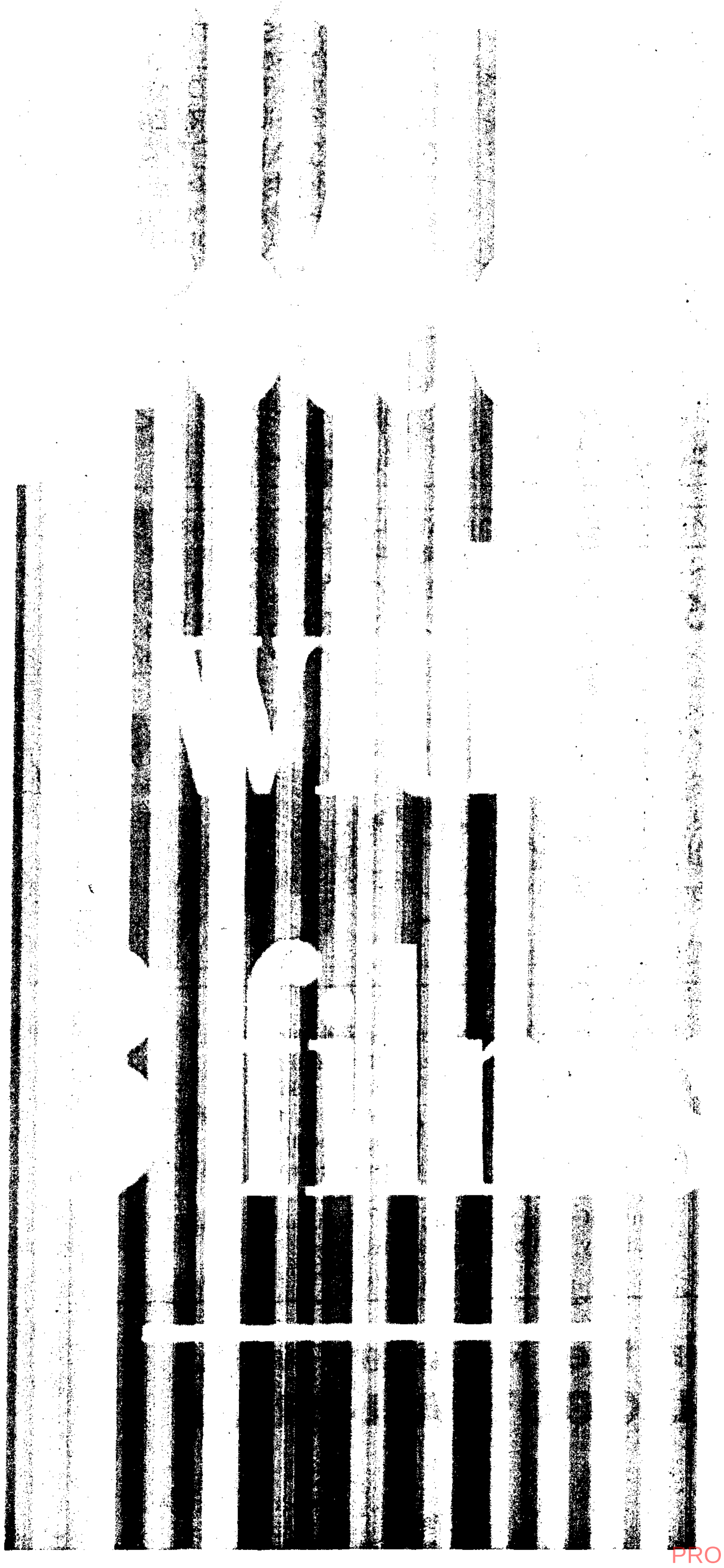
THE CAPTAIN AND THE KIDS

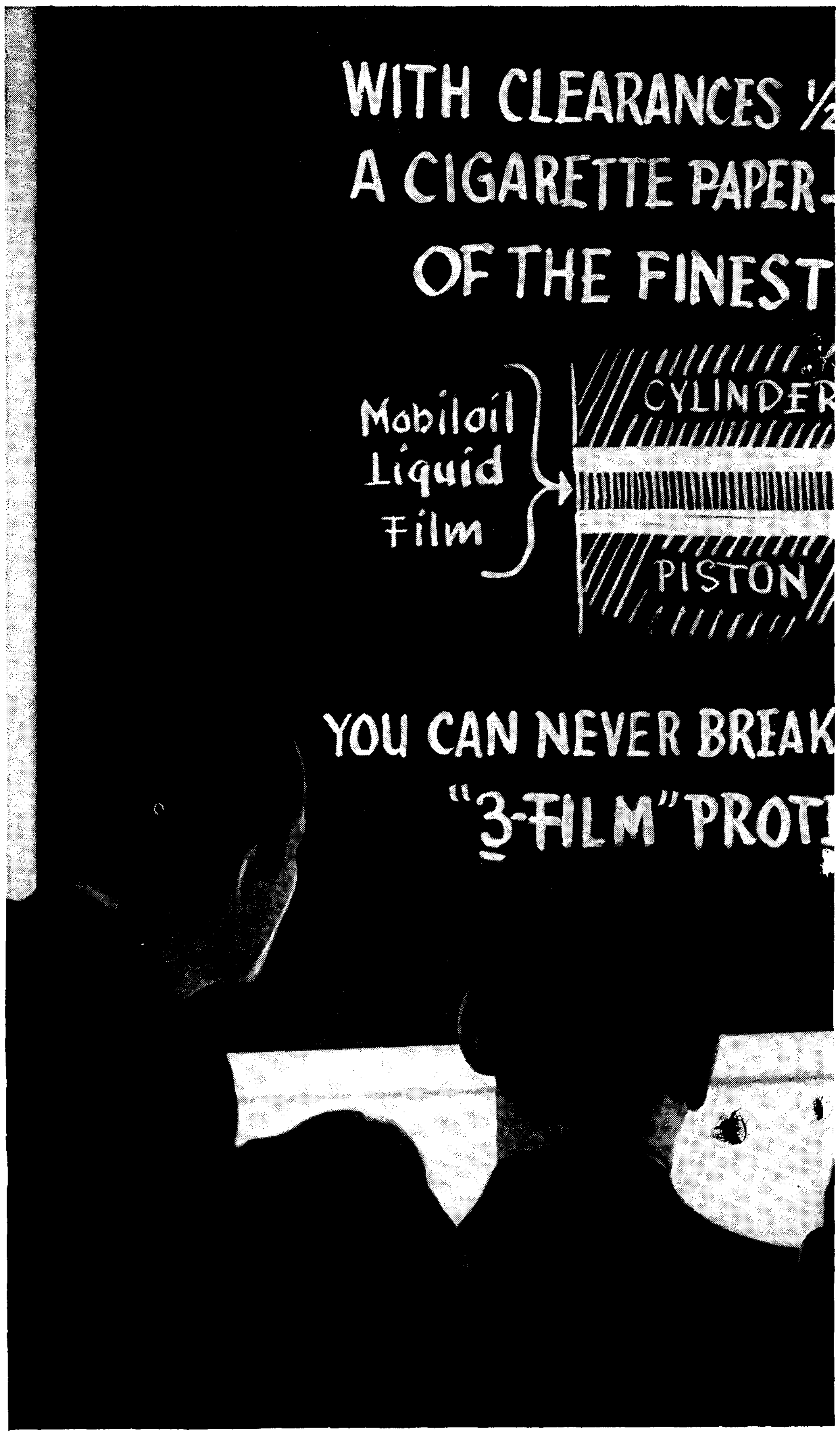
—By Rudolph Dirks

YES, folks, the modern idea about constipation is not to bear it first and try to cure it later. If it's the ordinary kind (due to lack of "bulk" in the diet), the better way is to *prevent* it by getting at its cause. How? Eat a crisp, bulk-rich cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it daily, drink plenty of water, and join the "Regulars!" Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN



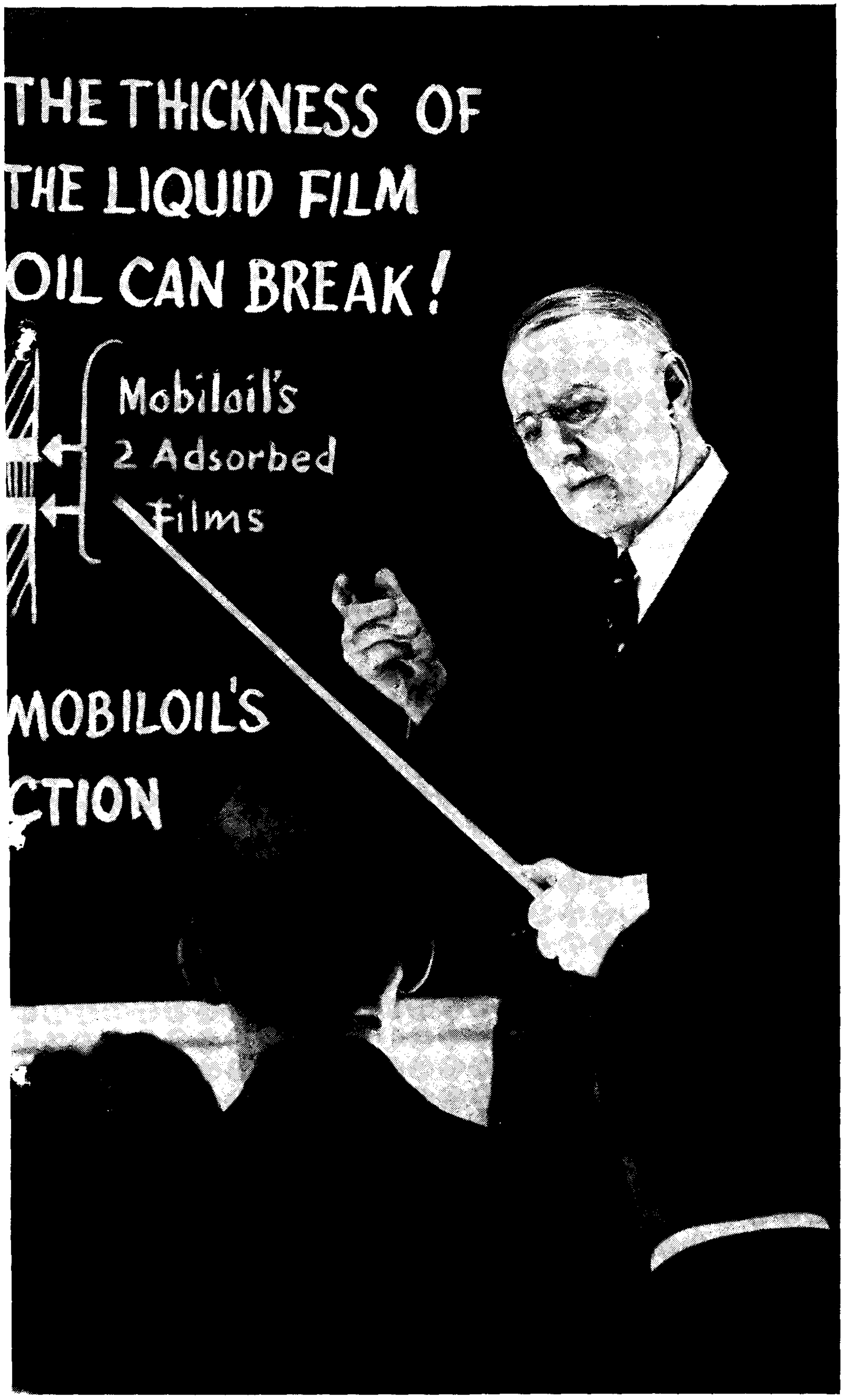

WITH CLEARANCES ½
A CIGARETTE PAPER
OF THE FINEST
Mobiloil
Liquid
Film
CYLINDER
PISTON
YOU CAN NEVER BREAK
"3-FILM" PROT

There's ***triple safety*** *in this oi*

"IT'S A MYSTERY TO ME," motorists often say,
"why some cars run better than others."

Oil can be the reason. Especially in modern
motors. Engine clearances are 50% closer than
a few years ago. Engine heats are 100°F. higher
Protection from wear is vital. Mobiloil does
that with 3 films! But today's engines also need

MOB


THE THICKNESS OF
THE LIQUID FILM
OIL CAN BREAK!
Mobiloil's
2 Adsorbed
Films
MOBILOIL'S
CTION

for your modern precision motor!

Mobiloil's resistance to carbon, gum...and "oil drag" that wastes power and gasoline.

To give this Balanced Protection, Mobiloil is distilled, refined, dewaxed, filtered!

RESULT: Mobiloil keeps your modern engine modern...running at its best mile after mile... saves on repairs and gasoline, too!

ILOIL

GET MOBILOIL FOR

Balanced Protection

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

STOP AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.
AND AFFILIATES
Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corporation

NOBODY MAKES A PASS AT ME!
I'M NOT FOOLING, AMY! IT'S NO JOKE TO BE A WALLFLOWER--AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I AM!
LINDA, READ THIS BAD BREATH AD! AND THEN--WELL, DO WHAT IT SAYS...SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
NOW LISTEN, FELLOWS! I BROUGHT LINDA TO THIS PARTY--AND I'M TAKING HER HOME!
THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN TOWN!
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY—
PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

Palma with water and speed on the brain got the idea of pulling his motor to pieces, adding a lot of whoosh to the otherwise sluggish movement. By shrinking a rowboat to the size and weight of a cockleshell, this speed demon metamorphosed the chug-chugger into a motorized shingle just about as big and fast as a water skate. Which naturally led to racing, and in time to the present organized sport.

The early outboard managed a mile in about ten minutes. Today they make 75 m.p.h. and the dreamers look forward to an even hundred within a few years.

Fundamentally the sport is the same as it was in the late '20's when it first became official. It's codified into rules which aim to preserve life, limb and cleanliness. All you need to get into the game are a hull, a motor and a life preserver.

The hull you pick up at your local outboard boat builder's. The motor comes from the factory, specially built for racing. Both hull and motor are reasonably expensive but highly temperamental.

Motorboating's Spoiled Brat

The first thing you do with a new motor is to rip it apart. You chrome-plate it, file it here and there, tinker with its dainty insides until you are positive that your mechanical messings-about have added about fifteen miles or so to factory speed guarantees.

When you finally launch your dream craft, you may find that after all your delicate operations the darned thing won't start. Back it must go to the workshop, and apart must come the motor again. Finally, should your boat make seventy on the straightaway but turn over rounding a buoy (a common mishap) it's time to shave a sixteenth of an inch off the hull where it's too fat.

Unquestionably the outboard has more humors than anything in the sport world. Compared to it, the race horse is as insensitive and steady as a croquet mallet.

Outboard fiends spend most of their waking and sleeping hours fussing with their unruly and temperamental little friends. Experiments with hulls and motors take up their entire lives, before, during and after a race.

And then there's the matter of money. Outboards differ in size, power and class. All, however, are eligible for the Albany-New York run, handicaps making up for difference in horsepower. The midget-sized motor, which is no bigger than a peanut and drives a hull no bigger than a whisper, costs $125. From this Shetland-pony type, the prices range to about $500, which is what you pay for the Class F, or percheron class. There is also an unlimited or Class-X motor, made as big as your pocketbook and judgment allow.

The ideal outboard ensemble would be a shingle big enough to float a man, and a Malcolm Campbell motor you could fit into your eye. Hulls cost from $90 up, averaging about $250. All equipment may be bought secondhand.

Safest and least expensive of outboard racers is the runabout class. Runabouts consist of heavier and less tippy (unstepped) hulls, on which you hang what are known as service motors that will set you back anywhere from $37.50 to $335. The hulls cost about the same as their faster cousins. Obviously this runabout class is a pretty handy affair, big enough to carry a passenger or mechanic for company, repairs or conversation. They'll do over 50.

Doug Fonda, the millionaire who prefers outboarding to polo or a racing stable, says that it cost him $18,000 last year to become high-point amateur scorer for the year. Doug, like a lot of other wealthy waterbugs, has a fleet of boats and motors. For the most part, outboarders have only two boats and do their own dirty work.

Professionals like Jacoby and Roberts are in the game for the fun and money they can get out of it. Roberts, who won last year after eight tries, is a pleasant riverman who lives with his family in a boathouse near New York's Dyckman Street. Roberts was in the first Albany race, has been in the money almost every time he's started, figures he spends about $750 preparing for that race and about $150 cleaning up afterward. Last year's win netted him the biggest money he's ever won in a single event: $550. But he makes a good living out of boatbuilding, trading, storing and motor tinkering. Outboard pros don't get rich.

Fred Jacoby is the present pro champ. After a summer of outboard junketing, he scored 25,897 points out of approximately 34,000. That netted him $3,265 in prize money. He wound up the season exactly $200 in the red. To make a living Fred commutes from North Bergen, New Jersey, to Broadway, where he paints show scenery. He also designs and sells the fastest hulls in the East.

So you can see that professional and amateur find the financial going tough. Add to your initial expenses the cost of repairs, and the price of traveling from regatta to regatta the country over, then subtract the low pawning price of silverware collected in races, and you can see at a glance why a proletarian can't buy a yacht from outboard profits.

But outboarders are amply repaid in their own peculiar coin. Oil and gas run in their veins. They're nuts about engines apart or roaring in their ears. They dote on that flying-fish feeling and the grease on their faces. They get so cramped and stiff from kneeling and lying in their cockpits that after the Albany race they can't walk unwound for days. The earsplitting hum of the motor won't let them hear for days afterward either.

They actually enjoy the long trip by trailer. The true bug will leave his job in Seattle, his car covered with boats and motors, head for Miami and the Biscayne Bay regatta, then junket around till his money gives out.

But You Won't Get Killed

For all this loving care, outboards are subject to fits of despondency, bad temper and the sulks. They are extremely sensitive to striking large hunks of driftwood, especially telephone poles, which have the effect of turning them into an armful of splinters nestled in their drivers' arms.

Ted Roberts was whizzing down in the lead of the Albany-New York race a few years back when he suddenly found himself in the icy waters of the Hudson, afloat on his life jacket. Naturally he was very much astonished. His dear little boat, motor and all, had unaccountably blown up in his face, and his speed had shot him smack through the hail of wood and metal. Fortunately he received no injury, except to the feelings. That ungrateful motor!

On another historic occasion, Roberts won a race; then, as he was reaching for the prize, sunk before the eyes of the cheering multitude. Causing the prize giver to inquire innocently, "Submarine?" During the race, Roberts' sea slipper had sprung a leak but the hydroplaning effect had kept out the water. When the boat relaxed after the race, it filled promptly and sank.

However, there has yet to be an outboard fatality in official racing. Boats and motors have burned and blown to bits, too.

Chief danger is that careless folk leave shore without a life jacket. When racing, the boys must wear that life jacket. It is designed to keep you afloat even when knocked unconscious. Often a hull will rise suddenly and slap you one in the teeth. Cr you'll shift your weight too far to the rear, cause the boat to stand on its very end, hop along like a mermaid out of water, then fall on you.

Furthermore, this year you will have to drive with the new automatic throttle. Should you be thrown from your boat, or should you lose control of it, your whiz-bang will stop instead of plunging around like a riderless bronco, crashing into other boats, pylons, spectators or leaping ashore and starting for New York along the highway.

You Win if Your Luck Lasts

Back in 1928 they held the first Albany marathon in a snowstorm. Later, the race was shoved up to mid-May.

In those tough early outboard days they tried a race from Boston to New York, the 250-mile course leading through the Cape Cod ship canal, across some open sea, down Long Island Sound. Though nobody was drowned, the boys willingly gave it up in the interest of safety.

Incidentally they ran that first Albany race in a funny way. You had the choice of racing on one or all of the two Saturdays and Sundays of two successive week ends, best time winning. If you found your time had been bettered, you had the privilege of scooting downriver again.

Actor Kirk Ames made the run through the blinding snow of that first day in the amazingly good time of 4:44:10, figured the time was good enough to hold. Earl Widegrin shunned the snow, gambled for ideal weather, got it on the last day and beat Ames' time by 17 minutes.

C. P. Stevens then nosed out Ames for second money. Stevens made the run three times, which is a lot of miles when laid end to end and measured up against a 9-foot hull. Now they race it all in a hunk, first over gets the bacon, and there are class prizes besides.

Ames didn't have all the bum luck. Roberts has seen rank amateurs, racing for the first time, tear off their keels, put ashore, patch the bottom on with some chewing gum and court plaster, redunk and beat better men (but not boats) than themselves.

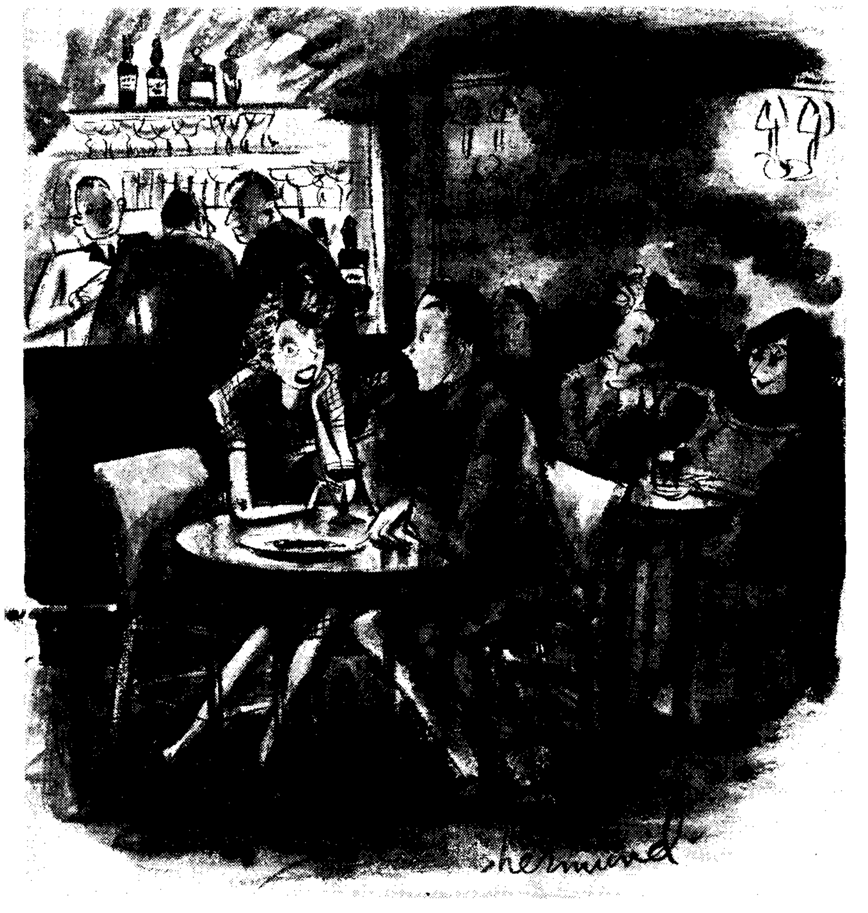
A few years ago, while ripping around Manhattan behind the brilliant Harold Chapman, Roberts watched Chapman hit a submerged log and do a header into the East River. Somehow Chapman captured the runaway, climbed back aboard, bailed out with his hat and went on to win in the fast time of 51 minutes. There was nothing in the rules against it.

This week, somewhere between seventy-five and a hundred lads from sixteen to forty-three, and a sprinkling of ladies, are lining up their jittery smelts in Albany. They will attempt to avoid driftwood, shad nets, concrete piles, night boats, whales, mermaids, sheared propeller pins, busted gas tanks, gas leaks, gasoline clogs, fire, fouled spark plugs, cracked cylinder heads, cracked heads, burned-out bearings, cliffsides, one another, waterspouts, leaks, rheumatism, burst eardrums, frozen ears and getting lost. They will try not to run aground or out of gas.

Fred Jacoby will again try to lick the old-time jinx against a double winner. Ted Roberts, the only driver who started in 1928, won't make the run. But he isn't out for good. Should Jacoby win, Ted says he'll be back in 1940, running for a second term himself. Gar Wood, Jr., will be in there trying to forget that two years ago he was leading at the George Washington Bridge with a scant two miles to go when he conked out.

Chart Johnson, New Jersey draftsman, will be back again too, driving Roberts' last year's winning boat and trying for a double win himself. And Bedford Davies, Tuxedo Park social feller, driving his world's championship Class Xer.

The race isn't always to the swift. Ted Roberts has put it carefully in a nutshell for us: "All you need to win is a good hull, a fast motor, not much experience, a little common sense and a lot of luck."



"She caught the bride's bouquet, but all it did was stir up her hay fever"

BARBARA SHERMUND

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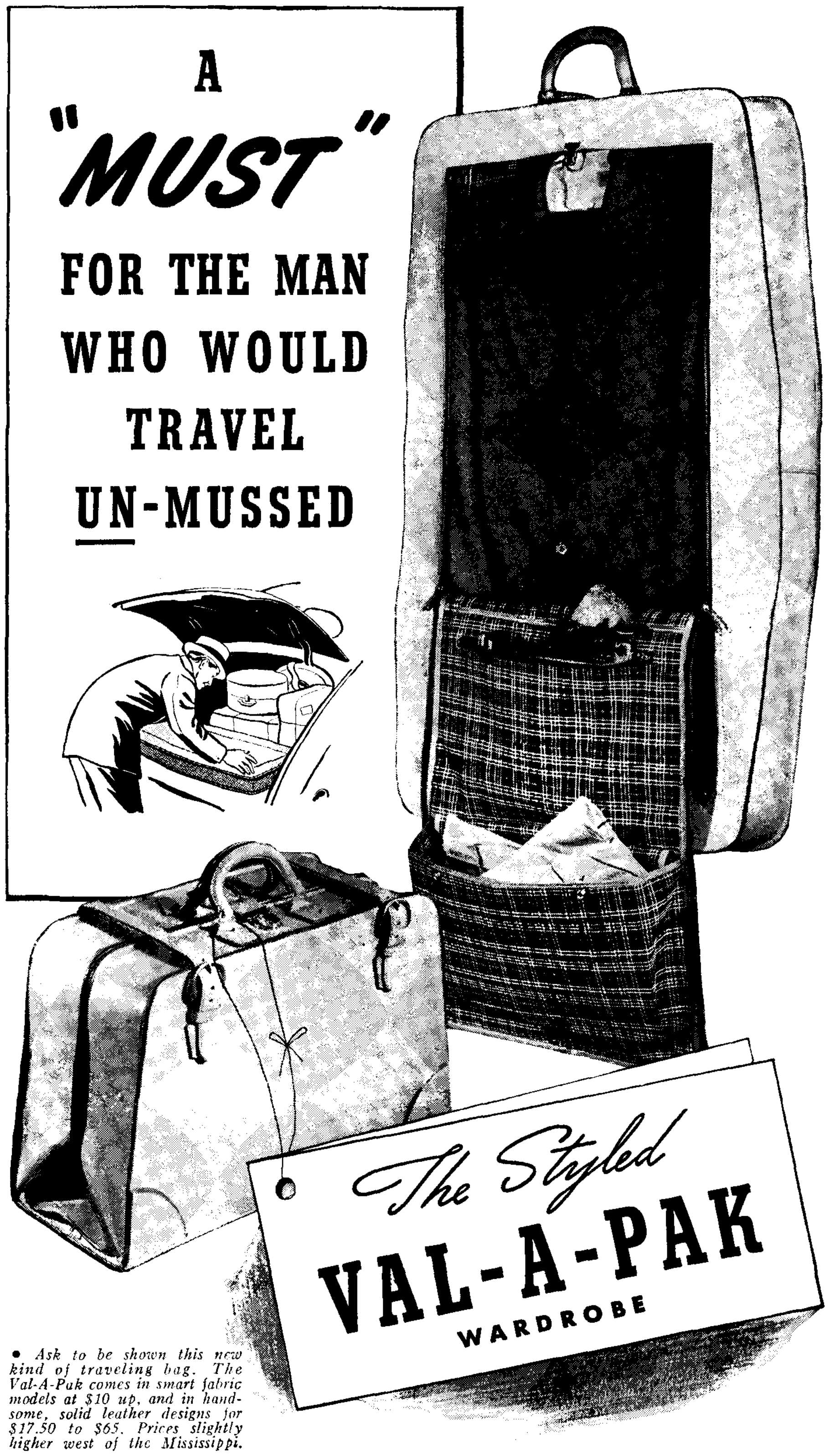

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TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

A Swing Band is Born

Continued from page 17

Shakespearean for the boys in the band, not to mention the sponsors.

"Then," adds Bob, "he had the nerve to take up a collection to get him back to New York."

The band moved on to play a resort date in Florida. Then to the Hotel New Yorker and from there to the old Silver Grill in the Hotel Lexington in New York. "Where," explains Bob, "we all caught hell from Gil."

What he means is that it was the band's first permanent date in a month of Mondays and Gil seized the opportunity to start tearing their music apart and putting it together again. While under Pollack's baton, he pointed out, the band had been known for playing Dixieland with that free style that characterizes genuine hot jazz as it is played by the colored originators. The idea was to bring this treatment up to date—to play not so much as individuals but as sections. Then, starting with Bob and the way he handled things out front, Gil worked back through the reeds and brasses to the rhythm section, pointing out faults.

The Birth of South Rampart Street

"If he doesn't like the way we play," growled Drummer Ray Bauduc to Bass Player Bob Haggart, "you and me'll go down to New Orleans. Get us a rib joint and play the way we like."

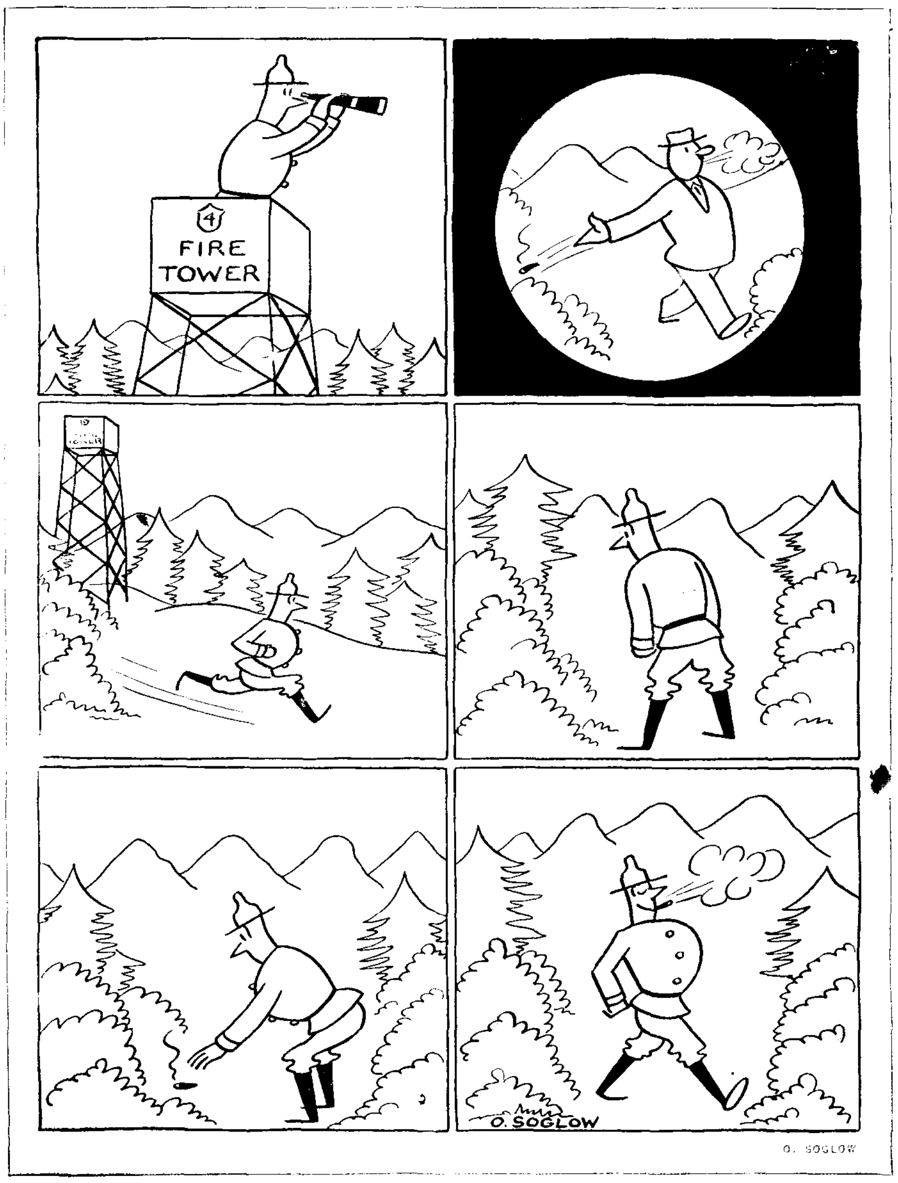
In any other band this would have created a situation, or perhaps result in a walkout. But such a thing could not happen when a crowd had made themselves a corporation to avoid dictatorship. All six members of the corporation had to agree or it was no soap. And Bauduc, who makes Krupa look like a serious performer and hails from New Orleans, the city that gave the world Swing, cast his vote in favor of the change a few nights later when he came pelting over to Bob Haggart during intermissions.

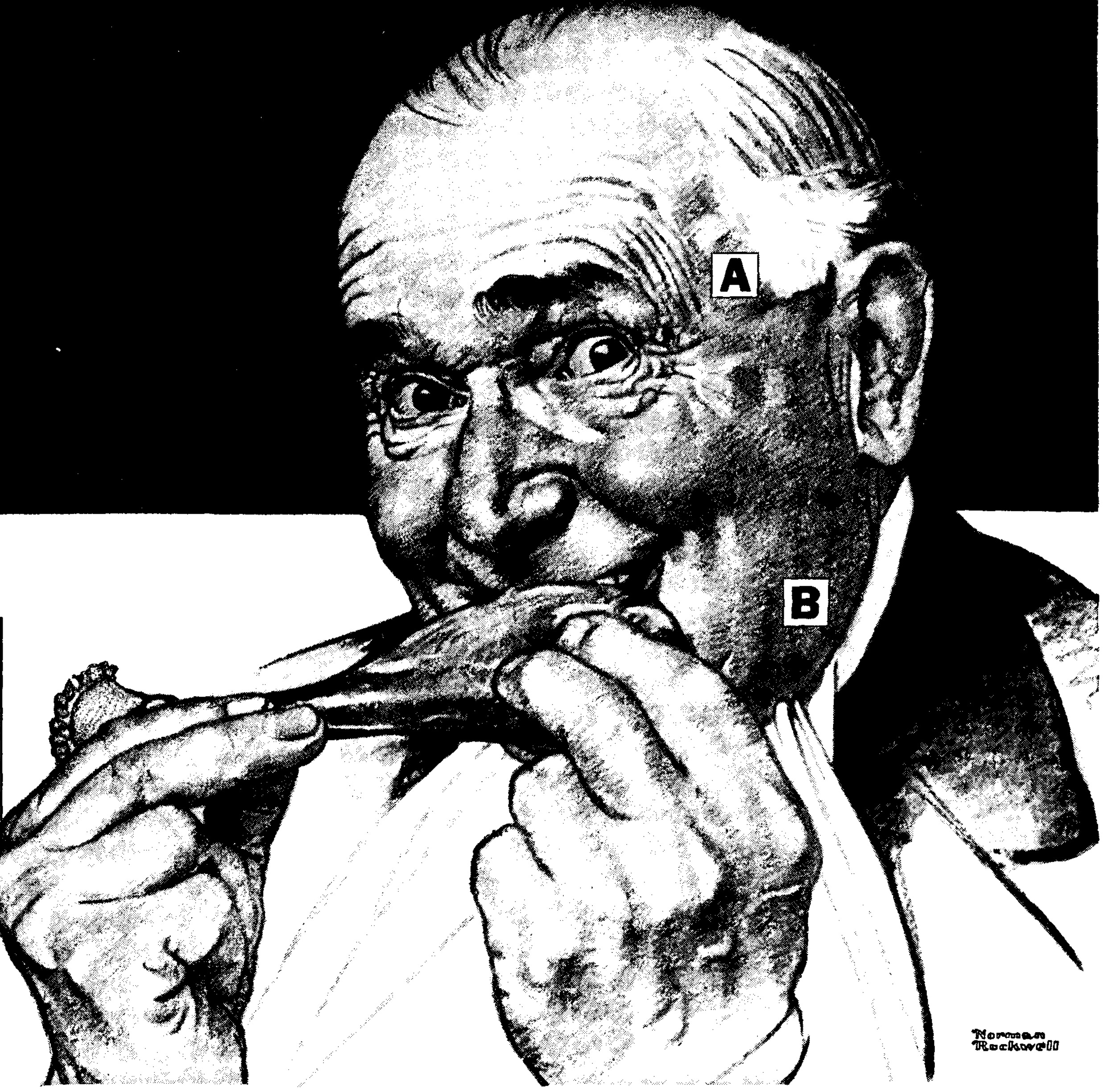
"I've got it. South Rampart Street. Grab your pencil," Ray babbled—Haggart, in addition to being Paul Whiteman's choice for All-America bass player, shares arranging honors with Matty Matlock—"and put this down." So Bob grabbed a pencil and, since there was no paper handy, used the tablecloth. He made strange musical marks on the linen while Ray hummed the business. "Then," Haggart says, "after we'd got back on the stand again I was afraid I'd forget. So I took that tablecloth home with me."

He carried the tune around with him for weeks, nursing it along. "South Rampart Street," Ray kept telling him, "is the main drag of colored town back in New Orleans. During the Mardi Gras, Negro bands begin their march at the Basin, where their King of the Zulus lands. They come strutting up South Rampart and swing onto Claiborne—and I mean *swing*, boy—saluting important people along the way."

"So the thing is really a march," Haggart tells you, mentioning such details as a lead, a first strain that repeats itself immediately and a second that does likewise.

"Then," he explains, "you go into what is called the trio. The pretty part. This is a melody played by two trumpets and a clarinet while the drummer

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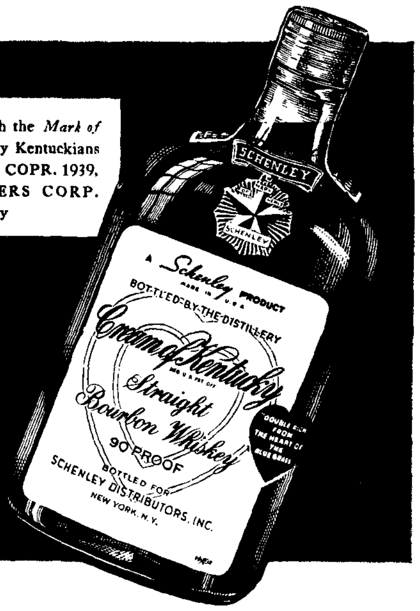
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fills in." And Bauduc had filled in so effectively describing same that Haggart was afraid to begin writing it for fear he'd bungle the job. When he did finally tackle it he got stuck right in the middle of the dogfight. "That follows the trio," he reveals. "It is the point where the band marches past and each player turns to salute. Their playing slips a bit. Sounds just like a dogfight. And my chief difficulty," he adds, "was to get over from that mess of notes to Eddie Miller's sax solo, which comes immediately after."

He finally made it, going on into writing the ride-out chorus, a broadside played by the entire band. "And that," he says, "is where the band wheels from South Rampart onto Claiborne. The climax in any regular band number. But we added a sixteen-bar tag of our own in which the boys really send. Finish up standing."

Once you have a musical idea firmly fixed in your mind, writing it, says Haggart, is as simple as making words on a typewriter. The boys began to dress up his treatment right from the start. "We tried South Rampart Street on them one night after playing a regular date," Haggart says. "It hit them so hard they had to stop right in the middle. Couldn't play any more for feeling it."

So Haggart scribbled a few additional bits—riffs, as Ray would call them—for the lead. Ray helped him dress it up still more and the next night they sprang it on the customers at the Silver Grill.

"It," says Ray, "knocked them out."

Likewise when they took it on the road a month later. To the tune of South Rampart Street they marched across America, laying jitterbugs in the aisles of theaters, stopping them on a hundred dance floors. While on the Coast a year ago Brother Bing came down to the Palomar Ball Room and smoked the pipe of peace with a kid brother who, like himself, journeyed From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water to make good in the Heap Big Time. "He even," says Bob, "sang with the band."

A Band That Won't Stay Put

Meanwhile, Gil Rodin has gone right on tearing the band apart and putting it together again. A veteran in his early thirties, this guy who directs the band from within gives the impression he's spent three thousand years on the stand. He never plays a solo himself but if any other fellow hits a bum note he hears about it at next day's rehearsal. One of those guys, Gil, who has a lean and hungry look. He sits around a lot and just listens. Then he crops up with an idea and never lets go.

"Like the time," recalls Keg-House Eddie Miller, who handles number-one tenor in the Crosby line-up, "he wanted to make Matty Matlock our arranger."

Eddie is one of the original Pollack Orphans and a big shareholder in the present corporation. He opposed the change because Matlock teamed up with him so nicely blowing clarinet in the seat next door. "But Gil won as usual," he asserts. And it was the same when he figured Irving Fazola was the man to fill Matty's place.

Irving was with Ben Pollack down in New Orleans at the time and the Crosby crew was playing the Pennsylvania in New York, but that didn't make any difference to Gil. Both Eddie and Ray Bauduc had known Irving during keg-house days back in New Orleans and when Eddie and Gil phoned him one night he agreed to come.

"I can send Fazola," says Ray, meaning that he can pep up the stout recruit, "any time I like by bearing down on the cymbals. He really goes to town when I hit the brass." Then, going a little more deeply into this strange technique by which he directs the band from behind as much as Gil or Bob can from out front, the drum wizard adds, "The rims send Eddie, while Billy Butterfield practically knocks himself out when I give him a press roll."

There is only one fellow in the band Ray can't send. This is Maestro Bob Zurke, another of Whiteman's selections for the All-America, who presides at the ivories. "I belong to the old school of pianists," he says. "I use sheet music." Largely responsible for the revival of the boogie-woogie treatment now current, Zurke has given Honky-Tonk Train the kick of a double Martini and has a pet name for bum notes. "Sweethearts is what he calls them," says Ray.

Then there is Nappy Lamare. "When Nappy is playing that old guitar of his," declares Ray, "I just listen." The reason is not hard to find. It depends on the fact that Nappy has a five-year-old son with a band of his own back in New Orleans. They are called the Tuna Fish. "And every time I hear Nappy strum that git box of his," explains Ray, "I think of my own father and how he broke my first set of drums." And now that he is one of the most successful skin bangers in the business, Ray apes his father's building ability by designing his own drums and cases and many other things. "I'm wacky about gadgets of any kind," he states. "Someday I'd like to build me a house shaped like a set of drums. With cymbals for roofs, tom-tom balconies. You know how it is."

The Big Noise from Winnetka

And just in case you don't know, you'd better catch a little piece of business called Big Noise from Winnetka that Messrs. Bauduc and Haggart are featuring out at Chicago's Black Hawk, where they are now booked for a solid year. It began at that same Black Hawk, maker and breaker of so many bands, a few months ago. The band had been playing almost continuously for hours and was completely knocked out, when Ray and Bob—unable to resist the pleas of students from Winnetka High School who crowded the floor—swung into this delightful little whimsey which practically marries Bauduc's drums to Haggart's bass.

"I had," explains Ray, "to tune my tom-toms to his G string so that I could jump the gap and play his bass with my drumsticks. It's a trick," he adds, "that I learned down in New Orleans."

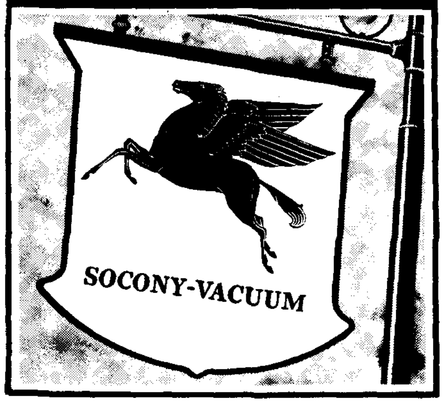
And things like that, revealing a knowledge of Dixieland learned from colored musicians in the land where swing was born—the New Orleans section, as they call it—have brought this band along the hard road of a thousand one-nighters to the top layer of the present heap. Things like that, plus sharp vocals by Marion Mann, arrangements by Matlock, management by Hellzapoppin Joe Kearney, publicity by Smoke-Gets-In-Your-Eyes Sam Ward, the Big Noise from Chicago, and invaluable aid lent by Two-Gun Blewett in all departments.

"It's hard to say," feels Bob, "just when the band was born. If you mean its music, I'd say during that date at the Lexington when Bob and Ray knocked off South Rampart Street."

Then, just to show you how things like that get around, Bob tells of meeting Vic Meyers, the orchestra leader who became lieutenant governor of the Crosbys' native state, in Washington a few weeks ago. "How," asked Bob, who is really interested in politics, "are things going back around Spokane, Vic?"

"Oh, fine! Fine!" said His Honor. "We're playing South Rampart Street now. And listen—when are you going to send along the arrangement for Big Noise from Winnetka?"

ACROSS THE NATION



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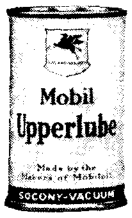

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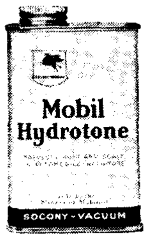

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Hearts of the Ozarks

Continued from page 13

weren't inch deep in dust, they turned into muddy canals. The weather was plain nasty and old friends in the company became enemies for no reason. Martin Queen went at the business of making a motion picture and hired almost everyone in town for extra work.

Only one man in the community was kept off the movie pay roll and that was Ray Yancey, the town barber and the only barber. He was a tall, solemn young chap with a wistful smile, and begged Martin Queen to let him act, but the hardhearted director refused.

"You are the only barber and we have a lot of actors that need shaving, so you stay here and shave."

THIS decision all but broke the spirit of Mr. Yancey and he spoke in sadness to Jimmy Lee.

"Look at all the people that got jobs," he mourned, standing over the new publicity man. "And I can't earn a dollar. I'm better fitted to act than anybody here. I'm a crooning cowboy by rights. I worked on a ranch and took lessons in acting and I can croon like Bing Crosby and shoot straight and here's my big chance and now Mr. Queen won't let me. It ain't right."

"Nothing's right in the movies," Jimmy consoled him. "If they were making Arizona Thunder, then maybe they'd give you a job."

"What's that?"

"It's a book that started to be a film and died on the movie doorstep."

"Will you ask Mr. Queen again?" Ray pleaded. "I'm better than he thinks. I know I am."

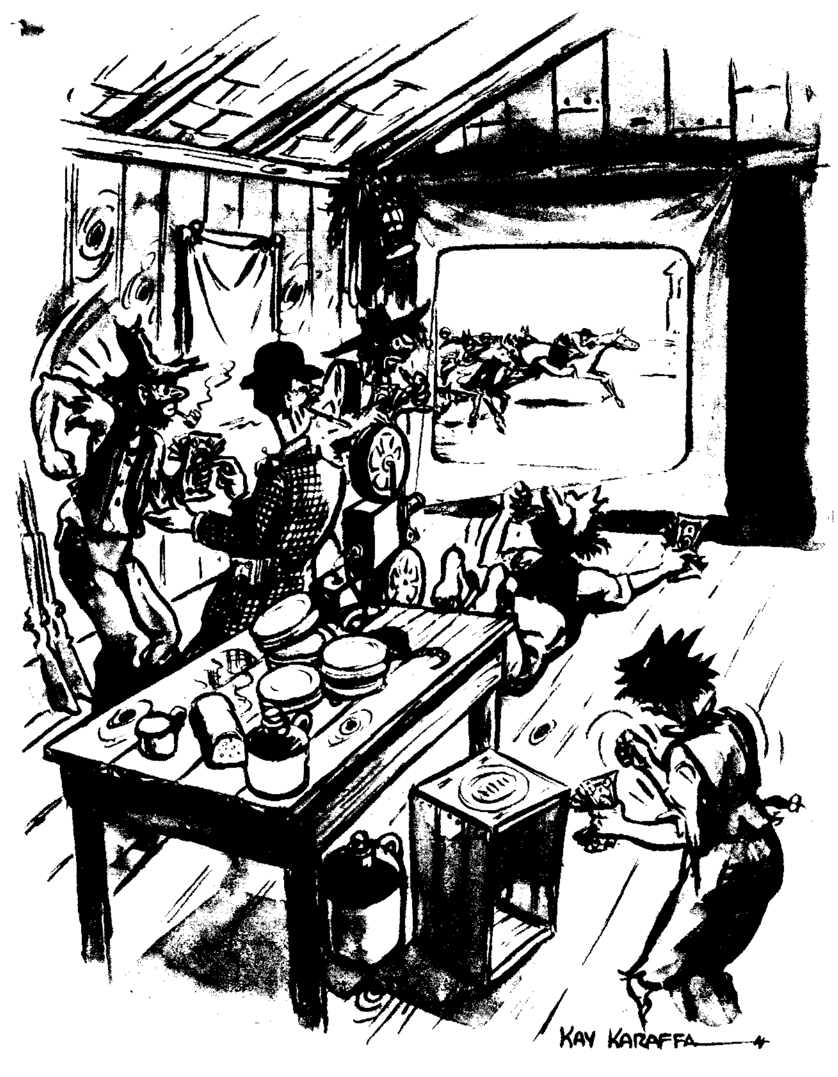
Jimmy promised, spoke to Martin and was assured that you can always find good extras, but not good barbers, and so Ray was barred. Out in the Hollywood studios, advices began coming in by mail and it was Barbara who slit open the envelopes and turned the things over to Jerry Dahl. Almost from the first, she began to feel that she might have made a mistake, for she read:

"In Pine Knob, where the Budd production, Hearts of the Ozarks, is in its first week, the company has accidentally stumbled upon one of America's truly lovely towns. It is admittedly the most romantic spot in the whole country and probably the grandest spot in America for a real honeymoon. Flowers grow everywhere in gay confusion and the quaint residents in their old-fashioned costumes make one feel he is back in the colorful days of the last century."

Barbara read the part about the honeymoon a second time, tapping her pencil thoughtfully against her teeth. Then she turned to the more routine stuff in Jimmy's report—so many scenes shot, two cameramen down with the flu, male star fell off a mule into a wire fence, extra girl shot herself in the leg and so on.

The truth was, of course, that Mr. James Lee was bored utterly to death down in Pine Knob, lost his salary shooting craps, wandered forlornly about town and every so often gritted his teeth and turned in another report and thus from time to time Miss Barbara had to read:

"Honeymooners from all over the


KAY KARAFFA

"Sorry, boys, but my horse wins again!" KAY KARAFFA

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PEPSODENT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM New discovery that safely steps up luster on teeth

IRIUM is Why Nation Landslides to Pepsodent Powder!

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"Make a change for the best"

25¢ and larger economy size

START TODAY THE IRIUM WAY WITH PEPSODENT POWDER

nation come to Pine Knob. These are the wise young couples who chanced to learn of the wonderful allure of this fortunate community, where Nature smiles on man and the soft drawl of the natives comes as music to the ear. In these prosaic days, it is fitting to have one hamlet set aside for lovers, where true romance flowers and trouble is banished. There is one shady dell known as Lovers' Lane, where the happy couples walk hand in hand. There are no bachelors in Pine Knob, as there is found here a spiritual quality that leads to matrimony and young couples coming here from afar often observe that they love each other a lot more than before."

Barbara read this one and wondered if James had by any chance picked up with some little Pine Knob sister and was walking her among the fragrant blooms.

UP IN the north end of the Budd Studios, Shari was finishing her latest starring vehicle, known temporarily as *The Dancing Colleen*, and Horace Budd stopped in to congratulate her and discuss personal matters. For three years, Shari and Horace had been trembling on the brink of matrimony and the head of the studio mentioned that this might be a good time to leap in.

"Yes, I'm tired of working," Shari agreed. "It would be lovely to drop everything and go far away—just you and me."

"And I haven't had a vacation in four years," Mr. Budd said, looking at her fondly. "Personally, I'd like to get married now."

"We never seem to have the time," Shari murmured.

"Right after this picture is finished—that's the time. We'll take a month off. And I have a nice surprise for you, Shari darling. I know just where we are going on our honeymoon."

"Where?"

"Secret. I'm going to surprise you."

"I love surprises," returned the star and so it was settled on the spot.

Being the man who owned all the buildings in sight, Mr. Budd kept his eyes on everything, and as his Martin Queen company was costing him two thousand a day, it was his custom to glance over the daily reports from Pine Knob. He noted what Jimmy Lee said about Pine Knob's honeymooning possibilities.

The Dancing Colleen wound up on Wednesday and on Thursday, Shari and Horace Budd were on board a plane and purring eastward. Down in Pine Knob, the Martin Queen outfit finished its shooting job and hastened back to Hollywood, glad to escape. Jimmy Lee bounded into the publicity department, looking for Barbara, and there stood Jerry Dahl, a mite worried.

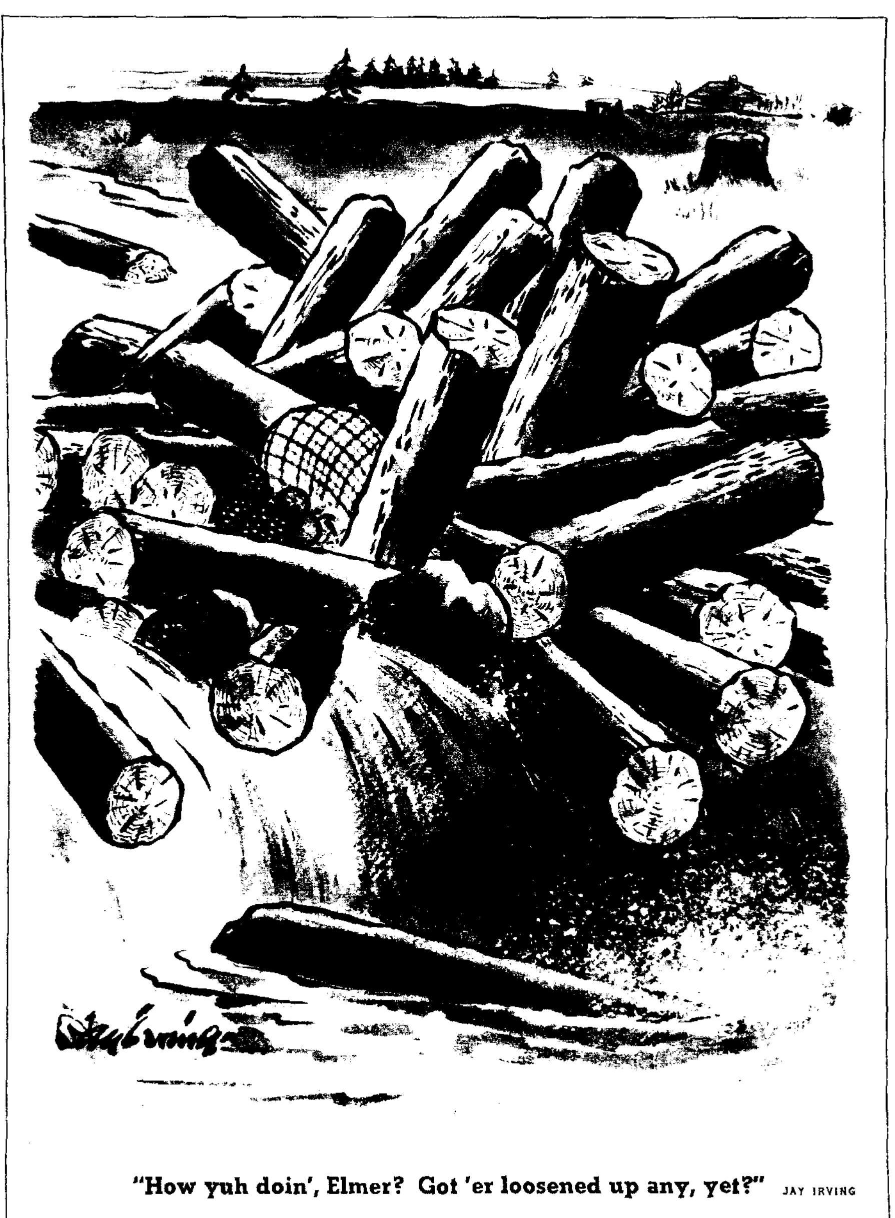
"I'm afraid you got yourself into trouble," he said to James. "Shari and Mr. Budd are going to be married and spend their honeymoon in Pine Knob."

"Where do I come in?"

"Well—those honeymoon pieces of yours. If I am correctly informed, Pine Knob is the one really louse town in America. Shari will raise hell."

Employees gathered round in a circle, Barbara bobbing in with a shriek of welcome and the still man looking gloomy. "I know Shari pretty well," he said in a sad tone, "and I have just talked with Mr. Queen. Shari will burn down that town and shoot the mayor. She may kill Horace. If I were you, Jimmy, I wouldn't be here when she gets back."

"So," said Barbara, taking him by the arm and leading him away, "you made



"How yuh doin', Elmer? Got 'er loosened up any, yet?" JAY IRVING up that nonsense about the lovely honeymoons, did you?"

"If you had married me as requested, this wouldn't happen. How could I foresee such a thing? You want to go to Portland with me?"

"No," said Barbara coldly.

Sticking strictly to schedule, Shari and Horace were married in Chicago, where Horace had relatives, and turned at once to the Ozarks. By riding on three railway systems, each one worse than the one before, they arrived at the end of the line, took a bus for the final spurt and drew into Pine Knob at dusk of a summer's eve.

The bus disappeared in great haste, leaving them in front of the Palace Hotel, and as Horace turned in a slow and amazed circle, it dawned upon him that Jimmy Lee had drawn upon his imagination. He perceived that Jimmy Lee was an atrocious liar and a maker-up of fantastic nonsense. This was no honeymoon town. This was a dump. Shari took off a tight shoe, stood on one foot and glared at the place and at Horace in unfeigned horror. When she spoke, it was not in the gay voice of a happy bride. She said:

"If this is a joke, Horace, I don't think it's funny."

"It's a mistake, darling. Jimmy Lee is to blame."

HE TOLD her at length about Jimmy Lee and the honeymoon items. There being nothing else to do, they entered the Palace and signed on. They both felt grumpy and were inclined to answer each other briefly, which is a poor start for any honeymoon. Shari said she hoped Jimmy Lee would be hit by a ten-ton truck.

"I will attend to him in the morning," remarked Mr. Budd coldly.

In a little while, they discovered that bad as the Palace Hotel appeared from the street it was worse inside. The bridal suite overlooked a silo. The water taps sent forth what seemed to be split-pea soup. The temperature was 99.

"Let's get out of here," suggested Shari, staring at herself in the mirror.

"And go where? You can't go anywhere unless you hire a motorcar and drive all night over dusty roads. We stay here until morning. Can you imagine any man having a mind diseased enough to talk about honeymoons in such a town?"

Outside their windows the locusts sang and the mosquitoes found the holes in their screens. Horace and Shari were still alive in the morning and speaking to each other, which shows it was true love.

He was up first, and when his bride peeked out Horace was leaning from a window, engrossed in something outside, and when she spoke, he motioned violently.

"Come over here a minute," he cried. "Listen to this."

Shari joined him. Down below, some husky citizen was singing and this is what he sang, doleful and romantic:

"Oh, carry me back
To my red cedar shack,
In the gulch where the prairie dogs leap;
I will make up my bed,
With the stars overhead,
And lay me down peaceful to sleep."

Into this wistful request, the unseen melodist threw his soul and Mr. Budd slowly withdrew from his perch and smiled at Shari.

"You know," he said, "that bird has quite a voice."

"Sounds like a cowboy," said Shari, "and I hate cowboys. When do we leave town?"

Horace said that while she dressed he would hurry downstairs and have a quick shave, make a few telephone calls and after breakfast they would head back to civilization.

"When you call the studio," said Shari sweetly, "tell them how much we appreciate our Mr. Lee."

Horace trotted downstairs and as he stepped briskly across the single street, the same gent was still laying himself down to peaceful sleep. It was no cowboy—just Ray Yancey, the town's barber, disporting his soul in the early morn. He paused and broke into a grin as the movie magnate entered.

"Hello," he said, all friendly. "You're Mr. Budd, aren't you?"

"I am and I want a quick shave."

"Sit right down. I'm sure glad to meet you, Mr. Budd. Your company was in town—they just left for home. I mean Mr. Queen and his actors. And do you know what—he gave a job to darn' near everybody, but not me."

"Left you out, did he?"

"He sure did. He said they needed me more to shave than to act, because I'm the only barber. But he made a mistake, Mr. Budd. I can croon and sing cowboy songs—good. I'm no extra man. I can ride and shoot and darned if I could get a chance to show Mr. Queen anything. He just wouldn't."

"That's the way it is," said Horace, spreading himself into the chair. "Once over and quick."

Ray Yancey skillfully mowed down the Budd whiskers and continued to chat, after the manner of barbers everywhere. He spoke of his varied abilities and his grace on the back of a spirited horse and after a while Mr. Budd scarcely heard him. He lay peacefully buried in lather, going over matters in his mind and thinking of the movies in general and the changes that occur. They were changing again and almost overnight. Events in Europe, strange as it may seem, were shifting the course of American films. Thirty per cent of the movies' income comes from countries abroad and therefore our movies must abstain from making films dealing with delicate topics, and in recent times almost every topic is a delicate topic to a foreign dictator.

Mr. Budd moved under a layer of towels and reflected. There was one safe bet for American producers and all of a sudden the studios were moving in one direction. They were making American Westerns. You can make an American Western and not step on the toes of any foreign power and thus you can sell your pictures abroad and rake in many a fine shekel.

Mr. Budd was in the shop about thirty minutes and returned to find Shari pacing impatiently. They tackled a hasty breakfast in the Palace dining room and had ham and eggs, which nobody can ruin, and coffee.

WHILE Shari finished her toast, Mr. Budd put through a call to Hollywood, got the studio and talked with his general manager and four other lesser lights. He spoke briefly of Western stories, Western films and an immediate change in studio policy. He then asked to be switched into the department of publicity, meaning to have a word with one James Lee, who at the moment was at his desk. In fact he was cleaning out his desk and Barbara was sitting on a corner of it looking disturbed.

A small, anxious office boy trotted up and informed Jimmy that his employer was down in Pine Knob and was on the wire and desired to have speech. Jimmy grinned. Jimmy laughed aloud.

"Go and tell Mr. Budd," he said, looking sternly at the little boy, "that he can't fire me. Tell Mr. Budd he is too late to fire me and that I have quit the job before he can fire me. You can also tell him to go chase himself and have Shari chase herself with him."

"Boys, keep your breath sweet...and you'll keep your 'sweet' breathless! Let WINT-O-GREEN LIFE SAVERS freshen up your mouth!"

"Now I know how Mr. Columbus felt. I've made a grand discovery of my own—the new BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS! You try them."

"Do I like those BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS? I'm cur-razy about their divine new butter-rum flavor!"

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The little office lad concluded that Mr. Lee had been drinking and informed the wire that he was not in the office at present. James bade a long and formal goodby to his Barbara and said that he hoped to see her again sometime, as he enjoyed being with her.

"Nut," she said. "Where are you going from here?"

"Up into the mountains and shoot six bears. I am obviously stale and require a long rest. I may land a job again someday and, if so, then we will resume these fugitive discussions about marriage."

He left the studio promptly at noon, promising to communicate with his beloved the moment he settled into a good bear camp. At two o'clock, the organization seethed from top to toe and people hunted anxiously for James Lee. The legal department desired to have him step up and sign certain papers.

The writing department sought him, for he had just been transferred back from the publicity end and at a much larger salary.

He was supposed to start work immediately. In the front office, it was suddenly decided to take up the option on Arizona Thunder, purchase the movie rights to that book and rush it into a picture. They were going to make Westerns. Not one Western, but several. They had a new star. His name was Ray Yancey. Mr. Horace Budd had dug him up, singlehanded and alone. Mr. Budd had discovered Ray Yancey shaving people down in Pine Knob. Ray was already on his way out to the studio, clutching a contract. He was expected to become a new Gene Autry. Mr. Budd had said so over the telephone.

They needed James Lee to sign those papers. Call up his house. Call the restaurant across the street. Ask that girl. Where the hell was James Lee? It was Jerry Dahl who told them James had quit his job. This news only infuriated them.

Finally they went to Barbara Rennert. Speaking to her as one who appeared to be engaged to James Lee, would she kindly tell them where he was or could be found, and Barbara replied truthfully that he had gone somewhere to shoot six bears after resigning his position and carefully insulting Mr. Budd.

"Oh," said Mr. Sheldon, the general manager, who often dealt with crafty authors, "he's playing possum, is he? Well, he'll get five thousand for Arizona Thunder and not another dime. We have an option, you know."

THEY heard from Horace Budd every three hours by wire, as he moved out and away from Pine Knob, but no word came from Jimmy Lee until the following morning. He called up from a mountain garage and was put through to Barbara's department and at first she couldn't talk at all and gasped a great volume of news into the instrument.

"What was that again?" Jimmy asked doubtfully.

"They're going to buy your book, you big, brilliant author. Buy it. . . . You have a new job. You're back in the writing department. They're going to make Westerns and they need you and all your lovely gulches and sheriffs. Come back at once."

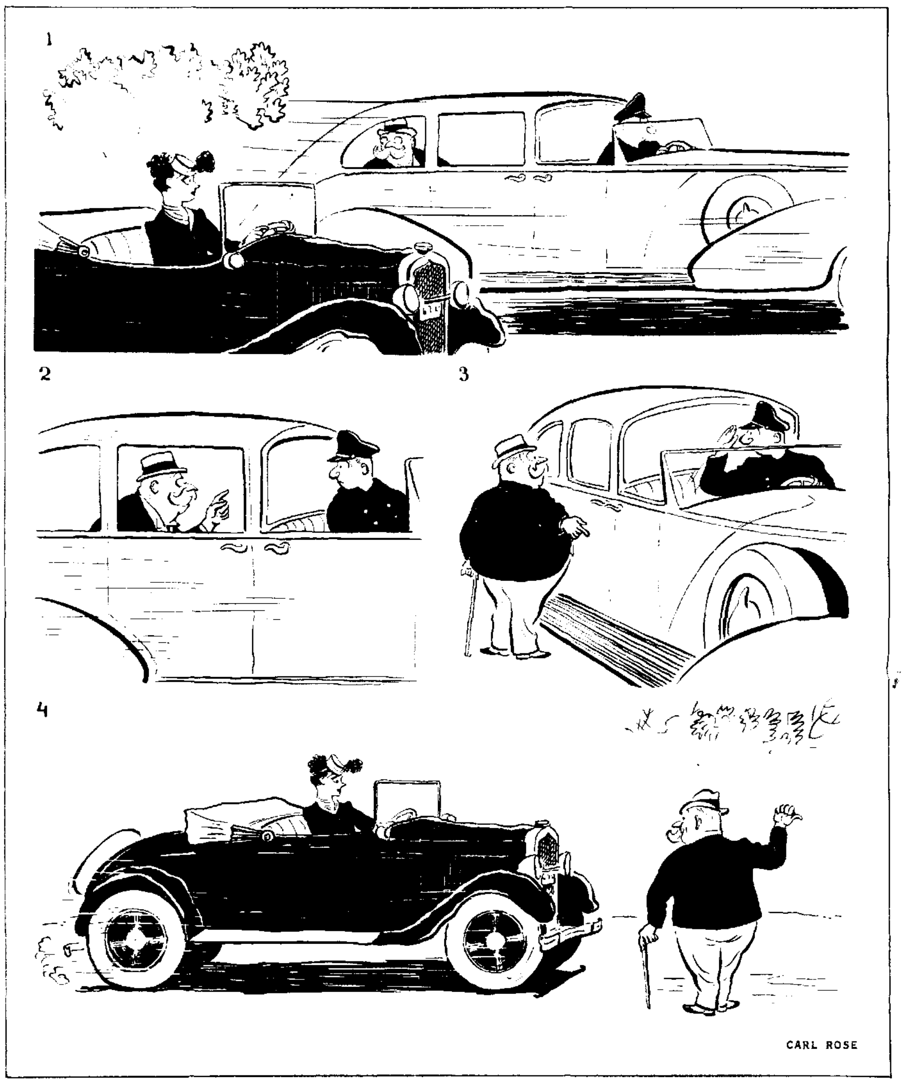
There was a brief silence at the other end and Barbara could hear faint garage noises, like a man pounding on a rim.

"Did you say Ray Yancey is signed up?"

"Yes, darling, the singing cowboy. Mr. Budd discovered him in Pine Knob."

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy. "Pine Knob. That's the town where people go for a honeymoon. All right, Miss Rennert. Tell them I'll be at work in the morning and I want seventy-five hundred for Arizona Thunder and will you marry me now or not?"

Before Barbara could think of a good reply to this, Jerry Dahl burst in, found she was talking to the missing Lee, seized the phone from her forcibly and commenced swearing into it with gusto.



Smith the Wise

Continued from page 24

Bridging the space between science and "common men" seems very important to Smith. "I want," he says, "to be the academic Will Rogers of American life. I want to illustrate to people the fun and deep satisfaction they can get from ideas. Ideas are the one common property. We need neither wealth nor power to have ideas."

Which is in a piñon shell the philosophic background of Smith as a politician. He has—Heaven forbid—a message and, according to his own admission, he uses both politics and radio to get a bigger audience. But he doesn't let his message interfere one whit with his politics. He has laboriously evolved a technique for refined rabble-rousing, based on the lowest common denominator but glossed over with a fine elegance of speech and writing. "Just liquid vowels," he tells his colleagues when they envy his dripping oratory. He likes his public to believe the dictionary is his favorite book, though his tastes actually run to Thomas Hardy.

Shorter and Sweeter Speeches

He had been in the Illinois Senate barely a month when he was selected to make one of the two Lincoln's Birthday addresses. The Lincoln ceremonies are great affairs at Springfield, and Smith's assignment was a rare honor for a novice politician. Since the usual speech was long, learned and boring, Smith made his short, sentimental and beautiful. His audience had hardly settled when he was through. Governor Horner bustled into the chamber to hear his protégé in his hour or more of triumph, but Horner arrived two minutes late and missed the entire oration. Smith used the speech in his campaign literature. "When shorter and better speeches are made," he boasted, "Smith'll make them."

Smith says he doesn't "give a damn about being re-elected" because he can still use the radio for stirring us up. Ever since radio consisted of Station KDKA and crystal sets, Smith has studied painstakingly the subtleties necessary for dramatic radio elocution. He has rarely been paid for his air work.

Although he has been broadcasting more or less regularly for some time, Smith thinks he became a national radio figure in 1936, and he thanks, with a philosopher's broad-mindedness, William Hard and the Republican National Committee. When Hard was on the air in the 1936 campaign, he selected Smith as one of the judges of the Republican's ingenious contest for the best letters on "Why I am for Roosevelt." Hard had to convince his audience that one Tom Smith was a person of importance. Day after day he elaborated on the philosopher's qualities. At the contest's close, Smith was blown up all out of proportion for a mere professor and state senator—and he went on the radio for the Democratic National Committee as "Tom Smith of Texas and Chicago," a counterattraction to Hard's program. So golden was his speech in the 1936 broadcasts that he was accused of being Alexander Woollcott in disguise. He and Woollcott switched spots on the air to prove their separate identities, but the two voices were still believed by thousands to belong to one man, be he Tom Smith or Woollcott. Finally he and Woollcott put on the tense scene from Julius Caesar, Woollcott playing Cassius of the "lean and hungry look" and Smith doing Brutus. Still letters piled in, accusing both men of playing both roles. Smith gave up.

During a campaign Smith sheds his philosopher's toga. A tall, lanky creature with hair the color of the inside of a cantaloupe, he can easily abandon the dignity and polysyllabic speech of the professor and become a Texas farmer. In a creditable drawl he will indulge in homilies befitting the man of the soil. He may even tell of his wife, also a Texan, his six-year-old girl Nancy, and his sixteen-year-old son, who is also six feet four inches tall, two inches better than the old man.

Not a smidge of didacticism could be found in the talks he made when he was final speaker at long and dull political rallies.

"There are several reasons I want this job," he would tell the sleepy meeting, with a grin that outlined his eyes in delicate crow's-feet. "In the first place, it's good pay—$10,000 a year. Of course I'll spend $5,000 getting elected, but that leaves $5,000, and that's still good pay.

"Also, I have investigated thoroughly and I find the job has no duties. Think of it!—$10,000 a year and no duties! What more could a man want? Now I wouldn't be selfish and if any of you had a chance for the job, I'd flip you for it. But you don't and I do.

"I'll be able to finish my postgraduate work in philosophy at public expense in the world's greatest laboratory of philosophy, and what is even more important, I'll represent the Smiths. We Smiths are the largest family in the country, even the Joneses will admit it. Yet Illinois hasn't a single Smith in Congress. It's time we were given our place." So he rambled off, leaving the audience awake and decidedly Smith-conscious.

In the only personal campaign literature he put out, Smith announced his policies in terms that left plenty of room for lofty thoughts:

"Smith's for the Golden Mean of Give-and-Take."

"Smith's for Prosperity."

"Smith's Against Depressions."

"Smith's for Peace."

"Smith's for Those Who Cannot Help Themselves."

"Smith's for Principle Above Patronage."

"Smith's for More and Better ex-Presidents."

"Smith's for Less and Better Legislation."

"Smith's for More Women in Public Life."

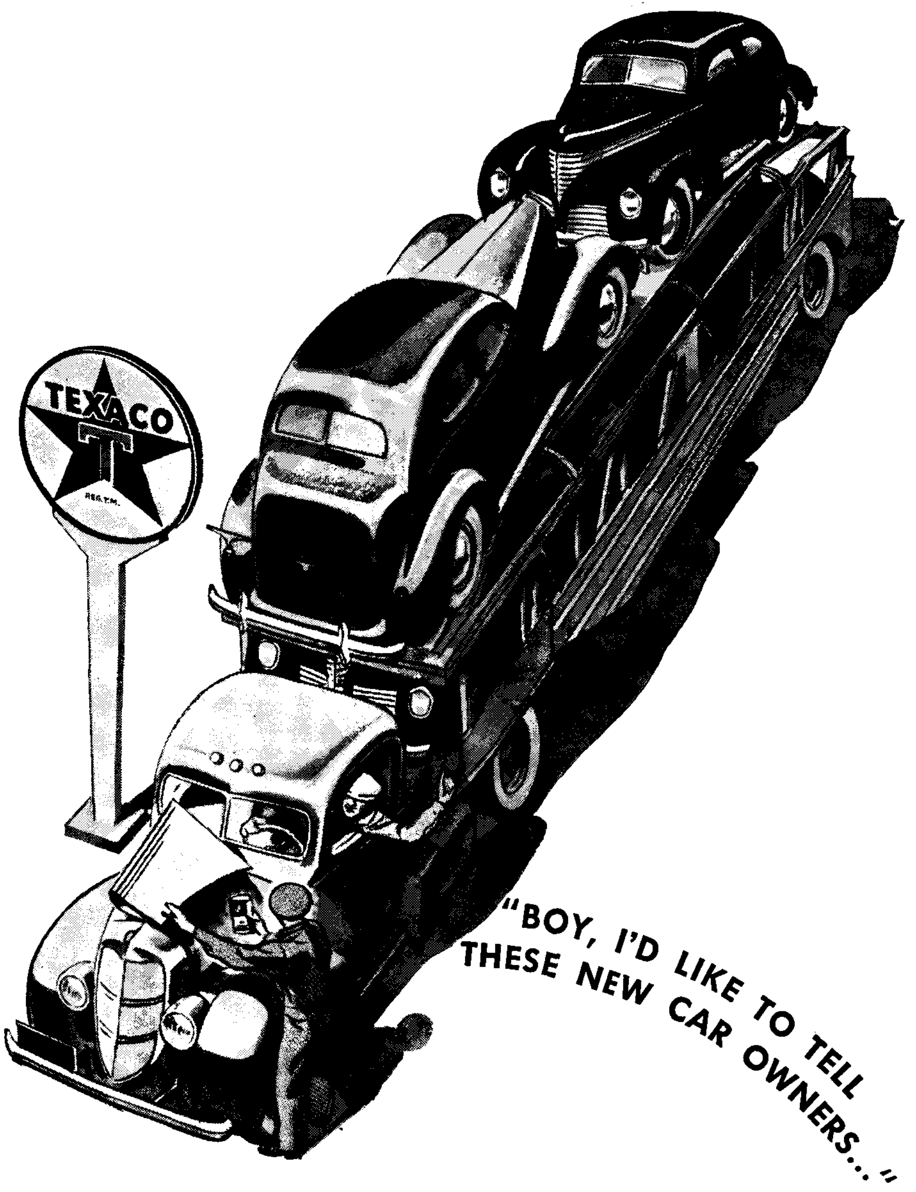
"Smith Admits that He's a Straight Shooter."

On the cover of another pamphlet published later, he notified the reader: "You didn't pay for this. I did—or mean to. As a matter of fact," he says gaily, "I still owe $300 on it."

Noiseless Congressman

He advertises himself as "an ignorant man and a philosopher" through his stationery, calling cards and any other media that he considers—he has his own standards—appropriate. The voters of Illinois eat it up. Smith once argued Horner's leaders into printing 10,000 sample copies of a pamphlet that the veteran politicos said was drivel. A few months later almost a million had been distributed by popular demand and they were still being grabbed like cigarettes at a cocktail party.

In his next campaign, Smith says he will tour in an old Ford roadster with the back of the seat removable so he can stick his feet through to the rumble seat and sleep. He had one to run back and forth from the university to Spring-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field. He would pull to the side of the road wherever he happened to be when the sun went down.

He was sometimes accompanied in his gasoline Pullman by one of his "political apprentices," scholarly young men taken in by Smith to be taught the wherefores of practical politics. He has had three apprentices so far, and while he may teach them politics he apparently fails to instill in them his own intense love for politics and politicians—one is an instructor at the University of Illinois, another edits a magazine for the Council of State Governments, and the third is still with him, doing an exhaustive study of the contents of a congressman's mail.

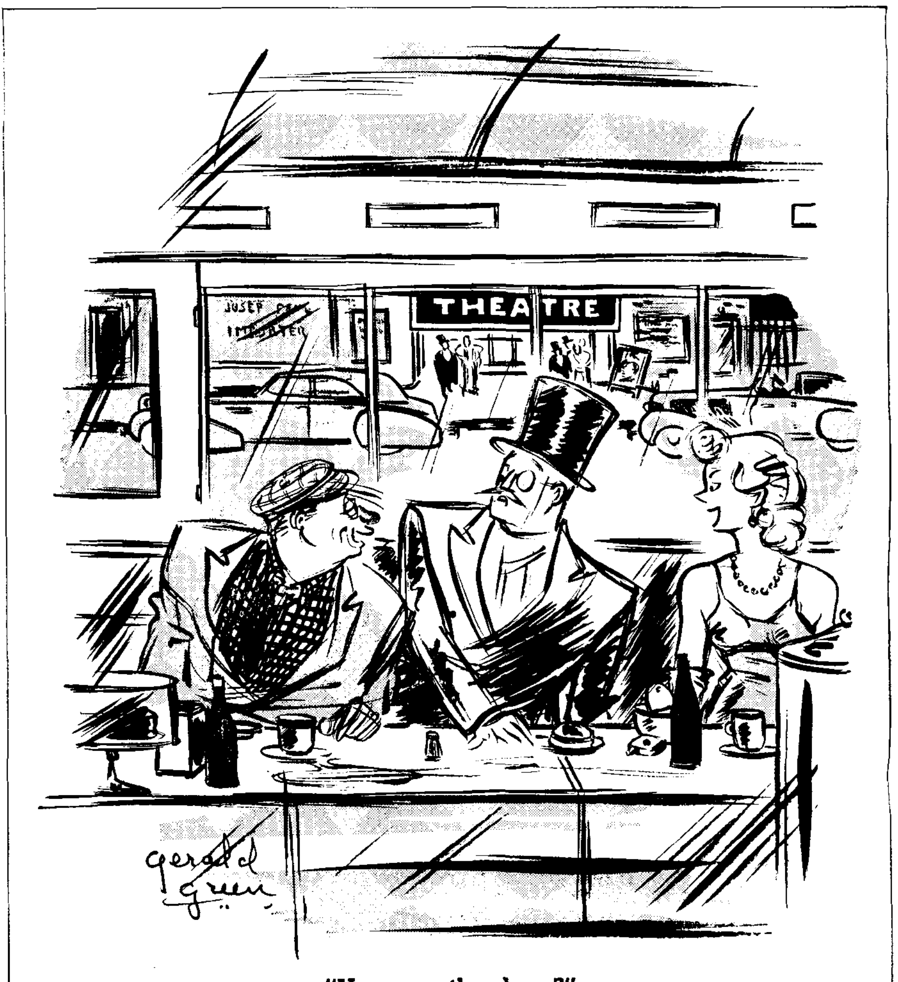
Smith already is important in Washington, largely because of his nationwide radio broadcasts with Bob Taft, senator from Ohio and one of the GOP's most likely boys for 1940. But he has been a noiseless congressman and insists he will continue to be. He classifies a large part of humanity as people who "outtalk their information" and he has no intention of being obliged to file himself in the same group. He had scarcely got within the District of Columbia boundary when the organized "liberals" of the Administration attempted to sign him up. He even had a chance to succeed Maury Maverick as leader of the noisy left-wing clique in the House, a politically strategic position. He didn't give it a second thought. "I don't want to be a leader and I don't want to blow around on a hundred different issues. A man doesn't achieve usefulness that way. I want one cause, one good cause, and I want to fight it through. In four years as state senator I introduced one bill, but it was an important bill." It passed incidentally, creating a legislative council to do research for the legislature as a basis for framing laws "based on fact, not prejudice," as Smith puts it.

Smith asked for two committee assignments in the House—the Civil Service and Education committees, neither considered short cuts to political fame and fortune. He got the Civil Service place, but was offered a spot on the Foreign Affairs Committee in place of Education. Foreign Affairs these days give vast opportunity for quick access to the limelight. But Smith refused it, saying, "I know nothing about foreign affairs." Both the refusal and the reason astonished his colleagues.

T. V. has little sympathy with the materialistic left-wingers in the New Deal. He says he doesn't care how much wealth is concentrated or how much power is centralized, so long as all people have a measure of security, "food, clothes and—notably—medical care." With such security, Smith feels men can be free to amuse themselves with his own favorite game—ideas; without security, revolt germinates. He thinks it's foolish to talk about dividing up money and power equally among us. Deep in his statements can be found declarations, not too precise, in favor of farm subsidies, the spending program, reciprocal trade agreements, the armament program, and social security; and against monopolies.

He thinks a strong federal government is necessary for his ideal of security, and that most of Roosevelt's legislation has been the best effort we could hope for toward security.

He first met the President in 1932, the day after Roosevelt flew to Chicago to accept the Democratic nomination. While thousands swirled around Roosevelt's hotel seeking a glimpse of the Messiah, Smith and William Dodd, another Chicago professor who later became ambassador to Germany, sat in the nominee's room discussing the pros and cons of Robert Hutchins, young president of the university whom Smith fights incessantly on pedagogical matters and boosts inordinately on everything else. As they left, the philosopher said quietly to Dodd: "The trouble with Franklin D. Roosevelt is that he has too many convictions and he believes them too intensely. He is Woodrow Wilson unfrocked and Theodore Roosevelt without the lunatic fringe." Smith still considers his thumbnail psychoanalysis "clairvoyant."



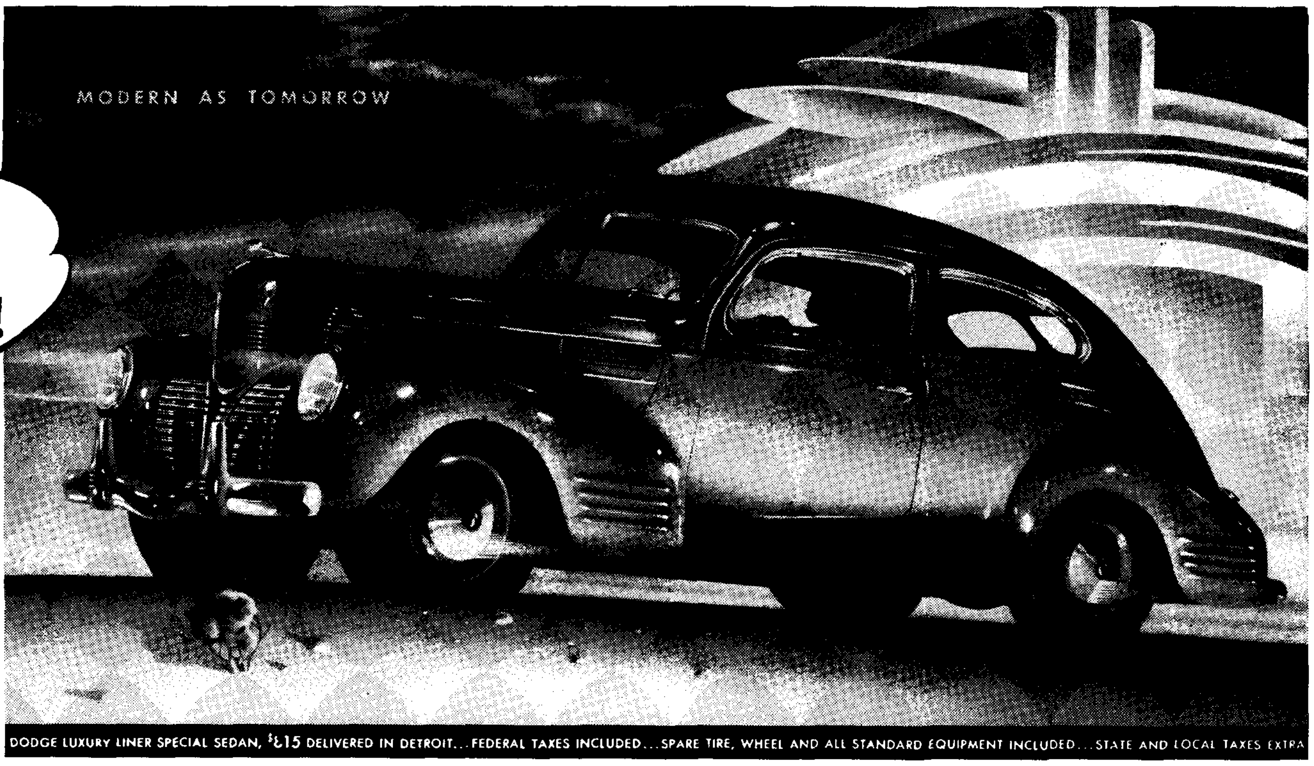
"How was the show?"

GERALD GREEN

"I've heard many people speak of Dodge as the 'Economy' Car," says Mrs. Richard C. McAdow, Jr., Riverside, Conn. "To me, motorcar economy means more than savings on gas and oil. It means you should have fewer service bills, should get more car for your money, yet pay even less for it. Is this why Dodge is called the 'Economy' Car?"

MRS. RICHARD C. McADOW JR. ASKS:

"Why is Dodge Called the Economy Car?"



DODGE LUXURY LINER SPECIAL SEDAN, $815 DELIVERED IN DETROIT...FEDERAL TAXES INCLUDED...SPARE TIRE, WHEEL AND ALL STANDARD EQUIPMENT INCLUDED...STATE AND LOCAL TAXES EXTRA

GO TO YOUR DODGE DEALER, MRS. McADOW, AND

TAKE A LOOK

...THAT'S ALL DODGE ASKS!

LIKE Mrs. McAdow, today's drivers—both men and women—know that motorcar economy means more than just saving on gas and oil. And, like Mrs. McAdow, they're asking: "What 1939 car will not only save on gas and oil, but will give me most for my money...will cut service costs ...will cost less to buy?"

These questions are so important that we believe you should answer them for yourself. That's why we simply say: "Take a Look...that's all Dodge asks!"

We are sincere about this. Go to your Dodge dealer and take a look at every part of this new Dodge. But be critical. Check *all* the facts.

If gas and oil economy interests you most, take a look at the great Dodge "Scotch Dynamite" engine, with all the famous Dodge money-saving features, plus even more advancements this year.

And don't forget Dodge Dependability —it means even greater economy in longer life and freedom from service costs!

If you're looking for more car for your money, remember this: Dodge is bigger, wider, roomier than ever — and gives you more new ideas than have ever been offered on any new Dodge!

The price? That's the biggest news of all! It's actually priced *even lower* than last year's Dodge!

TAKE A LOOK AT THESE

Low Prices

COUPES **$756** *and up* | SEDANS **$815** *and up*

ALL FEDERAL TAXES INCLUDED

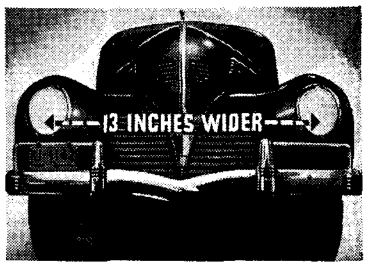
These are Detroit delivered prices and include all standard equipment: bumpers, bumper guards, spare tire and wheel, safety glass, fenders and sheet metal painted to match standard body color. State and local taxes (if any), not included. Transportation extra.

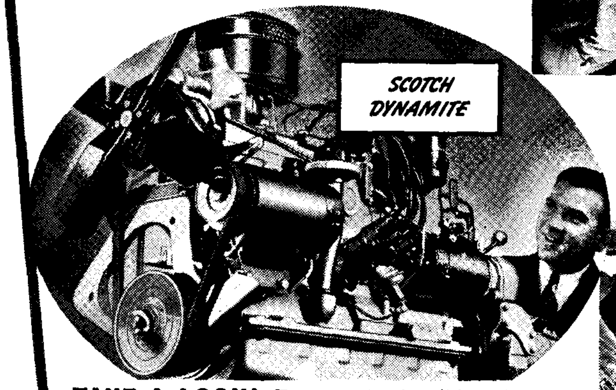
VISIT YOUR DODGE DEALER FOR DELIVERED PRICES IN YOUR LOCALITY

Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

TAKE A LOOK! New gearshift near the steering wheel at no extra cost! Nothing new to learn! Floor is clear for real comfort for three in front!

TAKE A LOOK! New headlights, wider apart, closer to the road, for safer night driving! They clearly define outside limits of car for oncoming driver and provide greater visibility in rain, fog and dust! Grille guards, pictured below, at slight extra cost.





TAKE A LOOK! Famous Dodge "Scotch Dynamite" Engine — powerful, dependable — with all the proven Dodge economy features, plus new engineering advances for even more efficient operation!

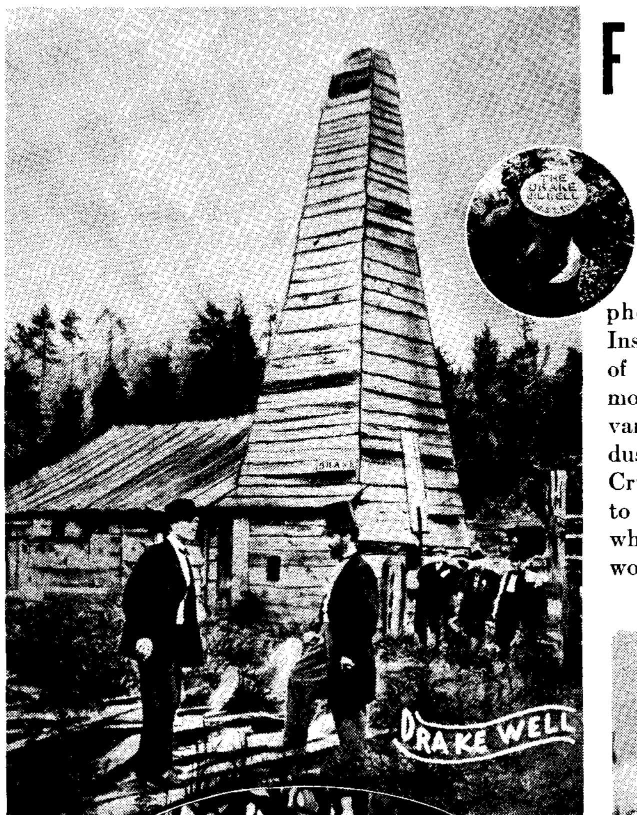
TAKE A LOOK! New Dodge luggage compartment, 27% larger! It's *invisible* — completely concealed beneath windstreamed rear ensemble! Three bellboys needed to carry all the luggage this new compartment will hold!

The New 1939 DODGE *Luxury Liner*

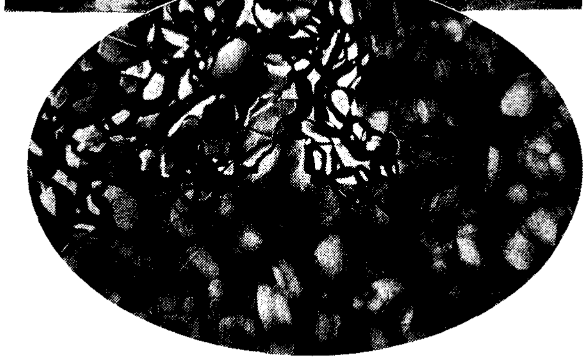
Good News for Used Car Buyers!

Now you can get a Dodge *used* car which, in many ways, is just as modern as many competitive-make 1939 *new* cars—*and get it for only a fraction of the cost!* Here's why: there's such a great demand for the new 1939 Dodge that buyers are actually turning in fine late model Dodge cars 'way ahead of time! These cars, still "youngsters" in mileage and looks, are being sold by Dodge dealers at amazingly low prices! What's more, the demand for the brilliant new 1939 Dodge Luxury Liner by owners of other makes of cars is giving your Dodge dealer one of the finest stocks of used cars of all makes and models in your locality! See your nearby Dodge dealer right away! No matter how much or how little you care to pay, he has a car to suit your taste!

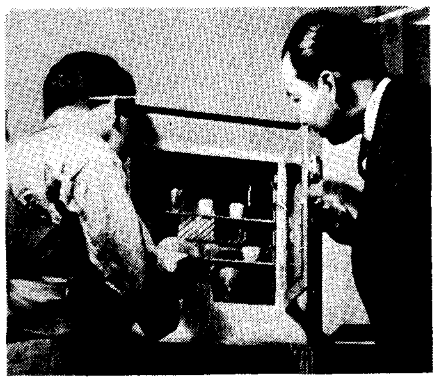
1859 WAS A LUCKY YEAR FOR YOU!..



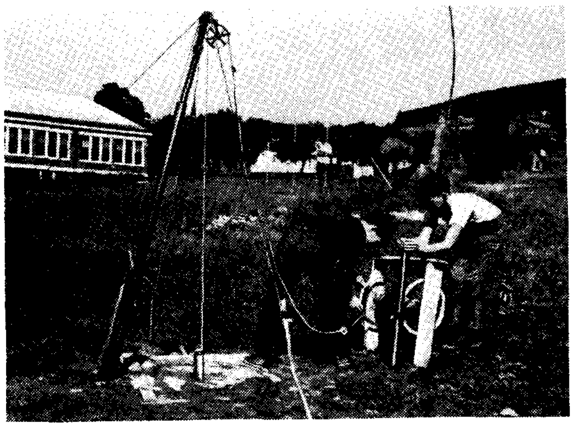
. . . because that's the year Drake drilled the world's first oil well, in Pennsylvania. Here is an actual photograph of the original Drake well—with Col. Drake (beard) in foreground—photo from Mather collection. Inset—Drake well today, in shadow of Drake Monument, Drake Memorial Park, Titusville, Pennsylvania. This well began the oil industry, and Pennsylvania Grade Crude, which Drake first pumped to the surface, makes motor oils which have continuously led the world in quality.



No—these are not barnacles. This is a micro-photograph of oil sand, showing the action of a method originated in Pennsylvania by which water is forced through the sands to force oil to the well. Pressure moves the oil like a miniature glacier at a rate of ⅔ of an inch a day through minute channels in the sandstone. Dark areas are crude oil: lightest area is water.



Talk about heat! Here is a new electric oven in the petroleum laboratory at The Pennsylvania State College, in which terrific temperatures can be created to test an oil's ability to take it. 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oils stay on the job regardless of heat (or cold) because Nature gave them the quality of being least affected by temperatures. They beat heat in your car.



Kids in the Pennsylvania region don't waste their time playing G-Man. They play "Oil Man", instead. Here are two youngsters and a "play oil well" set up just outside the school yard in one of the thriving small towns in the Pennsylvania oil region.

I'VE OWNED 11 STATIONS- MY CUSTOMERS MAKE ME SELL PENNSYLVANIA OILS!

Every veteran filling station man knows the great demand for Pennsylvania Motor Oils. Because they last longer and give such thorough, economical service, customers simply will not use any other oil. So the service station that wants to keep its customers always sells a Pennsylvania Oil and it's good business to do so.

This is the official emblem of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association. It is not the mark of a brand. It is a guarantee to you that a motor oil is made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil and that the oil is up to this Association's rigid quality standards in every possible respect.

MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL
CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
PERMIT NUMBER ....
Made from
the highest grade crude oil in the world

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

This page is published in the interests of producers, refiners, wholesalers, retailers, exporters and users of 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils protected by our emblem. Watch for new pages in this series.

BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP!

Copyright 1939, Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

The Border Trumpet

Continued from page 23

Apaches in motion. At this elevation *the lower country rolled away, broken* and rough. The roundabout rocks emitted a furnace blast of soaked-in heat. A six-foot diamondback rattlesnake sluggishly stirred in the trail, struck and wound, and struck again. Benteen's horse churned up the soil, grunting away from it. Sweat plastered Benteen's shirt skintight against his back. At this moment he saw no more Indians, and gave the command to fight on foot.

The line of skirmishers dismounted, passing reins over to the horse holders. One extra man remained with the prisoners. The rest spread out and began the last climb on foot, bending in and around the rocks. Watching the stony parapet, Benteen saw a head come into sight and drop back. It was, as near as he could judge, two hundred yards to the top. Van Rhyn marched beside him, hard hit by the heat and the labor of this climb; his face was drawn and pale and his breath jerked through him like a saw. Benteen said at once: "Drop back and replace one of the horse holders."

But Van Rhyn showed him a pair of odd, hurt eyes. "Let me come on, Lieutenant."

Benteen called, "Watch the line, men. Don't get ahead of it."

Al Hazel yelled, "Hyar they come!"

A DOZEN *Apaches, small and wiry* and stripped down to moccasins and breechclouts, leaped over the rim in one general line, struck the loose talus dirt and slid feet first toward the nearest rocks. Benteen saw their rifles jump forward in their arms, and at the same moment other guns began to bang sharply from the top of the rim. Benteen called: "Fire!"

The troopers had dropped into the rocks. A volley smashed out, hard on the heels of Benteen's command, and dirt spouted up where the bullets struck, all around the racing Apaches. One of them fell head foremost, rolling in a ball. A second dropped on his haunches, and slid, without life, feet first into the rocks. McSween's bronzed voice rode this racket, hard and unemotional: "Come along now—come along now! Waste no shots!" Benteen braced himself against a rock, holding his revolver on those shifting targets. He saw his bullets hit; from the corners of his eyes he saw the line of troopers move forward.

The firing from the ramparts kept on, but the Indians who had jumped down to the rocks were all out of sight, dead or still. A slug smashed the surface of the rock beside which he stood. He moved forward, calling: "Keep down—keep down. Jackson, pull your head down." A pair of Apaches suddenly sprang up from the near rocks, fired in unison and raced sidewise to escape the converging bullets of the troopers. Ford had pulled the right of the line forward to enfilade those rocks. Benteen kept his eyes on the ramparts above, seeing the carbine snouts dip and fire and pull back. He called: "Lift your aim! On the rim!"

Harry Jackson kept moving out of the rocks; he kept standing straight above them to get his shots. Benteen walked into the clear area, crossed to Harry Jackson and pushed him down. A ricocheting bullet whined like a great bee past them. Dirt and rock flakes flew along the rim, the effect of the troopers' higher-reaching fire; and up there the barrels of the Indians' guns began to fade away.

Ford, completing his flank movement, *flushed the last Apache from the lower* rocks and then Benteen, watching the rampart carefully, felt the turn of the fight. He walked out of the rocks, pushing his boots against the sliding talus, wigwagging at the men around him. The line surged up the steep slope, throwing occasional pot shots to cover its approach. Harry Jackson raced forward, catching the shoulders of the staggering Van Rhyn; he boosted Van Rhyn along, using his arms and the point of his knees to keep the older man from entire collapse. Dust boiled around Benteen and caked into the streaming sweat along his face. He dug this muddy grime out of his eyes and licked it off his lips, and seized the rim with his finger tips.

Sergeant McSween came up to him, heaving heavy wind out of his chest. They slashed the rolling gravel behind them, flung themselves over the rim and dropped belly-flat from exhaustion. The troop came on, one by one, grunting hard with this last huge effort. Private Jackson, still below the rim, yelled: "Wait for me—wait for me! I got Van Rhyn here!"

Antone's band ran and rode across the table-top summit, kicking the cloudy dust behind. An arrow skittered the earth near Benteen and a few straggling shots came back, striking nothing. Troopers pulled themselves to a kneeling position, firing through the dust. Benteen got up, trotting forward with the detail after him. Part way over the flat he saw Antone's band sink out of sight into the adjoining canyon.

"Morphy," he called, "run back and signal the horses up!"

He trotted over the clearing, through the foggy dust. The boots of the troopers struck hard and their knees bent and never quite straightened in stride; this was how spent they were. They went slogging, shambling along, the line swaying unevenly, men falling slowly back from the running. A thin grove of pines stood at this far edge of the mountain summit. Ducking in and out of the useless shade, Benteen arrived at the break-off and saw Antone's band rush single file down a narrow mountain trail into the canyon; a bend carried the Indians entirely from sight.

Howell Ford spoke between the windy reach of his breathing: "They ain't far ahead, Tom!"

THE troopers came up one by one. Men dropped flat to the ground, sucking in air; men stood upright with their legs braced apart. Harry Jackson came on with his shoulders supporting Van Rhyn. The climb had taken all vitality out of the troopers, and the hard-burning heat took all nourishment out of the air; when they breathed it no relief came. There was nothing their lungs could bite into. The horse holders galloped over the clearing, bringing up the led mounts.

Howell Ford said: "Look there, Tom."

The single file of Antone's retreating warriors showed briefly on a reverse bend of the trail and disappeared soon again. Presently the party appeared at the bottom of the narrow gorge, crossed it and faded in a rock alleyway. The bed of the canyon was eight hundred feet directly below this break-off of the mountains, marked by a small quick-running creek that glistened in the lower shadows; the tail of Antone's party crossed the creek, a half mile up the canyon. A pair of Apaches dropped back, squatting by the water. Beyond

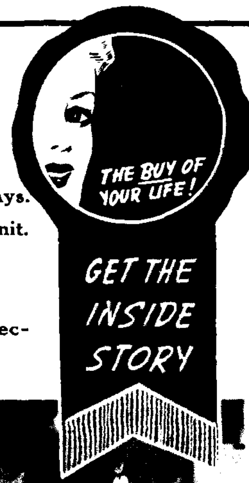
HIGH! WIDE! AND HANDSOME!

WAY DOWN LOW IN PRICE!

"SEE G-E!"--The Hot Tip Among Refrigerator Shoppers

HERE'S WHY THE NEW G-E IS TOPS IN VALUE!

1 Perfected Selective Air Conditions.
2 Stainless steel super-freezer.
3 All-steel cabinet, porcelain interior.
4 Easily adjustable storage space.
5 Fast freezing, easy releasing Quick-Trays.
6 Simple, quiet, sealed-in-steel Thrift Unit.
7 Forced-feed lubrication and *oil cooling*.
8 Thrifty in price, in current, in upkeep.
9 Product of world's largest and oldest electrical manufacturing company.



"LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!"

See G-E "House of Magic" at both World Fairs

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GOOD news travels fast! All over America the word is passed—"See the new G-E for the year's great value in electric refrigerators." The new General Electric is a more beautiful refrigerator, thriftier, more convenient to use than ever—yet today's G-E prices are lowest in history!

Steadily, season after season, General Electric has pioneered major betterments in automatic refrigeration. First with the *sealed* mechanism! First with an all-steel cabinet! First with stainless steel super-freezer, sliding sheives and other notable advancements. And now G-E gives you perfected Selective Air Conditions—the most practical method yet devised for convenient, economical food preservation in the home. General Electric Company, Specialty Appliance Division, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

SELECTIVE AIR CONDITIONS

Sub-Freezing Storage. Stainless steel super-freezer for frozen storage; fast freezing of ice cubes and delicious desserts.

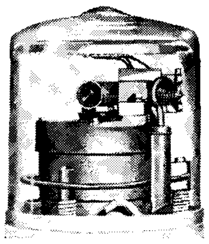
Low Temperature with High Humidity Storage for keeping fish and meats in prime condition.

High Humidity with Moderate Temperature Storage for keeping vegetables crisp and fresh.

Safety-Zone General Storage with economical and proper temperatures for safe storage of dairy products and other perishable foods.

General Electric's different *combinations of temperature and humidity* keep foods at their fullest, finest flavor. No other refrigerator keeps foods looking and tasting better, or retains more of the health-giving vitamins longer, than does the new G-E Refrigerator.

General Electric Thrift Unit. The sealed-in-steel G-E cold-making mechanism, with its forced-feed lubrication and *oil cooling*, has made the General Electric Refrigerator famous throughout the world for quiet operation, low current cost and long life.



SEE **G-E's** New Quick-Trays that release two or more cubes at a time—freeze up to 48 lbs. of ice in 24 hours. **See G-E's** New Sliding Shelves, New Pottery Dishes, and other proved features that make this G-E "the buy of your life."

t's up to us to Win Your Good-Will

THE POLICY OF "AMERICA'S FINEST" BARS AND STORES

[AS INTERPRETED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM]

OPERATING a bar or liquor store is like any other retail business in the community—*except in one respect*. It involves a social responsibility. We can't ignore it—or evade it. We must accept it. Our right to exist depends upon your good-will.

We are fully aware that the public is forming its opinion of the entire liquor industry on the conduct of the bars and stores. The jobs of more than a million workers, directly or indirectly, depend upon the manufacture and sale of distilled spirits.

The great majority of us are sincerely striving to win your confidence and respect by maintaining a service that will be a credit to ourselves, our families, and the community. Public opinion is our license to do business. That's why we realize it's up to us to earn your good-will.

* * *

The House of Seagram, one of America's largest distillers, is proud to sponsor this Good-Will Campaign for "America's Finest" Bars and Stores. Its objectives, we believe, are in keeping with the spirit of Seagram's policy of "Moderation", which we have advocated so persistently over the past five years.

Good-Will Campaign for Bars & Stores Sponsored by the House of Seagram

"AMERICA'S FINEST"

"Canada's Finest"

Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
5
Seagram's
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
7
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN
6

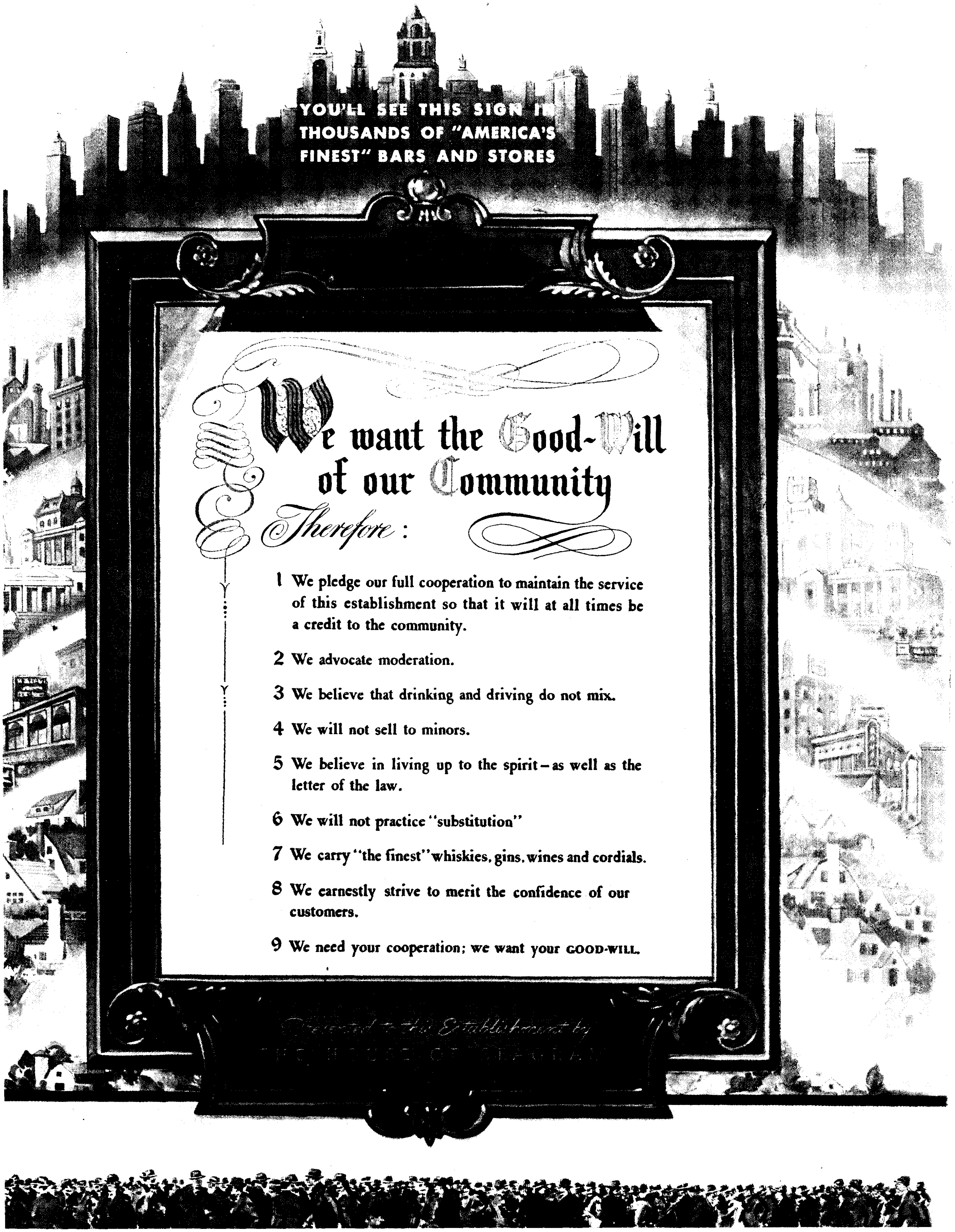
SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey—"America's Finest"—A rich tasting whiskey without a trace of heaviness. Blended by master craftsmen. 60% neutral spirits distilled from grains. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey—"America's Finest"—A milder tasting whiskey with a superb fineness of bouquet. A national favorite. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grains. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S "V.O." Canadian. Blended Canadian Whisky—"Canada's Finest"—deliciously delicate—yet deeply satisfying. A masterpiece of the blender's art. "Canada's Finest" Canadian Whisky. 86.8 Proof. 6 years old.

You'll see the Good-Will sign on the opposite page in thousands of "America's Finest" Bars and Stores—except in states where signs are not permitted.

Copr. 1939. Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York



YOU'LL SEE THIS SIGN IN
THOUSANDS OF "AMERICA'S
FINEST" BARS AND STORES

We want the Good-Will of our Community

Therefore:

1 We pledge our full cooperation to maintain the service of this establishment so that it will at all times be a credit to the community.

2 We advocate moderation.

3 We believe that drinking and driving do not mix.

4 We will not sell to minors.

5 We believe in living up to the spirit—as well as the letter of the law.

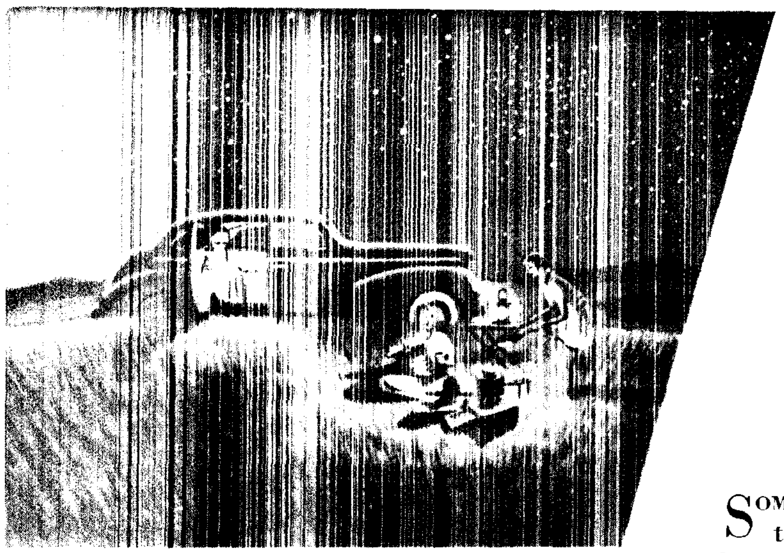
6 We will not practice "substitution"

7 We carry "the finest" whiskies, gins, wines and cordials.

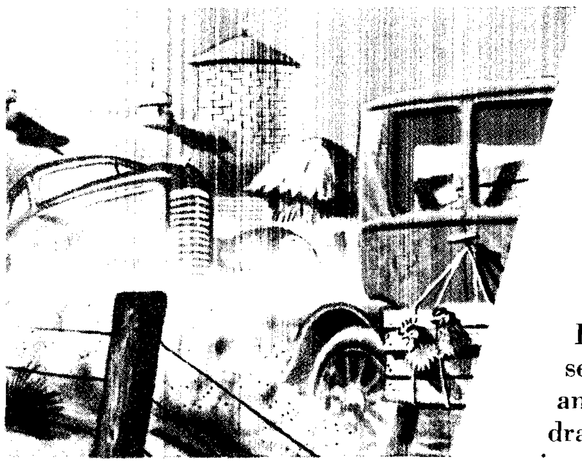
8 We earnestly strive to merit the confidence of our customers.

9 We need your cooperation; we want your GOOD-WILL.

Presented to this Establishment by
THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM



A HOME ON THE ROAD, with a Convertible Bed . . . with the "Weather Eye" Conditioned Air System . . . with special soundproofing and shock-absorbers to give you living room ease. Such advanced engineering and styling means higher resale value.



NO DUST to soil your linen or spoil your trip. Nash's automatic "Weather Eye" gives you fresh air, free of dust . . . rain . . . insects . . . ends chilling drafts at night!

A MILLION MILES
From Nowhere

SOMEWHERE over the blue horizon—beyond the place where the signposts stop—there's a hideaway where dull care can never trail you. A place where bass fight for a bare hook, and the soft air is heavy with pine.

Shut your eyes and you'll see it.

Or—get in a Nash and head it for the hills . . . it knows the rest of the way.

Then—quick!—assemble the wife and kids, all the tackle and luggage you want (there'll still be room to stretch).

Settle down, and let this Nash show you a kind of travel that comes straight from the story of the Flying Carpet.

For the first time in your life, you're going to set a little dial called the "Weather Eye"*—and drive all day without dust in your face, a draft on your neck, or the roar of the road in your ears.

Carried along on the magic wings of a Fourth Speed Forward*, you'll see distances dwindle at a terrific pace, but never be conscious of the engine running. You'll never dread a hill, or stop for a bump.

Nothing will stay you—not even those customary stops for gas. *One* filling usually takes you all the way to sunset in a Nash.

And for the first time . . . you're going to end up the day fresh as early morning, with not even the problem of where to lay your head. Just park your car beneath a star—your double bed is waiting in your Nash!

• • •

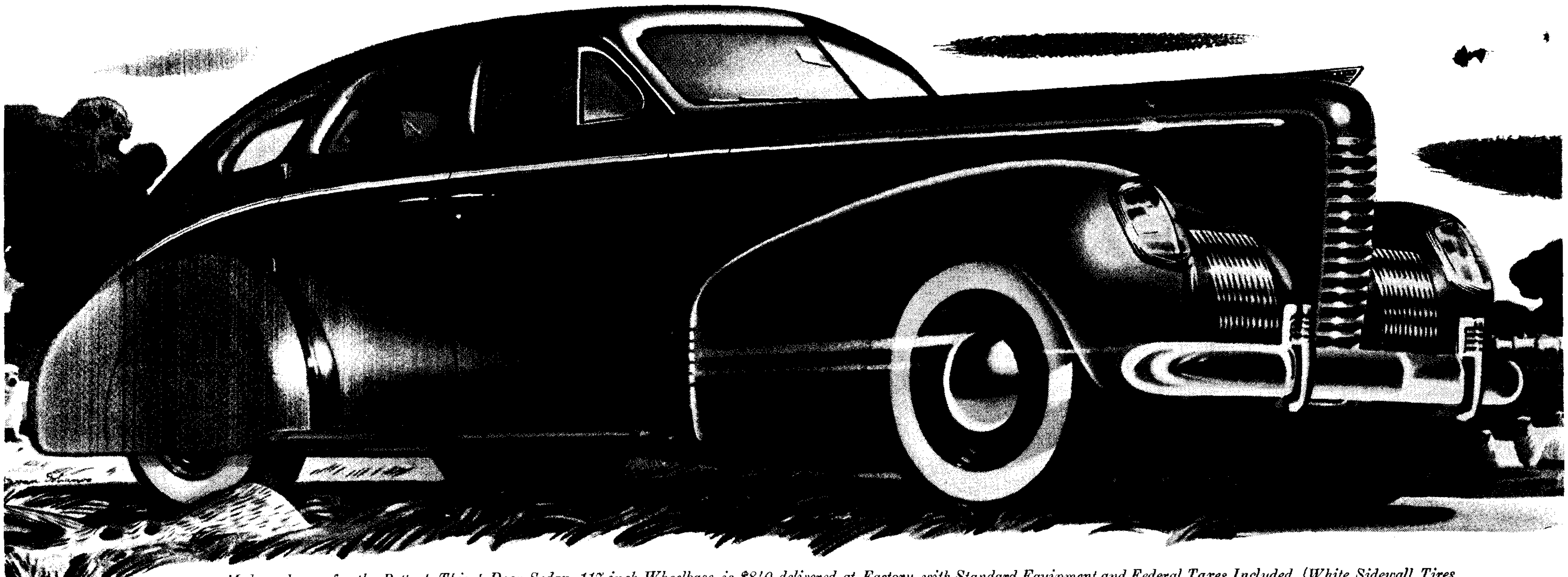
Yes—it's a kind of motoring that not even a millionaire could ever enjoy before. It can make any "out-of-the-way" place an everyday part of your life.

But this proud car can be yours so easily . . . ten brilliant new models are now priced right next to the lowest.

That wonder-spot won't wait forever. Get in a Nash and get out of town today!

Four Series of Great Cars, 22 Models . . . 10 Priced Next to the Lowest . . . delivered at Factory . . . as Low as $770, Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included. **$770**

(*Optional Equipment—Slight Extra Cost)



Make a change for the Better! This 4-Door Sedan, 117-inch Wheelbase, is $840 delivered at Factory, with Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included. (White Sidewall Tires and Rear Wheel-Shields are Optional at Extra Cost.) 1800 Dealers from Maine to California to serve you. NASH MOTORS DIVISION, *Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.*

EAT UP DISTANCE with the magical automatic Fourth Speed Forward*. Try the steering Post Shift* (it's quick as 1-2-3). And talk about pick-up—from 15 to 50 MPH in 13 seconds, in high!

It's that New NASH

THE CAR EVERYBODY LIKES

this spot the land ran into a heavy tangle of hills.

Ford watched the two Indians. "They take their time about it," and looked at Benteen. "Do we follow?"

Benteen considered the narrow trail and the surrounding walls of rock. It was bad country for pursuit.

"No," he said. "We'll make camp here and rest until midnight before turning back to Grant."

McSween's voice began to catch hold of the troopers. They stacked arms and put the horses on picket in the half shade of the pines. Pickets dropped back to the various edges of this mountain summit; the rest of the detail sprawled on the earth. Benteen moved back to Van Rhyn who lay full length on the pine needles. Van Rhyn's lips were pressed together and his breathing came raggedly.

Benteen said: "I'm going to have you transferred to Whipple. This low country is too much for you."

Van Rhyn shook his head. "It makes very little difference, does it?"

Sunlight poured out of the low west, the color of fire. Ford still held his position at the rim, watching the canyon. He called to Benteen in a thoroughly exasperated voice: "Those damned savages are still in sight."

Al Hazel said: "I reckon that's the oldest trick in the book. They figger a white man will jump at bait. Most white men will."

"I'll stack one trooper against five Apaches any day," grumbled Ford.

Benteen sat on the ground with a piece of paper spread before him. He drew a careful map of the country, marking his trail and the exact position of this hilltop. Below it he wrote his brief dispatch to Major Warren:

"Sir: We met Antone's band at this spot, had a slight brush with them and drove them back into the canyon. They are retreating in a general easterly direction, about thirty strong. When Lieutenant Castleton sets out he should avoid the canyon and strike into the hills by higher ground. I am returning. Obediently, Lt. T. C. Benteen."

GEORGE MIXLER had rigged up a hand-operated fan from the ceiling of the room, directly over Harriet's bed. He sat in a corner, patiently pulling it back and forth, stirring the stale night's heat over his wife. She lay motionless on the bed, her black hair loose around the drawn paleness of her cheeks, and would not look at him. This was the thing that gouged through him like the sharp point of a knife; she had not looked at him and had not spoken to him since his return from the detail to Summerton's ranch. The baby was in an improvised cracker-box cradle beside the bed. Shiraz bent over it with his stethoscope, the edge of his whiskers against that wizened red little face. It was a boy, frail and homely even to George Mixler's partisan eyes. Eleanor Warren and Lily Marr stood in the background, waiting Shiraz's inspection.

Shiraz put down his instrument, rolled it together and shoved it into his pocket. He parted his whiskers neatly. "Nothing wrong at all."

Harriet spoke in a washed-out voice: "He cries so much."

"So would you," said Shiraz, "if you were in his place. It is a natural cry." He took out the stethoscope and put it against her chest; his eyes kept watching her face, very kind, very sharp. She looked back at him steadily and he was a wise enough man to see the resentment she bore him, and to understand its reason.

She murmured: "You weren't here."

He put the stethoscope away again. "No," he admitted, "I broke my promise, didn't I?"

George Mixler spoke up: "Harriet, you shouldn't talk like that. He was called out."

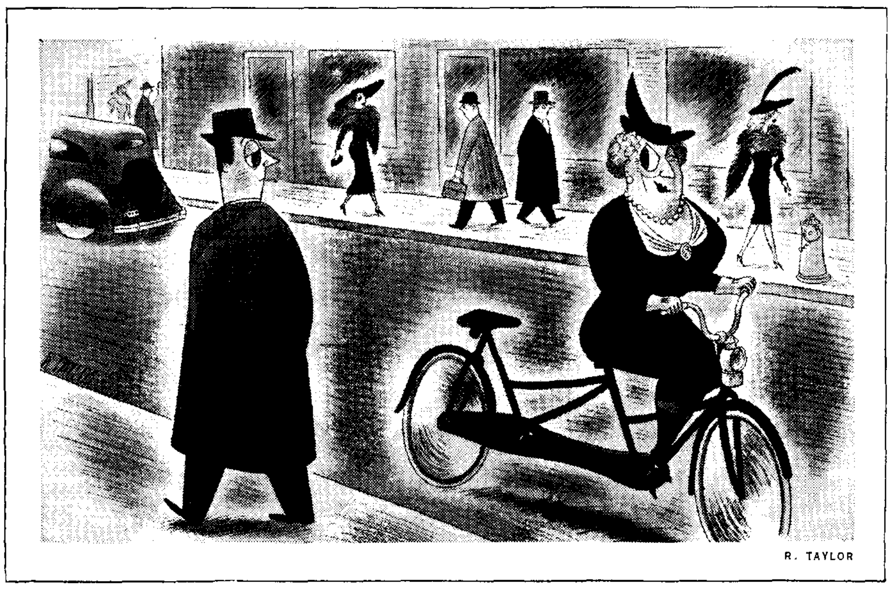
SHE didn't answer Mixler; she didn't look at him. Her lips were straight and tight for a moment. When she spoke, it was to Shiraz. "I know. Orders come first. So you went to Summerton's ranch and set a drunken man's broken arm."

Shiraz stood up, faintly smiling. "None of your fears came true, Harriet. You're all right and your boy's all right. Mark my word, you'll both be old soldiers." He remained cheerful in face of her settled and resenting manner. Afterward he looked around at the women, and over to George Mixler, and seemed to listen to the silence in the room, estimating its meaning. He nodded at Eleanor, who went toward George Mixler, replacing him at the fan. Mixler rose and went immediately from the dobe.

Shiraz followed him. Both men stood in the blackness of the parade. Mixler kept fumbling his hands around his pockets. He blurted out: "She hates me for being away, Shiraz. That's hard to take!"

"What else could you expect? That's the time when a woman wants her husband to be somewhere near by—most women. And it is a time when you should expect no reasonableness at all from her, which is the way nature made it. But she'll get over it—she'll understand."

"No," answered George Mixler. "No, she won't." And suddenly Shiraz was shocked to hear this big young man crying. Shiraz stepped up and hit him on the shoulder. "And you're not the first man that's done that, either, George. I reckon every man and woman in the world think that their baby is the first



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2. When you want a new point— just press the turret-top with your thumb! And click! Out pops a new point of just the right writing length! You get a new point with a single thumb-press!

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time such a thing ever happened. It's always the same. You come along with me for a good stiff drink."

Castleton moved through the shadows, his feet briskly striking the loose boards. Mixler pulled himself together, seeing the faint blur of Castleton's curious face. Castleton said: "Anything wrong?"

It was the brusque way he spoke the words that turned George Mixler and stiffened him, and made him rap his answer friendlessly back. "No," he said, and walked on with Shiraz.

Castleton stopped at the doorway, looking through. He put his shoulder against the dobe's edge and listened to the steady in-and-out crying of the baby, watching Eleanor pull at the fan until her glance lifted and saw him. He made a gesture with his hand.

HARRIET turned faintly on the bed. "Never mind, Eleanor. The air seems just as hot when you move it. I wish I were up in the hills, at Fort Apache. I don't think the baby can stand this."

Lily Marr moved around the room, silent and capable. She ran a wet towel across Harriet's face and changed the pillow; her hands smoothed back Harriet Mixler's loose hair. She looked down at the girl, a kind of gentle sternness along her lips, a calm and unhurried faith in her voice: "He will live. Nothing's as bad as you think."

Harriet murmured: "You're both mighty kind. I wish it were a girl. I'd name it Lily Eleanor. What good's a boy to me? One thing I swear—he'll never be a soldier, and drag his wife into some godforsaken place and leave her alone when she needs him."

"Harriet," said Eleanor, but quit on that, knowing nothing could be said now to this tired, bitter girl. Lily Marr stepped back from the bed and saw Castleton beyond the door. She stared at Castleton and when she turned again her face was unstirred and without expression, showing nothing at all; in a way it was like a withheld judgment. She moved over to Eleanor and took the rope guiding the fan, relieving Eleanor.

Eleanor joined Castleton. She was tired from a day and a night of constant attendance in Harriet's room, and she was lonely with odd thoughts that she wanted to express and yet knew Phil would not understand. As they walked along the parade, he said dryly:

"Your Lily Marr is a versatile woman. Where did she get that knowledge?"

"Where did I get mine?" answered Eleanor.

"I love you for your courage," he said and, stopping, he took her swiftly inside his arms and kissed her.

She laughed and pulled away, feeling the release of that moment. Some of the trouble went out of her and the smell of this night was keener and more pleasant. "You do have your moments of insight, Phil," she murmured. "I really needed that."

He said, quickly: "I love you for your courage, Eleanor, but I hope you never have to do a thing like that again. For a refined woman—"

She heard the strong distaste in his tone, his sense of injured propriety. She said: "You are telling me it wasn't ladylike, Phil."

His voice stiffened: "There are certain rather dismal parts of life that are better left alone."

"It would never make me afraid to have my own children, if that is what you mean."

"No, I didn't mean that at all. Great Scott, Eleanor, what a thing to say. But I hated like hell to think of you in there —that—"

"Phil," she said, "you mustn't be narrow. Don't ever be. I'm glad I was there. As for Lily, she's a wonderful girl, whatever her past may have been."

The distinct dryness came back to him again. She noticed how he reverted to that tone when he wasn't pleased. It troubled her, and it roused her temper a little. He was saying: "I think your tastes are too generous, Eleanor."

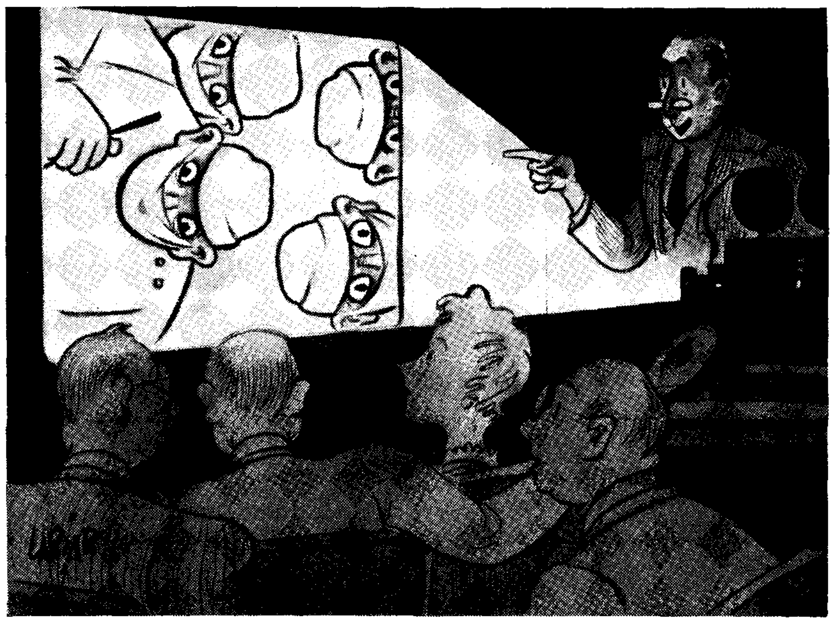
"I'm an army girl, Phil."

THEY had reached the south side of the quadrangle. He stopped to face her. "You have said that before. Maybe I don't understand. What is it you mean?"

"I have never been afraid of anything that is real, Phil. I don't ever want to close my eyes or ears. I don't want to be blind, I don't want to hide. Living is too much fun. It is only when we start running away from it that we grow old and very proper, and very dull." She paused, trying to find a better way of saying what she felt so dee[illegible]and failed.

He said in the same brief voice: "If it weren't for your being here post life would be damnably dull. I shall be glad when my turn comes to go out on scout."

This, she realized, was his only answer. He hadn't understood, and he wouldn't change. He would wait for her to change. She walked on with him, keeping time with his pacing, silently making her adjustments, out of necessity. A woman in love, she reflected, had this hard way to make—to conform



"I was flat on my back when I took that!"

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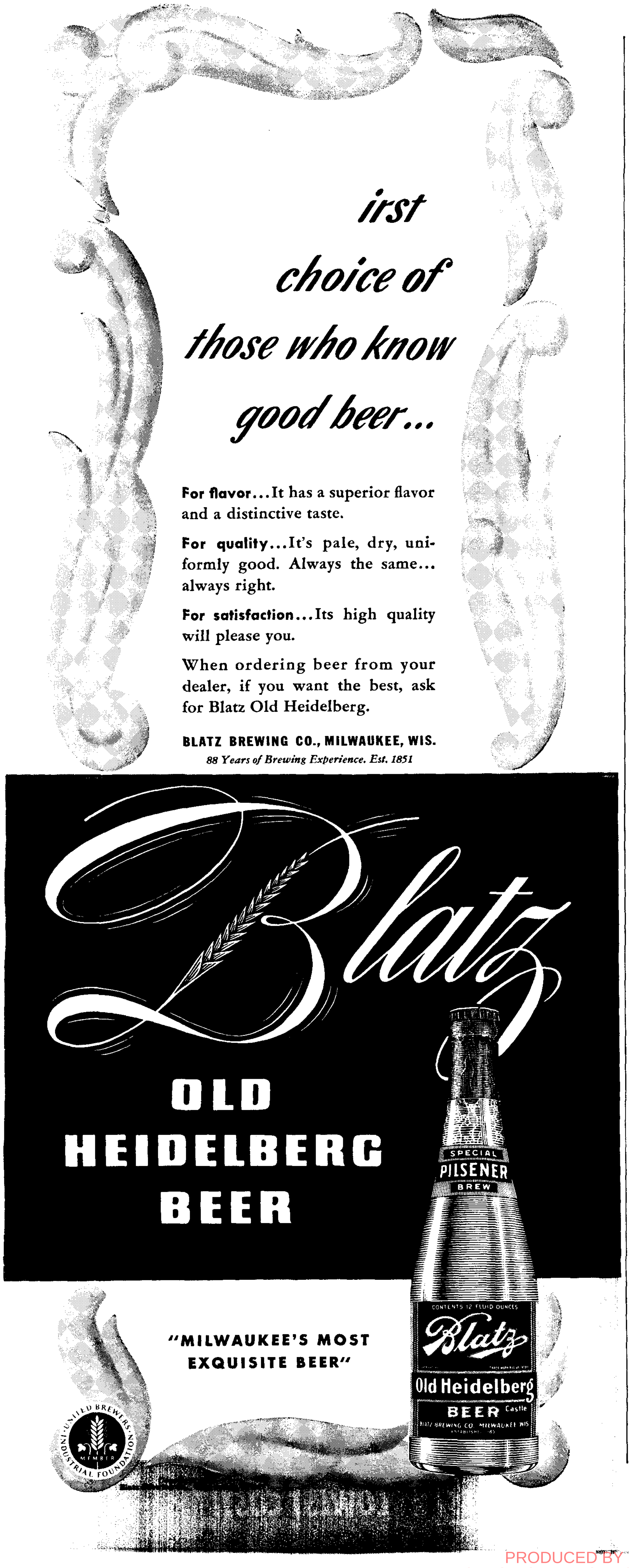

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and to bend. She was coolheaded enough to realize how ridiculous his opinion of her would have seemed, if she were not in love.

He was saying: "I think the present policy regarding Indians is foolish. How can you tame a savage? They are all alike. Nachee is no better than Antone. They are all tricky, all cruel. But I think we are unduly afraid of them and move too slow. Give me thirty men and I'll track Antone clean into Mexico."

"Phil," she murmured, "you must not be so impatient."

He stopped again. He was stirred as he had not been before. His talk came out, quick and half harsh, burning with his own eagerness: "This army is a morgue for a man's ambitions! We get into a rut, we drift, we sit around waiting for the fellow ahead of us to die. We quit trying, for fear of making life uncomfortable for the rest of the officers. Not me! I'm damned if I sink into the routine like that. I will not be a gray-haired captain thirty years from now."

She said, softly: "How far do you wish to go, Phil?"

HE DIDN'T answer her at once and then she knew that he was a little embarrassed by his own ambition—that he hated to show her how deeply he felt, for fear that she would see weakness in him.

He said finally, in a more moderate tone: "To the top, Eleanor. Why not? There's only one end to this road and why should a man be content to make just a halfhearted fight of it?"

"Then," she said, "I'll help you get there. I know this army inside out. And an officer's wife can make or break him."

He was laughing as he turned; and when he kissed her again, rough from his feelings, she was satisfied to have it so. Only, in the far corner of her mind she felt that he had carelessly put her offer aside, as though her help was something he didn't need. He had this kind of pride. When he got a little older, she reflected hopefully, he would grow more tolerant. And then he would see. Distant in the corner of her mind a faint flash of critical judgment tried to warn her that he would never be different than he was now; but a sudden swing of loyalty to him put the thought aside. She walked quietly around the quadrangle with him, said good night, and returned to Harriet Mixler's place. George Mixler was in the doorway.

He said in a half whisper: "She doesn't want me in there. You sleep in the other cot with her tonight, Eleanor."

"Of course," she said, and touched his arm reassuringly. An officer's wife could make or break a man; and Harriet was slowly breaking George Mixler. Watching him walk back toward the sutler's store, she saw the downslope of his shoulders and felt regret. She turned in and relieved Lily Marr, bathed Harriet's white face—in which the memory of her past hours remained like a permanent mask—and undressed for the night. She was up two or three times during the succeeding hours to watch the baby; afterward its steady crying wore off and she fell asleep.

Around three in the morning the return of Benteen's messengers woke her. Lying in the darkness, feeling a faint coolness in the air, she listened to men cross and recross the yard until she realized that a new detail was going out. She rose and slipped on her robe and stood in the doorway, watching lanterns flash through the black. Troopers were forming on the parade and Castleton kept calling at Sergeant Hanna, and her father's voice crossed the darkness, drawing Castleton over. She heard him give his instructions:

"You will take twenty-five troopers out for three days. Your mission is to keep Antone moving, to wear his horses down and make it impossible for him to rest or roast mescal. Mr. Mixler accompanies you and Manual Dura goes as guide. You will respect Dura's judgment as to the best trails and as to the number of Indians that may be in front of you. I am giving you a rough map sent in by Mr. Benteen. It shows where he left Antone. You will take up that trail, acting on the advice Mr. Benteen enclosed with the map."

"Yes, sir."

Sergeant Hanna's voice harked the shadows. The troopers were counting off, taciturn and sleepy-voiced. Her father spoke again at Castleton, quite soberly and putting insistence in each word:

"Remember, these men are in your hands. Do not permit any enthusiasm or snap judgment on your part to lead you into premature fighting. Do not gamble, do not guess. Don't push your command beyond its endurance. Above all, watch out for a trap. Antone will attempt to suck you into one. You must refuse to follow him through any piece of country, no matter how inviting it may look, unless you are dead sure your flanks are covered and your rear protected. That is all. Good luck."

Castleton walked back across the parade, speaking to Hanna. George Mixler came to the door of the dobe. He said in a low, uncertain voice: "Is she asleep?"

"Yes," said Eleanor.

"Well," murmured George Mixler, his tone discouraged and flat, "I won't wake her. Give her my love. Tell her I said goodby. Tell her everything will be all right." He waited a moment, as if hoping to hear his wife call out to him, then turned away. The command mounted, crossed the parade in a shadowy column of twos, passed through the gap between the bakery and the barrack and struck the loose gravel of Arivaipa Creek. Eleanor listened to that tramping rattle die out in the distance, troubled by Phil's failure to come to her. Long after the last echo had gone she turned back into the dobe. Harriet's voice rose, dead-bitter, from the blackness:

"He knew I wasn't asleep. He just didn't care enough to kiss me?"

Eleanor said gently: "Would you have kissed him, Harriet?"

"No."

FROM the doorway of Harriet Mixler's house, Eleanor watched Benteen's troopers cross the parade in the golden glare of middle-morning and swing their jaded horses into line. Weariness bowed the shoulders of the men and cramped their legs. Sergeant McSween's voice, dismissing the detail, was a parched croak.

Benteen went immediately to commanding officer's quarters and remained with her father a quarter hour. When he came out he walked straight toward her, a slow smile breaking across lips roughened by the sun. Fine alkali powder whitened the red stubble of his three-day growth of whiskers. His cheeks seemed gaunt to her, his eyes more deeply recessed. The trip had dried him out; it had enervated him. Even in smiling he showed her a drowsy fatigue. But she was thinking that it was good to see him. His presence was like reassurance, and then they were as before, a little gay with each other, seeming to understand each other.

She said: "We have news. Harriet's baby came."

"We passed Phil's detail around sunup," he said. "George told me about it." He looked at her with a distinct approval in his eyes. "You're all right, Eleanor."

She returned his smile. "Was there a doubt about that, in your mind?"

He shook his head. "No. Never was a doubt. Can I see Harriet?"

She led him into the house. Harriet lay with her eyes closed, her cheeks set in the same half-bitter firmness. The baby was sleeping. Benteen bent his tall shape over it, the grin coming sharp and white across his face again. He murmured: "Looks like Harriet," and his voice opened Harriet's eyes. Benteen came against the bed and put his big hand lightly on Harriet's shoulder. He said: "Good girl." There was a raw red scar on the back of his hand. It drew Eleanor's momentary attention but afterward she was watching the way this man had with a woman. Harriet, so bitter and so full of hatred for everything that was army, reached out and seized his hand and then she smiled—and for that moment she was pretty and pleased and a little like the Southern coquette she had once been. "I declare I'm a sight to look at, Tom. Go 'way until I can fix up."

HE KEPT smiling at her. He reached over and wound a lock of her quite black hair around his finger. "George Thomas Mixler wouldn't be a bad name for the boy."

"Maybe," said Harriet, "it will be Thomas Mixler."

He said: "Now wouldn't that be somethin' to make old George mad?"

Her smile faded and her mouth turned unhappy and desperate. "Tom," she said, her hand pulling him down. He kissed her on the forehead and straightened, and Eleanor, watching this through a swift blur, noticed how gentle he was with her, how kind. He said: "All Southern gals are flirts, Harriet. You let me alone."

He left the dobe, ducking his head at the doorway. From her place Eleanor watched him cross the parade. At this moment Lily Marr stepped from the bakery shop, whereupon he lifted his hat to her. Lily Marr came to the shaded walk along officers' row and stopped. Her glance followed Benteen; her eyes were round and grave and soft.

This was the middle of another hot day. At three in the afternoon, with the full blaze upon the land again, Benteen came to commanding officer's quarters and found Eleanor sewing on a dress. One faint bead of moisture showed on the tip of her nose and the exaggerated heat laid its rose stain on her cheeks. He stopped in the doorway, loosely resting against it, so relaxed that he seemed almost bony. He had slept and shaved, and suddenly she saw the distinct expression of approval in his eyes. She had never practiced the art of ladylike modesty, as taught by Mrs. De Launcey's Boston School for Young Ladies, her army training at once rebelling at the dropped eyelash, the breathless murmur or the hand pressed across an agitated breast. Nevertheless she looked down at her sewing, not quite sure of herself.

He said: "I'm going over to Nachee's camp. Can you stand the sunshine?"

She rose, got her parasol and crossed the parade with him. "Sometimes," she said, "my own company isn't very interesting. I'm glad you came along."

"Eleanor," he said, "Harriet and George are in considerable trouble."

"I know."

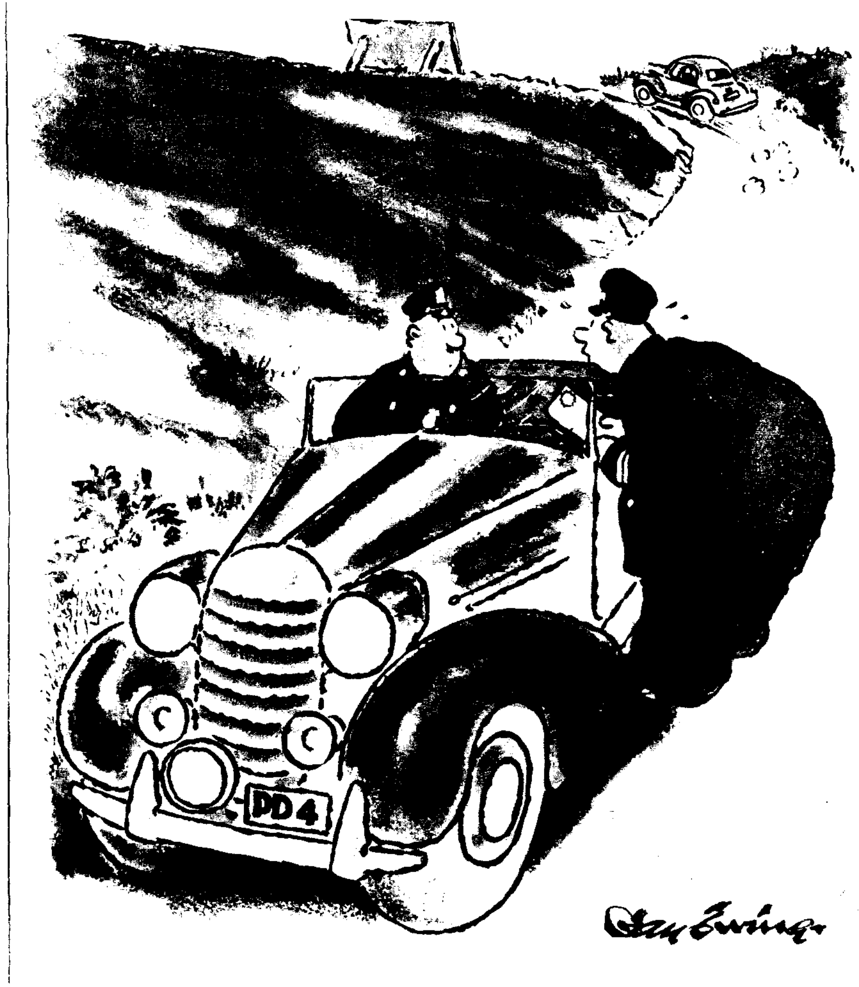
They circled the barracks, cut through the corrals and crossed the dry bed of Arivaipa Creek. Nachee's camp, with its brush-covered jacals, lay a half mile down the San Pedro, within hailing distance of the post; yet she noticed that Benteen wore his revolver and that his glance kept rummaging the roundabout clumps of cacti and catclaw. There was no security in this land, not even in the full blast of a midday sun.

She said: "She's rather high-strung, Tom. And accustomed to much more than an army post could ever give her."

"It's breaking George," he said.

"Do you blame her so much?"

He gave her a slow, smiling glance. "Why, no. It's hell out here on a woman



"... so I gives 'im th' ticket.... Then he says, is your name Finnegan ... an' I says, yes ... an' he says okey doke an' he gimme a supeeny!"

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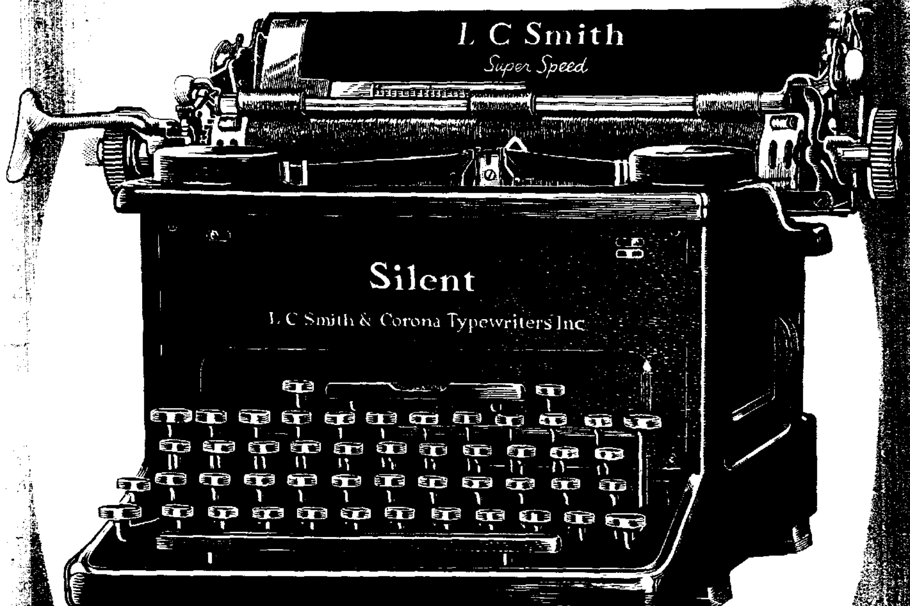
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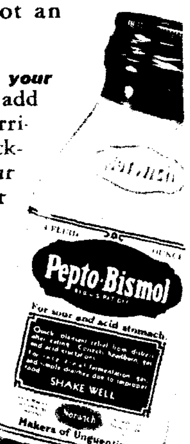

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WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

—and she's taking the change from civilian life harder than most. I'm just a little bit afraid she won't stick it out."

"Where did you learn about women, Tom?"

Afterward she regretted asking the question, for she saw the change it made in him. It took him back into his past life, it pulled the smile from his face. She added at once: "I know. The Southern girl. She would be dark and perhaps very quick, very intense, perhaps like Harriet."

"That's a close guess. How do you figure it?"

She looked at him, judging and calm. "You are partial to that kind. You are very fond of Harriet."

They walked on through the blaze of light, hearing the racket of the Indian dogs in Nachee's camp. A few men sat on the shady side of the jacals; a few women crouched in the bright-traced shelter of a paloverde tree, grinding mesquite beans. Benteen said: "All men carry the picture of a woman in their heads—the kind of a woman they want. But it is usually a picture built up of many women, not one."

"That's not very fair for the woman a man finally gets. How can she live up to all that he wants?"

He was smiling a little. "When he finally gets his woman he sees everything in her that he wants to see."

"Then you are saying that love is blind."

He shook his head. "No, I should say that it is a very strong light. Makes a man see things he otherwise wouldn't. There is some sweetness and some honesty and a hell of a lot of self-sacrifice in the worst woman that ever lived. Those are the things a man finds in a woman, when he's in love."

"Until she hurts him," said Eleanor, watching his face for a break.

He shrugged his shoulders. "That's part of the bargain, the quarreling and the bitterness. The sand with the sugar. I'd rather have it that way than a lifetime of dullness. People want too much."

"Why, Tom," she broke out, "you are saying the things I have always said."

He looked at her, not quite smiling. "I know."

"How could you know it? I've never talked to you—not about that."

THEY approached the first line of tents. Children came from the jacals and stood around, silently watchful. Benteen stopped and turned to her. There was always on his face a kind of speculative reserve. He had a way of holding his long lips together, smileless and yet on the edge of a smile, and a way of looking at things or people, absorbing them but seeming not to pass judgment, as though some things mattered and many things didn't. She was near enough to see the flakiness of his gray eyes; they could be hard as stone or they could be, as now, the most considerate pair of eyes she had ever noticed in a man.

"You wouldn't have to talk of those things, Eleanor. Look in your mirror tonight. Now let's pay Nachee a visit."

He turned her into the first jacal, into a hot, rancid-smelling gloom. Blankets and robes made beds around the edge of the shelter, occupied by squatted and sprawled figures. One man rose to a sitting position and said, "Nantan," and motioned to the floor. A squaw came from the rear shadows and threw a gray army blanket on the floor whereupon Eleanor sat down in obedience to the slight pressure of Benteen's hand. Benteen dropped to his haunches, not immediately speaking, and in this interval Eleanor took her first deliberate look at Nachee, chief of the peaceful portion of the Indians on the San Pedro.

She judged he was as old as her father, but he had a round and entirely smooth face, full-lipped and quite kind. A narrow band of red calico crossed a broad forehead to hold in coarse jet-black hair; and though he wore only a shirt—whose dangling tails made him look a little ludicrous—a breechclout and moccasins with turned-up toes, she was distinctly impressed with the dignity he carried. His eyes were cloudy brown.

She knew enough of Indian etiquette to preserve the silence and to remain grave before all the inquiring eyes around her; but it did surprise her when Al Hazel slipped into the tent a few minutes later and took his place somewhat between Benteen and Nachee.

"Tell Nachee his last advice was very good," instructed Benteen. "Tell him I thank him for it."

Listening to Al Hazel, Eleanor made out little coherence. Apache was a quick, loose language and Al Hazel spoke it as if he held a chunk of mush in his mouth. Now and then he used his hands, or drew swift descriptive lines with his finger points. Finished, he listened carefully to Nachee's answer.

"He says you must be careful of Antone. Antone is very sly. His father was a fox, his mother a wolf."

"Tell him we have heard there are many men in Antone's camp, some of them Tontos and some of them Chiricahuas. Is this true, and how is it so?"

Waiting through Hazel's question and Nachee's reply, Eleanor saw the intent, owl-wide eyes of a small girl peeking through the cracks of the jacal. Nachee's hand cut downward graphically to describe something. Al Hazel turned back to Benteen.

"It is true. The Chiricahuas have come up from the border because Antone has persuaded them he has the medicine to kill soldiers. The Chiricahuas are very bad. You will have to kill Antone before you can bring in these others and make them peaceable."

"Ask him how far Antone will travel east, if the troops follow?"

Hazel asked it and got his answer. "Nachee says Antone will never travel very far east. He will keep circling back, toward the south, keeping his eyes on the soldiers all the time. But if you don't let him stop to rest he'll grow tired and then his warriors will leave him. That is when he will make a fight, so that his warriors won't think him a coward."

AFTER that Nachee spoke again, nodding toward Eleanor. Al Hazel pushed back his hat and grinned behind his hand. "Nachee says this wife is very good but a man of your standing ought to have more than one. He says one wife wears out too fast."

Eleanor, who considered herself a calm girl, opened her mouth, and shot a startled glance at Benteen. He had maintained, through all this talk, an unstirred countenance. It did not change now but when he spoke again it was directly to Nachee. Eleanor felt the heat of this tent; it was worse than it had been before, it began to burn on her cheeks. Nachee was a grave and philosophical and tattered figure on his blankets but she thought she saw the glint of humor in the obscure depth of his eyes.

"Enju," said Benteen and terminated the interview by rising, and giving his arm to Eleanor. They left the village and Al Hazel behind, crossing the rock and cactus-scattered flat.

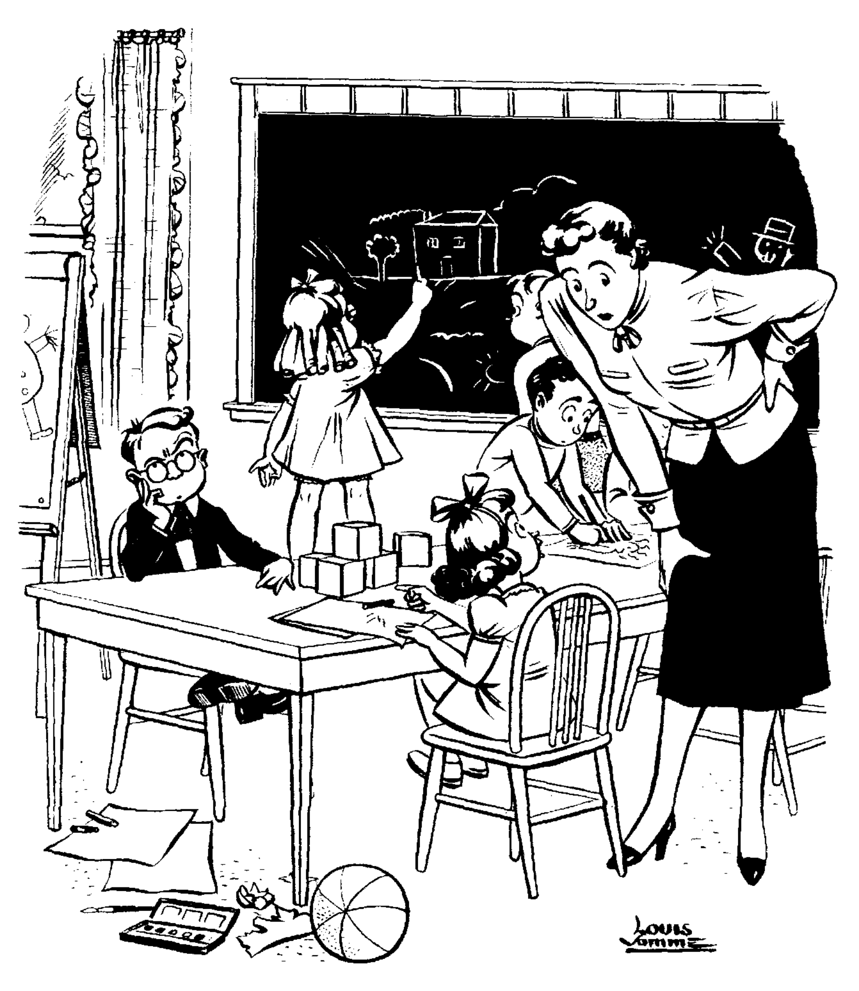
"Why do you sometimes use an interpreter and sometimes do not?"

"I don't know enough of it to carry on an extended parley."

She looked at him. "What did you tell him?"

"I said you had another man."

She looked up and saw the complete indifference on his face—and she realized he had put it there deliberately to hide something; and then, because



"Philip can't think of a thing to do with himself after he gets out of college"

LOUIS JAMME

Does Your Radio

Go HAYWIRE?

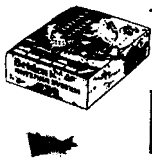
Here's the Easy Way to get Good Clear Reception

Buzzing—screeching—noises of all kinds—bad reception—poor distance.

You always know when your radio GOES HAYWIRE.

Yes, old antennas fail—wires burn out—insulation cracks. Many times the trouble's in the wiring. Ask your serviceman.

Ask him, too, about the wire he uses. If it's Belden wire you can be confident of good work—because Belden Antenna Systems, Lead-in Wires, Hook-up Wires, and others are engineered for radio. They're best for your set—they won't go HAYWIRE in your service.



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RADIO WIRES AND CABLES

BUY A NEW APPETITE . . . if you've lost your healthy one. Every druggist carries angostura bitters (aromatic). Take 1 to 4 tablespoonsful before meals in a little water, hot or cold. A pleasant, easy way to stimulate appetite and give yourself a new zest for food. Keep a bottle in your medicine chest.

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Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 540-L, Chicago
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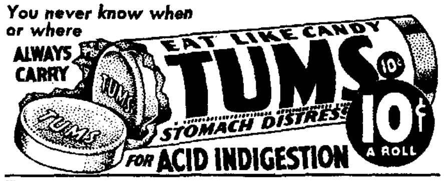
Here's Amazing Relief For Acid Indigestion

YES—TUMS a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. *TUMS are guaranteed to contain no soda.* Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today.

You never know when or where

ALWAYS CARRY



FOR ACID INDIGESTION

Tums are anti-acid—not laxative. When you need a laxative get—

Nature's Remedy
NR-TABLETS-NR

This all vegetable laxative brings such gentle, dependable relief for conditions due to constipation.

knew that this was so, she spoke out: "It was a complete answer, Tom. I have another man, and am quite satisfied—though Nachee wouldn't know what that meant, would he?"

Dust rose along the upper sand bed of the San Pedro, signal of a horse coming by the base of the Catalinas. Benteen and Eleanor walked on, saying nothing more; and soon reached commanding officer's quarters.

She turned to him at the door. "Come in and I'll fix some lemonade."

He followed her into the room. Major Warren lay on the corner couch with a month-old magazine covering his face. The paper fluttered gently to his profound snoring. Both of them went quietly back to the kitchen. Benteen sat up on the table, his long legs swinging down, so turned that he commanded a view of the parade. The solitary horseman came off the San Pedro and reined up in the shade of the troopers' quarters, dismounting there. Benteen watched the man loosen the saddle cinch and settle on his heels against the barrack wall. He pulled off his hat, rubbing away the fresh sweat on his head and afterward, casting a long glance around the parade—in a manner that was full of lively caution—he settled to the business of building a cigarette. From this distance Benteen couldn't see his features clearly.

Eleanor handed him his glass and poised her own. "Salud, Tom."

BUT he waited, not lifting the glass, holding her eyes for a moment. His lips were thoughtfully pinched together. Behind his smooth expression something ran its way, something boiled and was pressed back. She saw the little details of his face then, the heavy, black-red line of his eyebrows, the faint break at the bridge of his nose, the scar on his temple which was from a Minié ball—so Cowen had told her—at Bull Run.

He said: "To the other man, Eleanor."

She had a quick answer for that: "I wish you knew him better."

"Why?"

"If you knew him you'd like him. You don't now."

He said: "You're a damned loyal woman."

She considered her words carefully: "Maybe it is as you said. Maybe it is because, being in love, I see things you don't see."

"Salud," he said, and tipped the glass.

Major Warren strangled on his snoring and woke, dashing the paper aside with an irritable arm. He rose and came into the room, scanning them with hot, bloodshot eyes. He rasped, "Hot enough to melt the hinges of hell's bronze doors," and went out to douse his head in the water bucket. He came back, accepting a fresh glass of lemonade from his daughter; he swallowed it greedily, some of the drink spilling down his cheeks.

"Mr. Benteen," he said, "the paymaster is at Fort Lowell. You will take an escort of six men in the morning and go get him. I'd send Lankerwell, but he's to go out on the next scout with Captain Harrison." He freshened his glass and stirred the lemonade with the tip of his forefinger. "Who's that over by the barrack?"

"Some cowpuncher off the San Pedro," said Benteen and turned out. Eleanor followed him as far as the doorway and Major Warren, turning his fat body reluctantly about, watched those two with a sharp, smart attention. Benteen continued on across the parade. Eleanor stood at the doorway and Warren, who was no fool, noticed that even if she were in love with Castleton, this tall officer of I Troop had the power to attract her eyes. Nuzzling his whiskers into the lemonade glass, he thought about this, and called his daughter back to him.

"You have never seen Tucson. Maybe you'd like to go along with Benteen. It will be a five-day trip. Rough, but better than sitting around here. Maybe you'll get a chance to attend a dance at Lowell, or maybe Benteen will take you to a Mexican *baile*. Wish I was young enough to do that again. By gad, it is hot! Think you want to go?"

"Yes," she said. "Of course I do."

"Be a break in the monotony for you," he answered and looked at his glass. For she was smiling at him; she was a damned smart girl and she was reading his mind, and laughing at him.

Benteen crossed the parade to supervise afternoon stables. Coming on toward the barrack he noticed the stranger's bright and careful eyes lift to him. He was, Benteen decided, just one more stray rider, one more vagrant shadow from the hills or the desert. The territory had a good many of these men, most of them with unexplained pasts and mysterious occupations. This one had a dry, half-handsome face, smooth-shaven and fairly light of complexion in spite of the sunshine. He had pushed his hat far back on his head, to show a clump of yellow hair.

He was very watchful. Benteen, stopping by him, noticed that his whole figure, motionless as it still was, seemed to tighten. His eyes were a pale, calculating blue.

"From Summerton?" asked Benteen.

The stranger stared at Benteen and his very brief "No" had a grudging arrogance in it.

"If you're hungry," stated Benteen, "go over to the mess shack and tell the cook I authorized a meal."

"Thanks," said the stranger. "But if I was hungry I'd eat my own grub."

Benteen let the obvious dislike slide by, nodded, and went on to the stables. The man's unfriendliness toward the army was the reflection of a common attitude on the frontier. These civilians in the territory wanted protection, but many of them disliked the kind of law that went with it. They were a tough, headstrong lot; and some of them feared the uniform—any kind of uniform. Benteen dismissed the man from his mind for the next hour, but later, when he left the stables and cut around the breaking pens in the last late flash of the day's sun, he saw a scene that stopped him in his tracks.

THE stranger had gone over to officers' row and stood now by Harriet Mixler's dobe, facing Lily Marr, who had her back to the dobe's wall. He held his hat in one hand and he was speaking, using his free hand persuasively. Benteen observed that the girl made no kind of answer. She remained still, shoulders pressed against the wall, as if afraid or as if angry. Presently the stranger reached into his pocket and produced something, offering it to Lily Marr. When she made no move to accept, the stranger jerked her hand toward him, slipped the gift into it and waited. Lily Marr flung the gift downward to the dirt.

This was when Benteen moved across the parade, his long legs traveling fast. The stranger wheeled around at once. Benteen observed the wire-tight expression on the man's cheeks, and the white-hot temper in his eyes. "Captain," he said in a way that was a thorough warning, "we're doin' well without your help."

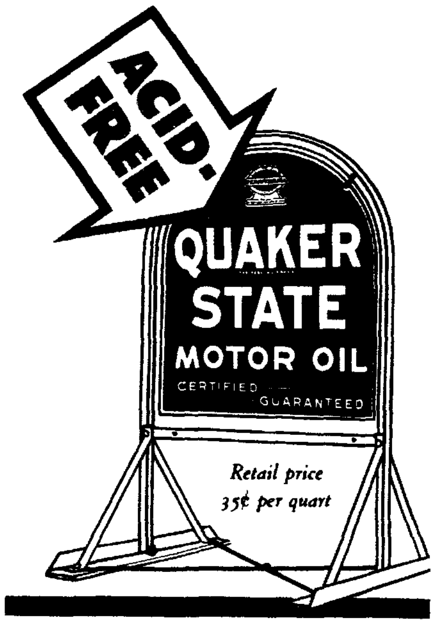
Benteen spoke to Lily Marr: "You know this man? You want him around?"

There wasn't any fear on her face that he could make out. Her reserve held; it was definite and cool. She said: "I know him but I don't want him. Tell him to pick up his money."

(To be continued next week)

THE SIGN OF Oil Purity

Motorists tell us what a comforting feeling it is to see the familiar green-and-white Quaker State sign wherever they may go on their travels. Here is *safety!* Quaker State has earned the implicit confidence of the car owning public because it is pure . . . ***acid-free.*** Each drop of oil is rich full-bodied lubricant, heat-resistant in the highest degree. For care-free motoring, make ***Acid-Free Quaker State*** Motor Oil *your* choice. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.



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The next time you buy a pack of gum—try Teaberry. You'll be pleasantly surprised at its better taste, and you'll like its fine *lasting* flavor. Everybody likes Teaberry.

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CHALLENGE YOUR TASTE *with this* NEW SENSATIONAL GUM!

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IFOR THOMAS

Fun, fine exercise and lots of fresh air bring out the bike addicts in ever-increasing numbers

Free Wheeling

By Lillian Genn and Ruth Carson

America is rediscovering one of its finest and—if you obey the rules—healthiest sports. The bicycle is back, seven or eight million strong

ON THEIR bicycle built for two, James and Elizabeth Young honeymoon from San Francisco to New York and back. College kids cycle through Virginia, jotting down notes for their American history classes—and having a whale of a time. Evan Earle, artist, on twenty dollars and a bicycle, covers and paints the U. S. A. Whooping down upon their Youth Hostels, strategically spotted for overnight stops, youngsters on bicycle tour are out seeing the world under their own power.

For today, when it is a commonplace to travel faster than the wind, to circle the globe in a few flashing days, the two-wheeler, pumped along by your own two feet, has the lure of contrast. You see things best that way. You stop and start as you wish. You need no fat pocketbook, and what would you do with a wardrobe trunk? What's more, the girls say it's the best beauty treatment yet.

So, bicycles are out seven or eight million strong, and growing stronger; taking advantage of fine highways to roam the country.

The current bicycle bug bit hard out in Hollywood in 1934 when the movie stars took to wheels for the sake of fun and their figures.

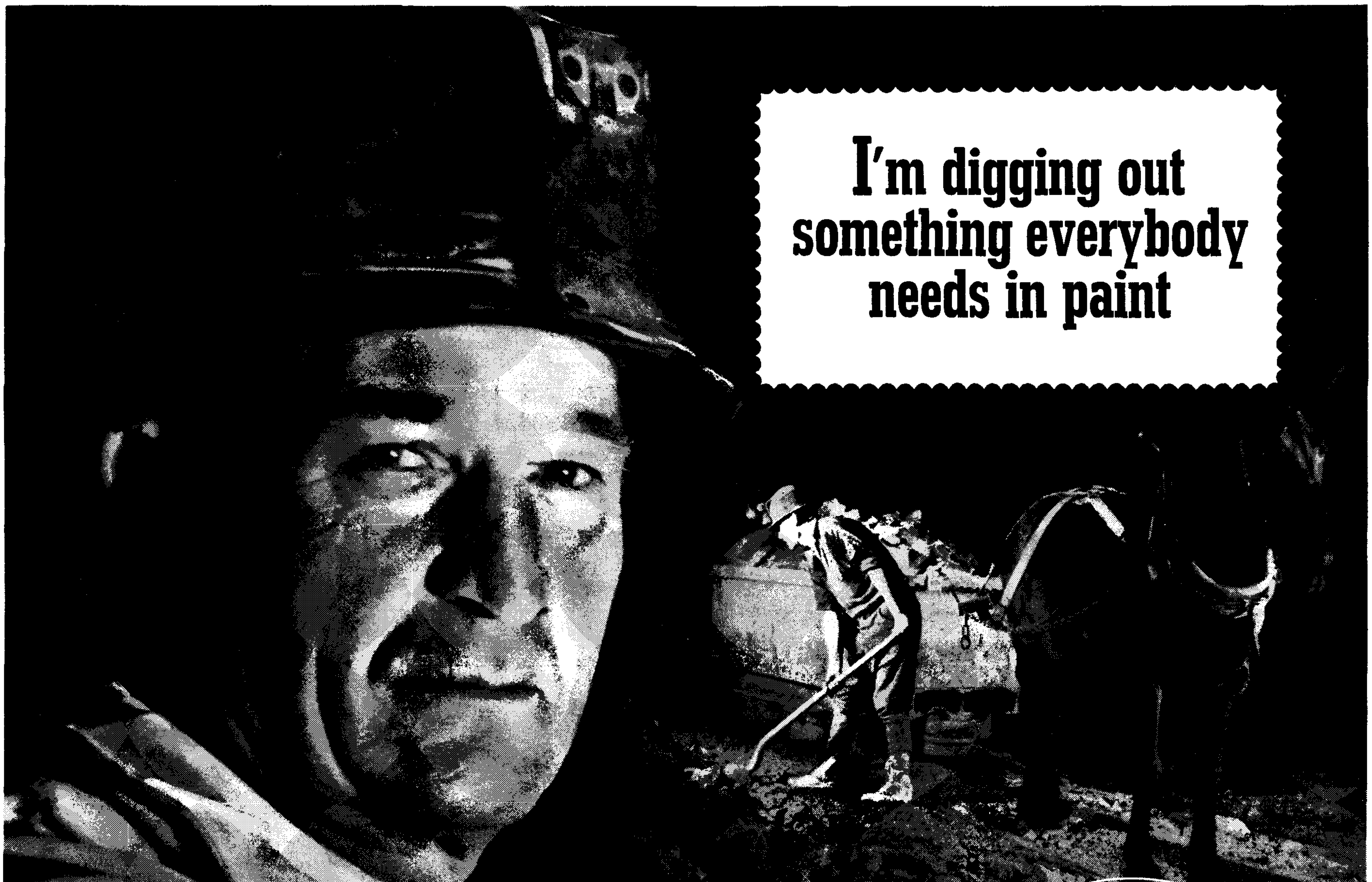
In New York's Central Park daytime finds the young fry dominating the bicycle beat. But in the early morning hours watch out for a Who's Who of the entertainment world. There's Sheila Barrett, not mimicking anyone, but riding along proper as you please. Eddy Duchin and Guy Lombardo, Zorina whipping up an edge to her breakfast appetite, Mr. and Mrs. Lauritz Melchior riding tandem, Enzio Pinza, basso, and Elizabeth Rethberg, soprano, all biking away for fun and fresh air. Of a sunny week end, there's a mass move to the Park, with as many as 2,000 wheels tooling along the drives.

The present bicycle boom has put on the road in the past three years over three million bicycles, half of the last eleven years' production.

Many of the bikers in the country are between twenty and thirty-five years of age—old enough to know a good thing. Some first took to the wheel as a substitute for a gymnasium or because the doctor ordered it. ("You can't," says Dr. Charles F. Bolduan, director of the Bureau of Health Education in New York, "enjoy a nervous breakdown on a wheel.") But once away with the wind in their hair and the sun on their backs they are bicycle addicts for sure.

Since trippers love company, the established bicycle clubs are also having a boom. (The St. Louis Cycling Club has just celebrated its golden anniversary.) In Detroit and Cleveland, the clubs have hundreds of members.

In New England there's a Federation of Bicycle Clubs, with fifteen



I'm digging out something everybody needs in paint

YOU don't need three guesses to tell what I'm talking about, because my job is mining lead.

And lead is the starting point for making a durable paint.

You see, they make the purest lead into white lead.

And white lead is used in making paint.

When you look at such ancestry, it's not surprising that pure white lead paint is able to stand up under the attack of time and nature.

In case you think I'm grinding my own ax, just ask any painter who knows his stuff. Ask him what he'd paint his own house with. I can tell you what his answer will be—"white lead."

So take it from an old lead miner, you can't beat a paint that's made from lead. And this is one case where the best is really the cheapest.

LEAD INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION
420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

It takes experience to do a good paint job. For the paint on a house is only 1-200th of an inch thick, and it needs to be skilfully applied to give real protection. Pictured here is one of the many things a good painter knows — how to lay paint at corners to protect the points where clapboards join.

You're money ahead...when you use
White Lead

local groups. They're sticklers for safety measures and correct cycling. Want to give you a test, yearly licenses, yearly inspection.

Since highways were built for motor traffic, safety is one of the prime concerns of the cyclist, and the separate bicycle path his idea of heaven. In Florida he's already achieved it in shell roads at Miami Beach and Daytona. In the New York City area Park Commissioner Robert Moses, a bicycle bug himself, is enthusiastically laying out fifty-eight miles of private paths. One path winds through Van Cortlandt and Bronx Parks, along Pelham Parkway and thence to Pelham Bay Park, where a quarter-mile bicycle racing track with bleachers and field-house facilities will be constructed.

A ten-mile stretch for the Brooklyn rider runs along beautiful Shore Road bordering closely on New York Bay, where he may sniff the salt air and watch the ocean liners come up from Quarantine. When the New York World's Fair shuts up business, the park it leaves behind will be girdled with cycle paths.

Another measure on the cyclist's behalf is marking off special lanes by white lines. You can sight-see in Washington on your bike by sticking to the streets marked off in this fashion.

If you get up early enough at Atlantic City, you can have a straightaway on the boardwalk which is, till nine in the morning, turned over to cyclists. And everywhere there are the byways.

Tricks of Long-Distance Cycling

But before you head for the horizon listen to James Armando of Hartford, Connecticut, the first Easterner to cycle to the Coast, who points out the simple tricks of long-distance riding, which are right for the short haul, too. A member of the American Olympic Cycling Road Team of 1924, he ought to know.

"Take it easy," he says, "until your muscles are accustomed to the strain. Then step on it.

"Pedal evenly. Don't drive harder with one leg than with the other.

"Pedal straight. If you stick your knees out at an angle, you not only look comical but you lose power. Keep your legs parallel with the frame of your wheel and use their full driving force by flexing the knees straight forward."

Another thing you mustn't let him catch you doing is riding with the arch of your foot on the pedal. Keep the ball of the foot on the pedal, and flex the ankle at top and bottom of the stroke. In this way you can keep the tension evenly on the chain through the whole revolution, and that is one secret of smooth, speedy and effortless riding.

Furthermore, if you want to do this thing right, you will keep your shoulders steady—then your wheel will be the same. Adjust your saddle so that your heel can rest lightly on the pedal at the bottom of the stroke. That is the best position to avoid leg cramp. Don't wear a tight belt or tight shoes.

Your safety on the highway is chiefly up to you, since even the roistering truck driver is pretty sure to give the bike the same courtesy an ocean liner accords a sailboat. Obey the same traffic regulations he has to, and you'll be all right. But the American Automobile Association, on behalf of the harried motorists, asks you please to take heed of the following suggestions:

Obey traffic regulations, especially Stop and Go lights. Give hand signals when you want to stop or turn.

Have a warning signal on your bike, preferably a siren. A bell is too faint when you want it most.

Don't ride too fast. Don't hook onto automobiles. Ride with both hands and no passengers on the handle bars.

Have a headlight, and a taillight or reflector.

Don't coast in traffic. Apply your brake slowly.

Give pedestrians the right of way.

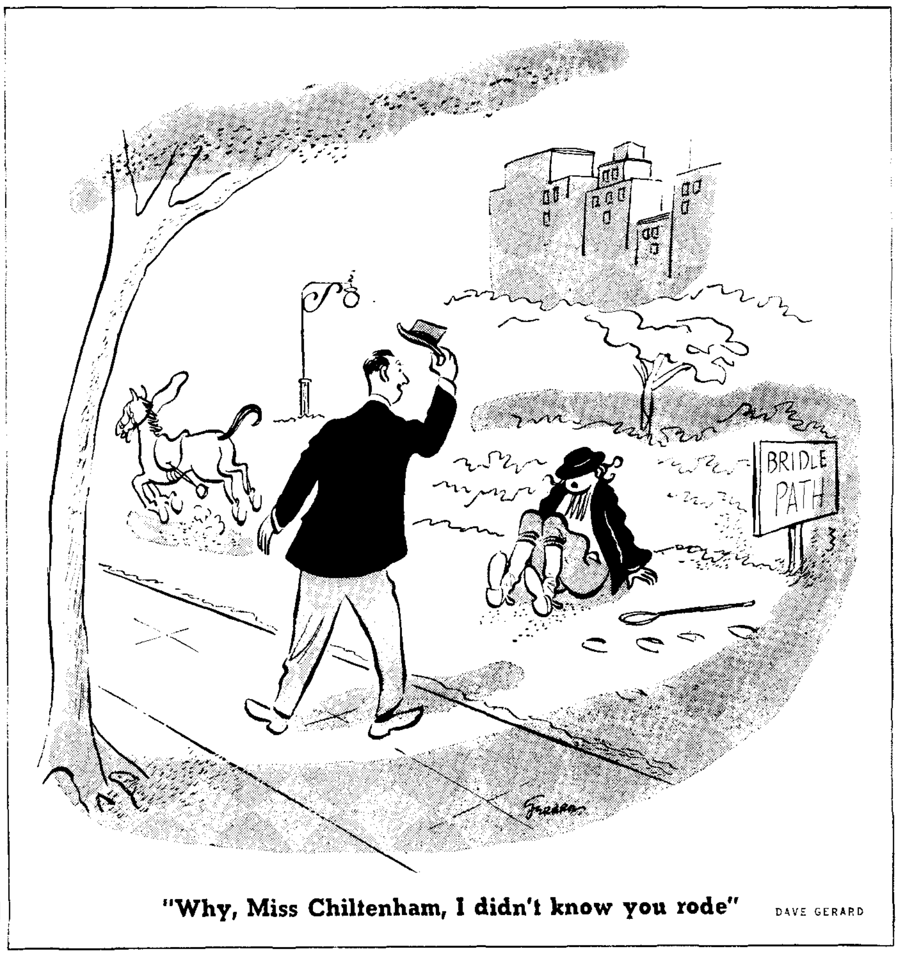
Sound your siren when approaching intersections, but look and listen yourself, too. Keep away from heavy traffic.

Keep to the right and close to the curb or roadside. Look out for cars pulling from parking places.

Don't pass cars. When a driver wants to pass you, pull over to the right.

Don't weave in and out of traffic, cut across streets or turn between intersections.

Park your bicycle on the sidewalk.



"Why, Miss Chiltenham, I didn't know you rode" DAVE GERARD

CELOTEX SAFETY SEALED CONSTRUCTION
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*For the size room shown, 13x22 feet, including both Celotex Interior Finish and labor to apply it. Cost will vary, of course, with room conditions and dimensions and local labor costs.

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Euthanasia: To Be or Not To Be

Continued from page 16

dim in vision: an unsuccessful operation for glaucoma was carried out in it. Later, two and a quarter years ago, he had some backache, and one day some blood appeared in his urine. The right kidney had to be removed and was found to be the seat of a hypernephroma tumor, which is often malignant. This one was.

After a couple of years of well-being there came upon him a tendency to cough, with occasional bloody sputum, and there appeared, here and there, over his body, small shotty masses, some the size of buckshot, a few like shrapnel bullets. He cannot have more than three or four months to run, for these multiple tumors, in that time, must certainly invade vital mechanisms.

Deception as a Social Expedient

In the meantime, however, though weak, he is only occasionally in severe pain, and the most severe pain in the right arm has been successfully stopped by an alcohol injection into the cervical spinal nerve roots. He is, for days at a time, pretty comfortable and says so. He conducts his business affairs by telephone and interview. He avidly reads the news of the day. He is passionately interested in following political developments on the Continent, and his particular business experiences have given him great knowledge of conditions in Europe. To boot, he is a man endowed with a happy nature, lacking any streak of underlying melancholy. He has the gift of gladness, by nature unaware of himself, with no capacity for self-pity (and surely the sin against the Holy Ghost is to be continually sorry for yourself!).

It seems as though this mortally sick man really has hope of his own recovery. He asked whether Florida sunshine would make him well and should he go there? He was told he was hardly strong enough at present to make the journey. After he had gathered up his forces a bit better, we would see about it. This not telling of the "truth" is in no sense a deception of the sick. Indeed it may be almost a social expedient, like any other white prevarication, to smooth the hard places of living and preserve the appearance of dignity and good manners.

In order that a man who is sick unto death should be able to ask to be released from living by due process of law, it would be necessary for a doctor or a committee of doctors, looking that sick man in the eye, to tell him that he had come then and there to the end of the road. That interview, as I have said, would strip him of something which through all his pain had sustained his spirit.

And further it would leave him bereft of the power of performing those little courtesies to assuage the grief of those about him which every sick man wants to be able to perform. If the doctor has already passed sentence of death, and all about him know that this has been done, the ritual of the wife's morning visit—"How are you?" "Thanks my dear, I think a little better"—becomes a horrid mockery, and the common words of solicitude and good sense die on the lips of them both.

And the law is slow. Imagine a scene, after the doctor has passed sentence, of the sending for the lawyers. There would be certainly several, for the Bible tells us that where the body is the eagles are gathered together! The filling out of forms, necessary for government action, probably in triplicate. The finding, perhaps, when all the blanks have been filled (including no doubt, the statement that the man about to be mercifully killed has received a high-school education!), that the notary has gone for the day and will only be back after lunchtime tomorrow. Then this bundle of forms must go to a judge. Possibly, if this sort of euthanasia should become the law of the land, not every judge would be willing to affix his signature to such a document, and people would have to scurry about looking for a judge, acquiescent and kindly in this regard. Then perhaps the form gets lost in the judge's chambers for a day or two, under a pile of his papers. And when it finally has been found and brought back, who is going to carry out the sentence of death?

I am sure not I. To carry out the behest of a committee in this regard is altogether too grisly a notion for the profession of medicine to stomach. As doctors, most of us ease a dying man in his hard and necessary road but I am sure that that is a gentle and beneficent service and not at all to be confounded with being made a myrmidon of murder.

After all, humanity is a workman under sentence of death—with reprieves. But the fear of death sometimes is not emotionally important to us; the hope of reprieve now is. Even the criminal condemned to die is sustained, up to the end, throughout his vigil by the hope that something or anything may happen to cheat "the dread Fury with the abhorred shears that slits the thin-spun life." When such hope cannot be longer nurtured, there must be accorded to the man about to die an opportunity to keep up his decent dignity and good manners which live often in such circumstance only as the ritual of hopeful words.

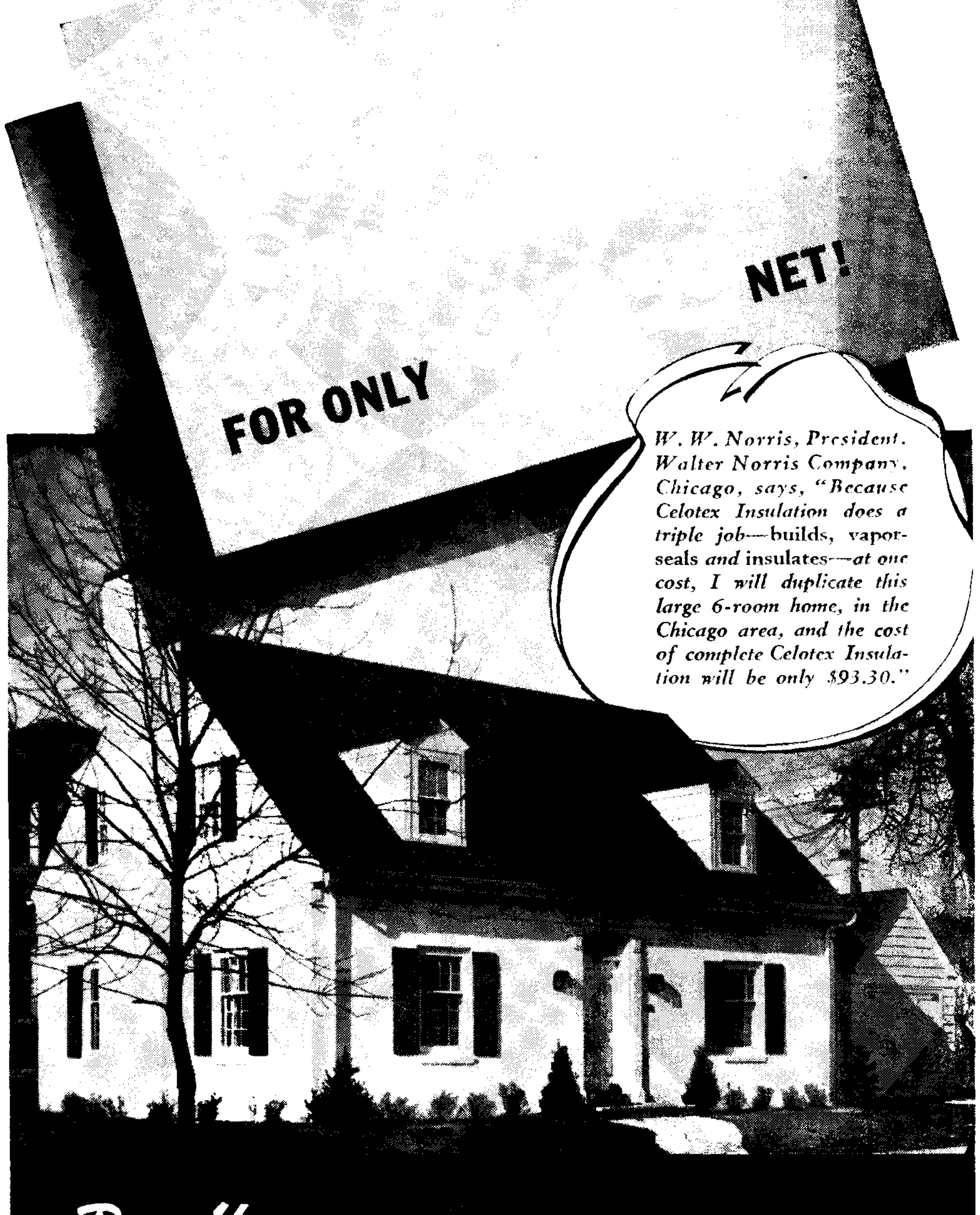
One of the best-known surgeons in New York State, in his middle fifties, noticed in the mirror one morning, while shaving, a lump behind his left collar bone. He felt it, and one cannot but believe must have known its malignant nature the moment he touched it. Two or three weeks later he began to have some discomfort and pain in his chest, to cough a bit, and once in a while he brought up blood. He was taken care of by his colleagues who, of course, among other things, took very many large X-ray photographs of the chest.

Hope That Surmounts Truth

Treatment by radium, for the malignant tumor within his thorax, was instituted; but he grew weaker. Two or three weeks earlier he had begun to be troubled with headache and frequent vomiting. It was perfectly apparent to everyone connected with the case, and must certainly have been so to him, that a secondary malignant tumor—fatal—was growing in the brain.

The moment I entered his room he greeted me from his bed, and before I could reach him said he was glad I had come, as he wanted to talk to me about his encephalitis (that is an infectious disease affecting the brain, often recovered from). I took my cue from this remark of his, and after my examination we argued at length whether he should go to Florida the following month by boat or by train. We decided gravely that he should go by boat. He died soon after and, of course, never saw Florida. His wife had done more than three years as a medical student and he must have known that she was aware of the truth of his situation. But he had taken the precaution of never asking to see the

THIS NEW 6-ROOM HOUSE



W. W. Norris, President, Walter Norris Company, Chicago, says, "Because Celotex Insulation does a triple job—builds, vapor-seals and insulates—at one cost, I will duplicate this large 6-room home, in the Chicago area, and the cost of complete Celotex Insulation will be only $93.30."

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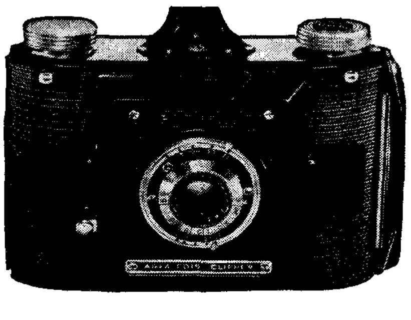

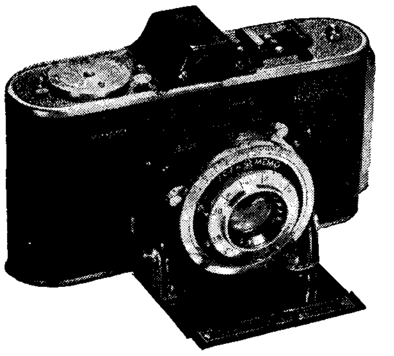

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X-ray plates of his chest so that he could pretend that he expected to get well and thereby maintain the decent courtesies of the sickroom. For when hope is gone, there must surely be no outward aspect of despair.

A distinguished physician, a close friend of my own, went through a similar but longer illness than the surgeon's just spoken of. He maintained his happy appearance, as far as was possible, to the end, usually saying each day he felt a little better. Once, when I was alone with him for ten or fifteen minutes he said with a whimsical smile, "You know it's a strange experience to go through a long illness like this; to be the center of everything happening in the house and to have to hold one's front and position for the benefit of all the others."

Remember, too, a man of this gentle and courteous nature, were euthanasia legalized for him, might feel it his duty to relieve his family of the burden—or beauty—of caring for him long before he had lost his ability to be interested in the affairs of the world, or in his love of some people in it.

The widow of a famous New York physician who, during her widowhood, had been living in France was sent back to America by her doctors in Paris, with all the evidence of an inoperable abdominal cancer. She had been a great singer. For six months, in frequent physical discomfort but with laughter and the love of friends and music, she lived in a hospital, with the given diagnosis of a—probably hopeful—"localized tuberculous peritonitis."

One day she demanded an exploratory operation, and couched her request in such a way that it was impossible to refuse. Next day she said to the surgeon, "I wasn't out of my room twenty-five minutes for the operation, so you must have found there was nothing to be done for me."

The surgeon then told her that such was indeed the case. Next day she was most unhappy that she had forced him to tell her the facts and said, "I more than half knew the truth, but as long as I did not know it certainly, I could smile and keep my courage up."

Physical courage, if combined with hope, is the common denominator of mankind. The valor of the body seldom quails but its implementation by a dream of a continuing future must be supported as long as may be, not crushed, by the physician.

Freedom for Imprisoned Souls

But, as has been already said, the case is far different with nature's mistakes; here the brain, damaged beyond repair, perhaps in birth, life's first hazard, lacks power to grow. Here there can be, after five years of life, no error in diagnosis, nor any hope of betterment even to near normality. Nor is there mind enough to hold any instillation of a dream to live by; no hope either of normal dying. To these unfortunates we surely might be allowed legally to grant a dreamless and unending sleep.

But many may say: "But these creatures have immortal souls." To them, I would answer, in all respect and reverence, that to release that soul from its misshapen body which only defeats in this world the soul's powers and gifts is surely to exchange, on that soul's behalf, bondage for freedom.

It would be wrong to narrate here the sad procession of these deformities—on the outskirts of every community are kind institutions where their hopeless care is wearily carried on. A week ago there came a man of forty bringing his idiot girl of four, unable to sit up or speak. She would follow a light and look toward a sound—and that was all. The heart and lungs and digestion were perfect. With such care as he gave her she might live seventy years. The mother's absence from the clinic was explained by her having had to go back to work, for she could make more on full time for the household than could her carpenter husband who could only get work three days a week. So they'd swapped jobs and he—flabby in body and dulled in spirit—stayed home to mind what he called "the baby."

Asked if a neighbor woman couldn't help him, he said quite simply and without resentment, "No, they won't touch an idiot." He'd tried to find full-time work but in his search he had to take the child along with him—and, "When they see the look of her, there's nothing doing."

So these fine folk are hopeless and on a cleft stick. It was possible to set them in the way of eventually having their futile burden taken care of in a charitable place, but they'll feel their contribution must always be paid, and on all their holidays and Sundays these two people will lower their value to each other by trudging wearily to see, without benefit to any, what should not be seen at all.

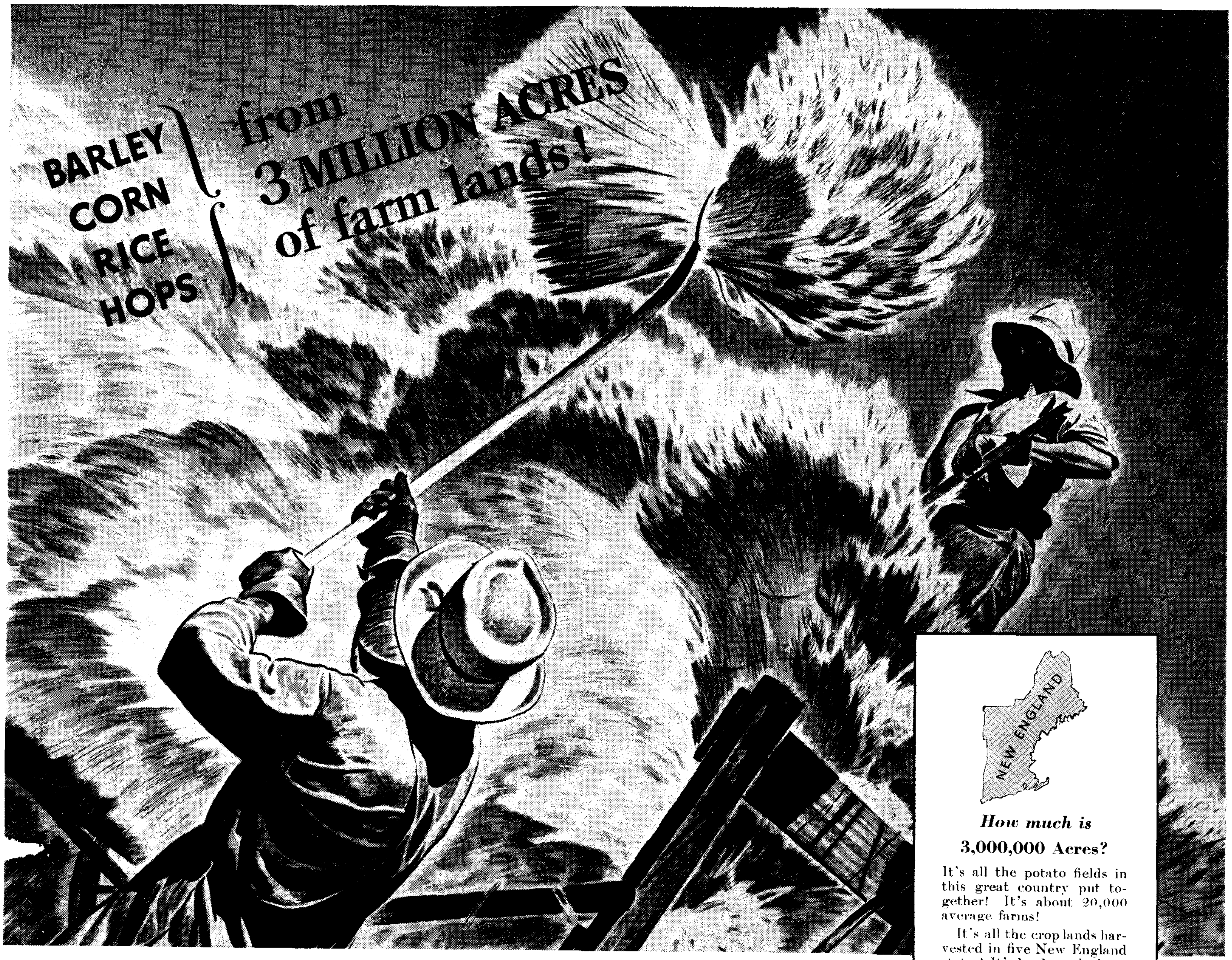
Why Perpetuate Our Imbeciles?

So I am opposed to the legalization of euthanasia for those persons who, having been well, are now ill. I believe it would be for the general good that euthanasia be legalized for creatures born defective, whose present condition is miserable and whose future, in the opinion of a properly constituted board acting under state authority, is hopeless. Action here should come on application of the guardians of the defective individual. The decision to grant euthanasia to such patients should be ratified twice, at four-month intervals, before lethal action be taken.

May I quote here the decision of 1927 given by Supreme Court Justice Holmes in another—but cognate—matter, the sterilization of the supremely un[illegible] "We have seen more than once that the public welfare may call upon the best citizens for their lives. It would be strange if it could not call upon those who have already sapped the strength of the state. In order to prevent our being swamped with incompetence, it is better for all the world if instead of wanting to execute degenerative offspring for crime or to let them starve for their imbecility, Society can prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind. The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover the cutting of the Fallopian tubes—three generations of imbeciles are enough."

The law is a tissue—a garment to be exactly fitted to the body it clothes. It grows and shrinks with the growing and shrinking of that living organism—sometimes too loose, sometimes too constricting. If the vital body of our society grows large with the ideas set down here in writing—which are new to us but indeed are as old as man—then the law covering it as a garment must grow also. But growth must in both be gradual. We can proceed to the complex from the simple. We must not attempt to aim or to draw laws for the idea of euthanasia as a whole. I have tried to indicate where these ideas could be most mercifully applied with the least, the minimal, chance of error, and I have warned of those problems in which our wisdom and judgment may sometimes err.

For the present, let things be as they are for the man bound in pain for a while (a civilization that deliberately refuses all suffering has already slipped from virtue). Our ways of assuaging pain grow apace. But let us try to relieve of living the young person or child who should never have lived at all.



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Court Day

Continued from page 14

"Sure," Tim said, disbelief in his voice.

The crowd broke and filed back into the courthouse. Ernie was the last one in. What happened then was news to none of them. For the crime of killing and butchering out a Spade beef with which to feed his family, Joe Williams was found guilty by a jury of townsmen and sentenced to ten years in the Santa Fe penitentiary.

Out by the iron watering trough again, Ernie saw the arrangement of these waiting men was a little different this time. If trouble was coming, it would come now, and he hated the thought of it. It was patience that saved men, patience and waiting, and he wondered if these men would wait.

WHEN the deputy came out the door with Joe Williams, it was Comer whom Ernie watched. The crowd stirred, gauging Comer's hand. It was a good one. Joe Williams, handcuffed, walked beside him. On Joe's other side was Ferd Willis, and on the stage top across the street were three Spade riders, rifles in hand.

Comer was so sure of himself that he paused to touch a match to his cigarette, a big man with thick shoulders and a proud way of carrying his young head.

In front of Ernie, Joe Williams said to Comer, "Can I talk to Ernie a minute?"

Comer liked the risk. He nodded and signaled Ferd Willis to step aside and then coolly surveyed the courthouse yard, knowing he and poverty had these silent men whipped.

Joe Williams said to Ernie, "She's goin' over with the Littlefields, Ernie."

"She'll be all right there, fine."

"She can raise a garden. Pay for her keep."

"Sure."

"Look," Joe's face was curiously attentive. "If she runs into any hard luck, you'll know it, won't you, Ernie?"

"I'll look out for her."

"That's what I mean. Thanks."

Ernie put out his hand and Joe took it wordlessly, a little of the bitterness and desperation in him mounting to his eyes.

Ernie said, "You find someone up there that can write, Joe. Keep the letters coming. We'll take care of her."

"So long," Joe said. Comer, seeing they were finished, threw his cigarette away and stepped up to Joe's side.

Tim Bone, from behind Ernie, drawled carefully, "Joe, you break out up there and I'll hide you."

Comer's gaze whipped to Tim. "Easy," he said.

"Mind now, Joe," Tim drawled.

Comer touched Joe's arm and they stepped into the street and crossed to the stage. Seconds later it rolled out and Ernie said to Tim, "Goin' upstreet?"

"In a minute," Tim murmured. He was watching Comer and Willis, who had turned and were coming back to the walk. Slowly the crowd was breaking up, drifting toward the stores.

Ernie sat down on the watering trough again, his sober and homely face watchful. Comer passed him and stopped in front of Tim.

"Your advice is likely to get him shot," Comer observed.

"I'd liefer get shot than spend ten years in Santa Fe. So would Joe," Tim drawled.

"If the rest of your friends feel that way about it, then tell them to leave the Spade stuff alone."

"You might tell 'em yourself."

"I'll do that," Comer said quietly. "Now move on." Tim showed no intention of moving. "Move on, I said."

"I heard you."

Ernie's quiet voice interrupted them. "I want to talk to Tim, John."

It was a graceful exit for Comer. He nodded and walked up into the courthouse, big and confident.

"Come on," Ernie said, and Tim joined him.

Court day always brought a crowd to Warms, but today there were horses at the tie rails whose brands hadn't been seen in town since last fall. They had come to see what Bill Friend would do to one of their own people, and they had found out.

Ernie stopped in front of the Emporium and Tim said, "See you down at the saloon?"

"Later, I guess," Ernie said.

Inside, he bought a sack of groceries and some dress goods with five of his last ten dollars and later, when nobody was looking, he left them in Littlefield's buckboard and went on downstreet.

Deputy Sheriff John Comer was talking to Martha Friend in front of the express office as Ernie hit the sidewalk, heading toward them. For a brief second, Ernie contemplated turning around, and then he gave it up. But he didn't want to see Martha after today's happenings.

Before Comer had come he had seen something of Martha, taken her to dances, and once he had taken her to the Fourth of July barbecue out on Tuesday Creek. But when old Bill Friend made it plain that Ernie was no different than any other range-stealing nester, Ernie quit seeing her.

Martha saw him first, and the surprise on her face was pleasant, Ernie saw. She smiled quickly, bent her arm at the elbow, raised her hand and wiggled her fingers in a wave to him. Ernie felt a flush of pleasure. He touched his hat, not intending to stop.

"Ernie," Comer called.

Ernie paused now, wheeled and walked over to them. Martha put out her hand and smiled again and said, "You're almost a stranger now, Ernie."

"It's a long ride from the San Jons, Martha. How've you been?"

SHE said fine and Ernie saw she was lying. Behind the welcome in her eyes lay a sadness that Ernie had seen once before, on the night when she listened to him and her father argue whose was the rightful side in the division of the San Jons basin range.

He wanted to say more, but there was nothing he could say without bringing in today's trial, so he looked up at Comer.

"I've got a favor to ask, Ernie." It was more like a command, and Ernie studied the man's face. It was not a kind face, not cruel either, only hard and lean and determined, almost humorless.

"I'd like to have you move your boys out of town before dark," Comer went on.

"My boys?" Ernie echoed.

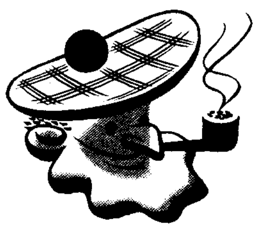
"Yes. All the small outfits lined up against Spade."

Ernie watched him until he was finished and then looked at Martha. Her eyes avoided his, and he returned his attention to Comer. "Why me?"

"You're the only level head in the crowd," Comer said. "They'll listen to you."

"Not when I talk that kind of foolishness," Ernie said quietly.

Comer rubbed a finger along his lower lip and said just as quietly, "It's not foolishness, Ernie. I mean it. They've



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got to be out of town at sundown."

"Why?"

"Spade is here in town and there'll be trouble."

"Ever think of movin' Spade?" Ernie murmured.

Comer looked thoughtfully at him and then shrugged. "All right. Don't bother."

Ernie's temper was crowding him and he knew it and didn't care. "How long you been here, Comer? Four months, isn't it?"

"Five."

"You aren't a Basin man," Ernie went on slowly. "When old Sheriff Baily died Bill Friend saw a chance to buy his own law. One way or another, every commissioner on that county board was in debt to Bill, so they voted with him. They voted to bring a man in from outside and they got you." He paused. "Begin to understand?"

"No."

"You were appointed, Comer, not elected. You're not our man. We'll take somethin' like happened today. It may take us five years to swallow it clean, but we will. Just don't crowd your luck until you know us, that's all."

He looked at Martha and touched his hat and left them.

THE wind sent a rising sheet of grit against Budrow's saddle shop across the street. It caromed off the false front and raked the Spade ponies tied in front of Prince's Keno Parlor and Saloon.

Ernie walked past them and beyond Grant Avenue, toward Dick Mobely's Gem Saloon, his tramp deliberate as always. His anger had already dried up, and in its place was a deep knowledge of defeat. If he carried Comer's word to the men down there at the Gem, all his work, all those patient hours of reasoning with them, would be canceled. Men, even men ground to the ways of poverty, would take only so much. He had nursed their pride along with his own, had reasoned them into taking the long view in the face of the knowledge that Joe Williams would doubtless be convicted. They would be angry now, but he could swing them to his side again—but not if he carried the red flag of Comer's word to them.

They were all here, clotted at the bar or sitting in chairs hauled over from the poker tables. There was no drinking, for drinking took money and they had none.

The talk didn't stop as they made way for Ernie. He packed his pipe and then dragged up a chair to the edge of the circle. Ed Horstmann, from out on Tuesday Creek, was speculating on just how much nerve it took for Comer to bring Joe Williams out to the stage in front of the crowd. Miles Overbeck regretted that they hadn't made a try for Comer, and Tim Bone laughed.

"Hell, it takes just one bullet," he said quietly, looking at them. "Just one bullet." When he came to Ernie, his glance passed him quickly.

"Maybe that's what we ought to do," Ed said. "Draw straws, maybe, or cut cards for him. Anyway, have a try at him. Or somethin'."

Ernie said, "You do, Ed, and you'll see your kids carrying this fight."

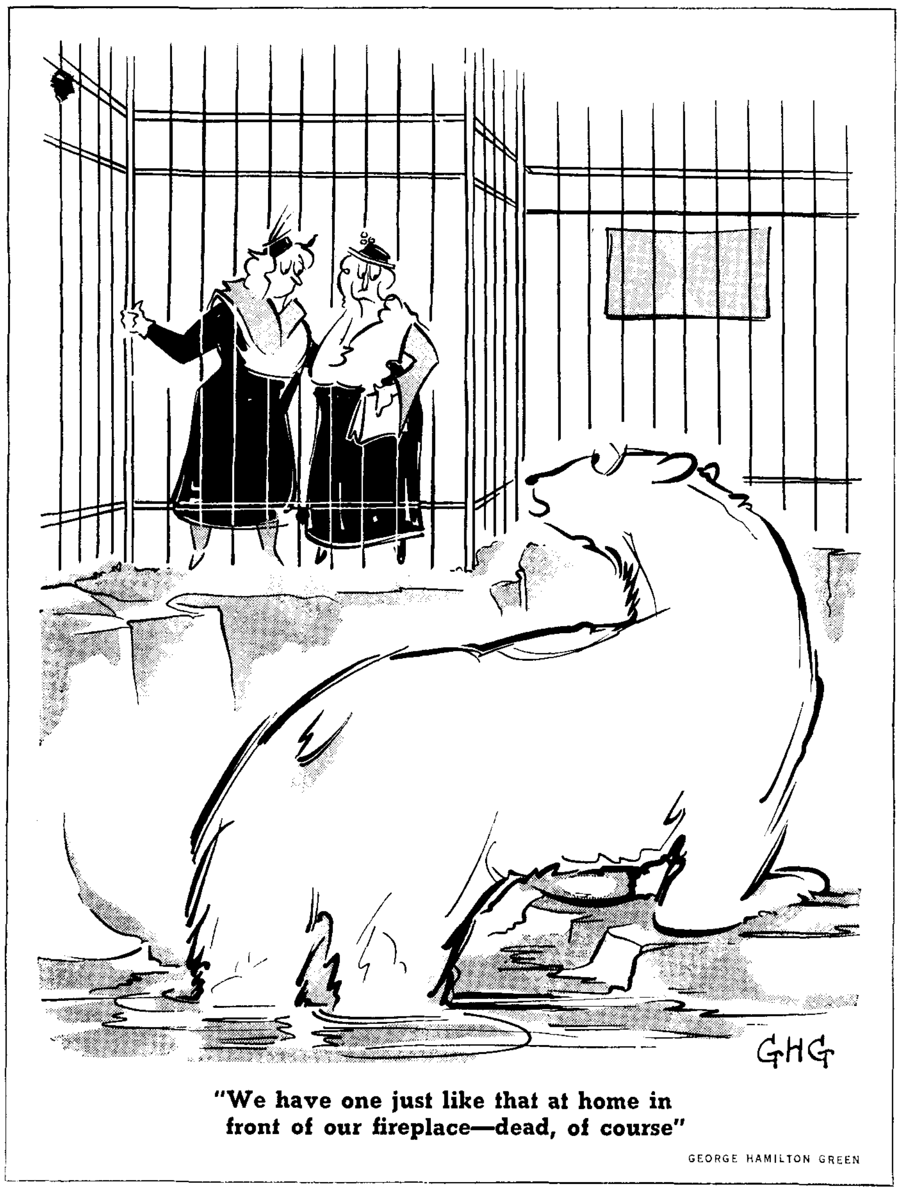
Ed laughed. "The oldest is only six."

"That's what I mean."

Ed looked over at him and opened his mouth to speak. Tim Bone put a word in before him. "It's either that or pull stakes for most of us, Ernie. You too."

"There's an election coming," Ernie pointed out, as he had done before.

"Next fall," Miles Overbeck said. "Hell. I ain't even got alfalfa to boil up for grub. Bill Friend sent a rider out last week while I was away, to stake my well for a homestead. The corner come right



"We have one just like that at home in front of our fireplace—dead, of course"

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TRUVAL KEEPS YOUR APPEARANCE UP . . . YOUR EXPENSES DOWN

on the floor of my shack and damned if he didn't tip over my stove to drive his stake. I can't even drink."

"I know," Ernie said.

"You don't know," Tim said harshly. "If you did, Ernie, then why you arguin'?"

Ernie shifted in his chair. They were willing to listen to him; they always were. "You feel that way about it, pull up into the San Jons and live off the country till election time," he said. "Don't sell your places; don't give Bill Friend a claim; just pull out and wait."

"The other way's easier," Miles said.

"You know how it's comin' out," Ernie said slowly, repeating the old argument. "Why don't you wait? We'll vote Comer out next fall. After that, we'll give Bill Friend enough water and range for his needs and then it's done. But go at it with guns and he'll drive the lot of us over the mountains for good."

Tim Bone said, "Hell!" and walked out.

Max Troutman said, "Ernie, why you figure to play it that way? You was never afraid of a fight."

ERNIE knocked his pipe out on his heel and pocketed it and then looked up at Max. He was back in the groove of the old argument, and he recited it as if it were new.

"We start pickin' and choosin' the laws we like and we ain't got any laws at all." He watched Ed Horstmann's face, which was eager to believe. "We got votes. We're Americans. And we elect our sheriffs by votes. If we can hang on this summer, we can vote Comer out—legal. And we'll vote in a fair man in his place. After that, Bill Friend will pull in his horns and leave us alone. But if we let Comer crowd us into gunplay, we're done." He looked at their faces. "What's the matter? Ain't you got the guts to starve a little for your places?"

Ed Horstmann said, "You're damn' right," and the argument started anew. Ernie knew how it would go. After an hour of talk Miles Overbeck would rise and say to Horstmann, "You goin' home, Ed?" and the meeting would break up. Safely, Ernie hoped, looking out under the swing doors to see how long the shadows were.

It worked out that way. Miles was on his feet, waiting only for a break in the talk to speak to Ed when Marty Beshears walked in. He came straight to the chairs and something in his face made Max Troutman cease talking. They all looked over at Marty.

"I just saw Comer," Marty announced, his eyes hot, his voice contained. "He's givin' us till sundown to clear out of town."

Nobody spoke for a minute. Ernie found them watching him, but he kept silent. There are times you can advise men, and there are times you can't.

"Well?" Marty said.

"Is that so?" Ed drawled. He tilted back his chair, turned his head and spat into the sawdust. Then he stood up. "I'm goin' up to Prince's and watch the games for a couple of hours."

A voice from the door, a cool commanding voice, said, "I don't think so."

It was Comer. He had both thumbs in the top of his wide leather gun belt. Ernie felt his stomach coil hotly. The fool! The whole sorry mess would blow up in their faces now. Comer would be killed and so would a couple of others and the war would come out in the open. Ernie opened his mouth and saw it was no use and shut it again.

Ed Horstmann said quietly, "Stand over, Marty, and let him open the ball."

Ernie slid off his chair toward the wall, his hand falling to his side.

It was then that Tim Bone shouldered through the batwing doors. He had a gun in his hand and he came to a full stop some five feet inside the door, gun leveled at Comer, and said, "Hold it!"

Comer watched Ed Horstmann for a full three seconds, and then swung around to face Tim Bone. There was something in his face that told Ernie he knew he had made a mistake, and that he wasn't backing down.

"That's right," Tim drawled. "Turn around and take it in the belly."

"I said you're leavin' town by sundown," Comer said quietly. "Now get out of my way."

Tim Bone only said, "I don't reckon."

Comer didn't move. His iron bluff had failed, and a kind of panic crawled up into his face and was smothered. He shuttled his glance to Marty Beshears and got no help, and it was then he knew he might as well make his try for what it was worth, which was exactly nothing.

Ernie said sharply, "Tim, wait!"

Even as he spoke, he walked forward, knocking over a chair in his haste. He swung his body in between Comer and Tim and flipped both Comer's guns onto the floor. Then he reached up and took Comer's badge between his fingers and roughly ripped it off his shirt, taking a triangle of cloth with it. He grabbed Comer's upper arm and swung him roughly into a chair facing a table, and before Tim Bone could protest he turned to Dick Mobely behind the bar. "Paper and pen, Dick."

He got them and put them before Comer. Nobody else had moved. Ed Horstmann had his gun unlimbered now, and was scowling.

"That's for your resignation," Ernie said swiftly, pointing to the paper. "Write it out to Bill Friend. When you're through with that, write another to him and tell him to move Spade out of town right now!"

Comer picked up the pen, twisted the wad of inky paper from the ink bottle, dipped his pen and wrote in quiet haste.

When Comer had signed his name, Ernie ripped the sheets off the tablet, wheeled, and said to Tim Bone on his way out, "Just wait a minute, Tim. Just one minute."

BILL FRIEND was in the Stockman's House lobby talking with Judge Morehead over in a corner. Ernie walked straight to him, tossed Comer's badge in his lap and shoved the papers at him.

Bill Friend's tired face was wary. He took out his spectacles; then, sensing the urgency in Ernie's manner, he forgot to put them on. Holding the papers at arm's length, he read the first one. Without comment he turned to the second.

His eyes were hard and speculative. "Where is Comer now?"

"Down at the Gem with a gun to his ear," Ernie said quickly. "All you got to do to get him murdered is sit there and ask me questions."

Bill Friend scrubbed his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Murdered?" Judge Morehead murmured.

Ernie didn't even look at him. He was watching Bill. He said, bitterly, "Ain't you rubbed it in enough for one day, Bill?"

Bill Friend didn't look at him. His glance roved the lobby, settled, and he called, "Ferd."

When Ferd Willis came over, Bill Friend said, "Get the boys together and go on out. Now."

Ferd looked at Ernie and grunted and went out. Ernie turned his back to Bill Friend and followed Willis as far as Prince's, where Ferd turned in. Dusk was settling rapidly and the wind was dying.

At the Gem, Comer was still sitting in his chair. He had peeled a sheet of paper from the tablet and it lay torn in small pieces on the table top. Sweat runneled his cheekbones; he looked hard at the table.

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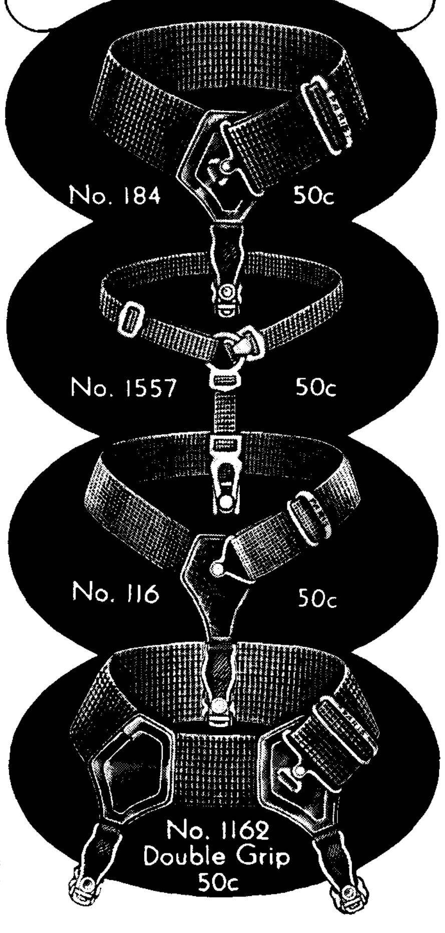

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Ernie stopped in front of him and he looked up.

"You're through," Ernie said mildly. "As soon as Spade gets moved out of town you better get your horse and ride out in the other direction."

He looked around for a chair and hauled it up to the table and sat down across from Comer, hearing the scrape of leather as Ed Horstmann holstered his gun.

"Damn you," Ernie said mildly, putting his elbows on the table, "I don't mind jumpin' on a man when he's down. Not on you anyway. If you don't clear this country by tonight you'll walk into a bushwhack inside another twenty-four hours."

HE ROSE and walked to the door and stood in it a minute, his gaze directed upstreet. Tim Bone watched him, his gun sagging a little.

Ernie turned his head and said, "All right, get out."

Comer rose and walked past Tim without looking at him, his boot scuffing one of his own guns on the floor as he went. He passed Ernie and turned upstreet, his walk a little less hurried.

Ernie felt a little sick with the slackened tension. He let the door swing to and walked over to the hitch rail, placing both hands on it and hanging his head. The sudden explosion of voices from the inside welled out, and he turned away. There was a chance now. It had taken that threat of violence to crack Bill Friend. He had made a concession in moving Spade out of town, and if he could make one he would make more.

The court-day crowd had left town. Blank spaces gaped at the tie rails, and the street was quiet.

Ernie found himself walking toward the Stockman's House, and checked himself. He was ravenously hungry, but the meal at the hotel cost a half dollar. Too much. He fingered the coins in his pocket and then turned back and went into the Palace Café.

He was alone, and glad of it. Thinking back on this day, there was some order to it, some hope come out of it. If Comer would leave, if it was in the man to see wisdom, then there was something to work with and build on.

Finished, he stepped out of the Palace and paused on its step, reaching for his pipe. A rider passed, his face turned toward Ernie, the muffled clopping of his horse's hoofs in the thick dust the only sound. It was Ferd Willis, and he turned his head quickly, without speaking. Someone cursed a horse down the street.

Ernie stepped down onto the boardwalk. From across the street in the darkened doorway of the express office, someone called, "Ernie!"

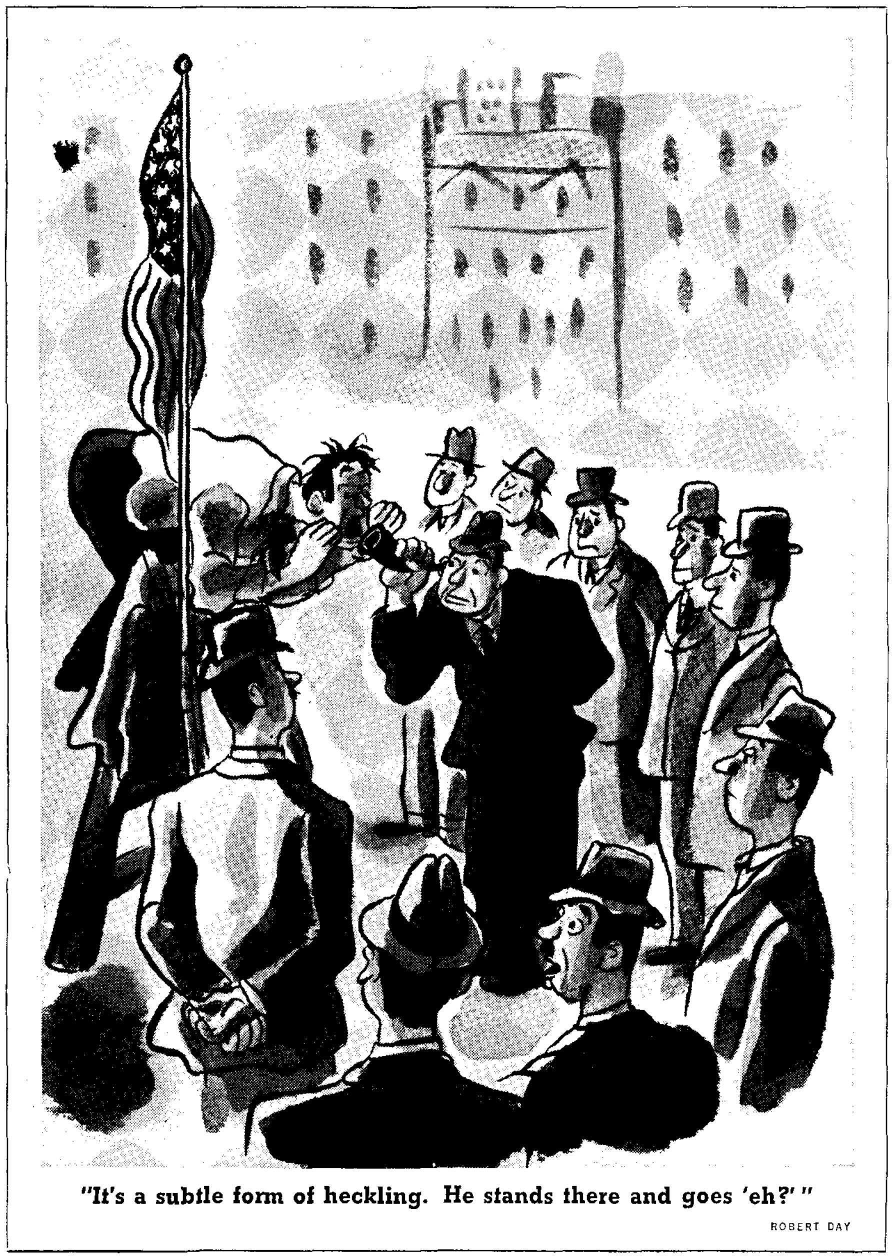
Ernie stopped, half-turned. Ferd Willis pulled up his horse and looked over his shoulder, for something in this voice was urgent and angry.

John Comer swung under the hitch rack and stepped out into the street. "Make your brag again, Ernie," Comer taunted, walking forward.

Ernie didn't move. He watched Comer as he came to a stop in the middle of the street, and he wondered at the savage anger in the man's voice.

"You heard it," Ernie said quietly.

"I thought I did," Comer said. He reached down and pulled out his gun, and Ernie heard the distinct click of its cock. A wild haste seemed to be pushing Comer. He shot as the upswinging arc of his gun was only half completed,



"It's a subtle form of heckling. He stands there and goes 'eh?'"

ROBERT DAY

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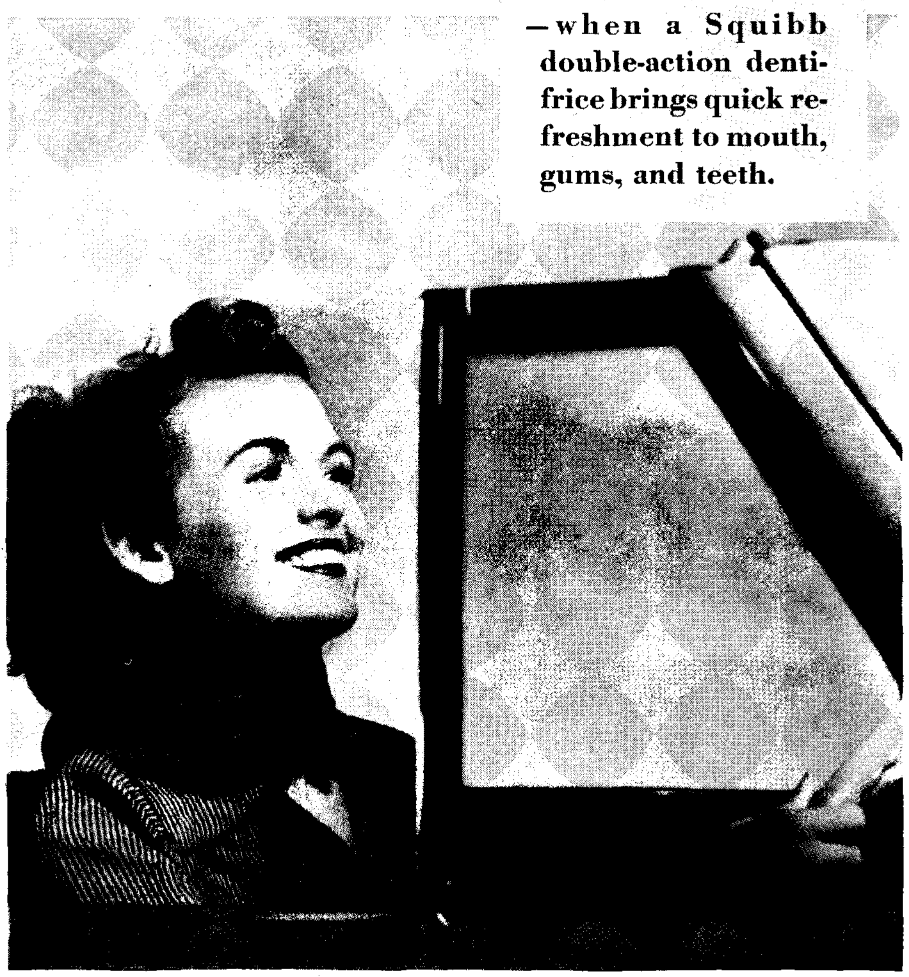

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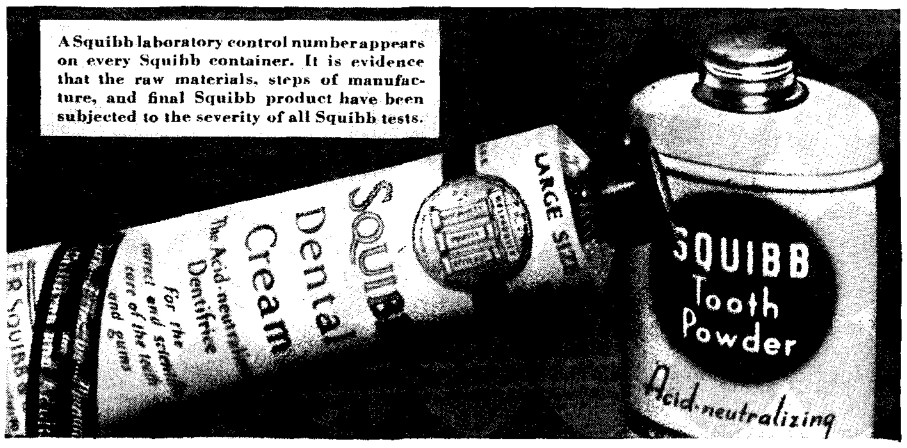
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and the bullet smacked against the boardwalk, shaking it. His second shot was higher, and it slapped into the glass front of the store. The whole pane collapsed, jangling to the boardwalk.

Ernie reached down and brought out his gun, his breath held, and swung it up, moving smoothly. When the sight caught the light shirt of Comer, he fired. Comer shot once more, his slug rapping hollowly on the false front of the building, and in the same motion he sat down in the road. He put both hands to his chest and gagged, and then tried to get up and fell on his side, later rolling on his face.

Ernie walked over to him. Ferd Willis put his horse around and walked it back. Someone from Prince's ran up and then knelt by Comer, and by that time there were two more men there.

Ernie looked up at Ferd Willis. "What's your story, Ferd?" he asked quietly. Tim Bone, breathing hard, stepped over to Ernie's side.

"There's no question," Ferd Willis said quietly, without fear. "Comer tried to get you."

Ernie's glance shuttled to the low porch of the Stockman's House. A cluster of men stood on the steps, among them Bill Friend and Martha.

"Maybe you better tell Bill that right now," Ernie said. "Come along."

Ferd Willis put his horse in at the tie rail, and Ernie joined him. There were others now following.

Ernie stopped on the walk, and suddenly remembered he had his gun still in his hand. He holstered it, listening to Ferd Willis' steady voice. When Ferd was finished, Bill Friend said nothing, looking out at the people gathering in the road. Both he and Martha were facing Ernie, so that their faces were shadowed from the light behind them. It made a little golden halo around Martha's head as it touched her hair.

"Yes," Bill Friend murmured.

Tim Bone said quietly, "There's one of your deputies, Bill. How many more we got to fight?"

"None," Martha Friend said firmly. She put her hand on her father's arm and he looked at her in a tired way and did not speak.

Martha said to them, looking at Ernie, "This never would have worked and we all know it. It's an election you want, isn't it? For sheriff?"

"Yes, ma'am," Tim Bone answered.

"And the commissioners can set a date for it?"

"Any time," Max Troutman said.

"Then they will," Martha said. She looked up at her father. "Can you give them your word for that, Dad?"

Old Bill Friend never looked more weary. He watched Ferd Willis for several seconds, his eyes speculative, and then shifted his gaze to Ernie. "Yes, I can promise that." He turned and walked inside.

THOSE on the steps, all except Martha, walked out in the street to look at Comer, leaving Ernie to face her.

She stepped down to the walk, watching the men clot around the spot on the road, and her face was grave. Then she looked up at Ernie. "It's been a long wait, hasn't it?"

"Long enough," Ernie said.

Martha was silent a moment, and then she said, "Do you remember how it used to be, Ernie—before all this started?"

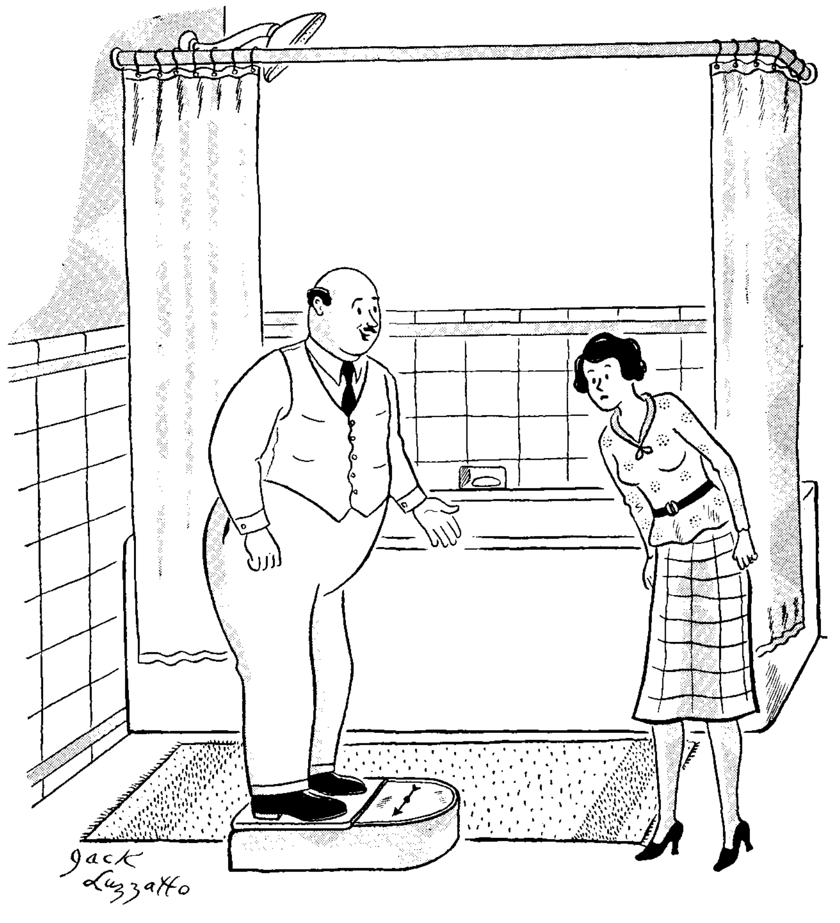
Ernie nodded, mute.

Martha put a hand on his arm, and smiled fleetingly. "It's been lonesome for me too, Ernie."

Ernie watched her closely. He parted his lips to ask, "But what about Comer?" and then remembered that figure out in the road. Martha shook her head slightly, as if she understood what he was about to ask and was forbidding him to ask it.

"Good night, Ernie," she said, and went quickly up the steps.

Ernie Manners thought he could see an end to patience, then. He put on his hat and went out into the road, steeling himself against the questions he would be asked. There would be an end to them, too, someday, because there was an end to everything a man hated to face but faced anyway. He had learned that again from her.



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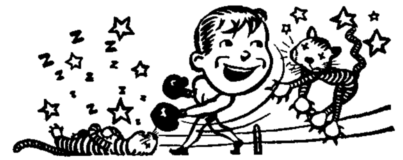

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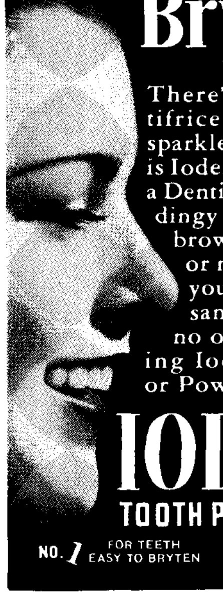

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South End of the World

Continued from page 18

channel tide, let's see what it's all about: If you want to get from the South American west coast to the east coast you have either to make the transit at Panama, or get past Cape Horn. You can go around the Horn, if you like, but most ships don't. The usual route, nowadays, is down a three-hundred-mile inside passage along the southwest coast of Chile, and then around inside the Horn through the strait discovered by and named for Ferdinand Magellan or Magallanes, as the Latins call him. The strait adds another three hundred miles to the inside passage, but saves two hundred miles of open, gale- and fog-ridden ocean around Old Stiff.

It is more than four hundred years since Magellan sailed into the eastern entrance of the strait, past Cape Virgenes. It took him more than four months to tow and sail his cranky fleet through the waterway and out past the Evangelistas and Cape Pillar into the open Pacific.

Rolling Down the West Coast

For more than three centuries Magellan's strait was practically worthless to everyone. Sailing ships, bound around the Horn, found it almost impossible to make the passage either way—the winds came every which way and the snow and rain fought against the iron men on wooden ships. It was faster and safer to buck the prevailing westerlies and the giant gray seas and icebergs south of Old Stiff—the longest way round was the shortest way home.

But, when steamships started to spin wakes around South America, the strait was rediscovered. Today, the freighters plow through it—if they can find the northern entrance between Cape Raper and San Pedro Island, or the western mouth three hundred miles farther south, through the fogs and rain squalls and heaving seas. There are no passenger ships using the strait. A Chilean line runs from Valparaiso to Magallanes City; an Argentine line runs from Buenos Aires to the same sheep town. Occasionally, a tourist ship goes through—but that's all. Around the Horn today few ships ever go.

Most of the popular belief that Old Stiff is invariably wild and tempestuous is a leftover from windbag days—when "rounding the Horn" was the world's toughest trick and sometimes took a ship a month of battling continuous head winds. But there are times when the sun shines and the sea rolls glassily and you can land in a boat in a small cove on the western side of Horn Island. Incidentally, you can shove off from the east side of the cape and sail a straight line clear around the world to the west side without seeing any land—and being almost sure of continuously favorable winds.

Only a few travelers from North America go through Magellan each year on the deep-laden deck-loaded lumber ships bound for the River Plate. But, if you'd like to come along—

You go rolling down the west coast, riding pitching tugs ashore to half a dozen small ports, each with an attendant city a dime's worth in a bus from the wharf—Chiclayo and Trujillo, Pisco and Mollendo, Callao and Valpo—which is the ocean name for Valparaiso, the Vale of Paradise of some Spanish romantic. From Callao—which is not Cally-o, but Cal-yow—you bus it to Lima, the Peruvian capital where the main attraction is Pizarro's mummy in a glass case and where the Senado and Congreso are labeled like movie shows, in electric lights.

In Valpo, you have a choice of routes: You can fly the six hundred miles to Buenos Aires, across the Andes, in a few hours. You used to be able to ride a train across the Andes, but some years ago miles of the Transandean line were avalanched out on the Argentine side of the hump. The road has never been rebuilt. Crossing today is a tedious trip up to Los Andes at the summit, then for miles by truck over ex-mule tracks, then by another train across the plains to the River Plate.

But we're going around by the Horn, 2,800 miles—ten days for a lumber ship, if the weather's good. . . . Don't worry—it won't be.

Gus—Heaven knows how he got that un-Spanish name—comes aboard at Valpo and the ship heads south, the stern swinging fifty-foot figure eights through the huge swells.

It takes a long time to sail down Chile. If you spotted the north boundary of the republic on the U. S.-Canadian line, the south end—Cape Horn—would be south of Panama. But at its widest Chile is only as far as from Chicago to Cincinnati, 294 miles.

Two or three days out of Valpo you keep a sharp eye out for a light on the port bow. This will be Cape Raper. Steam on a few miles and you see Cape Tres Montes, with no light at all. That is, you see it if fog and rain squalls don't interfere. If they do, you either steam circles until the fog clears, or take the outside route. At Cape Tres Montes you make a fifteen-degree turn to port and keep a lookout over your starboard bow for a light on the north end of San Pedro Island. Between cape and island is the entrance to Smyth Channel. From the island, a chain of islands runs southward, parallel to the coast, serving as a breakwater against the swells sweeping westward from New Zealand.

From San Pedro Island, it's a fight to get the ship safely down a crooked waterway, beset by blizzards, terrific local hurricanes, fog, snow, hail, rain and darkness. The sun almost never breaks through; the currents run twistingly at high speed; the turns are so sharp that a 10,000-ton ship can hardly make them.

They Have No Homes

In the wheelhouse the barometer had dropped rapidly. "You can't go by that," remarked the Old Man. "Down here the weather works faster than the glass—the barometer just can't keep up. Most times, it just follows the weather around. . . ."

The Old Man, peering ahead, jerked the whistle line for one long one. Out from a small, fog-shrouded inlet shot a long dugout canoe, shoved across the chop by short oars plied by Channel Indians—the Alikulufs. They were hardly more than half human. Typical canoe Indians, they were physically like the Siwashes of our own Northwest Coast—heavy, muscular chests and arms, short spindling legs. They wore little—odd remnants of old pants, coats, sweaters, tossed from passing ships.

"They live on fish and berries and mussels mostly," says Gus, who has been through the channel a couple of hundred times. "They are all—how you say?—nomads. No homes. Just a few branches for a leanto, wherever they happen to be.

"The Chilean government, it once sent three missionaries down to get the Alikulufs into a settlement. But it was no use. So now we just leave them

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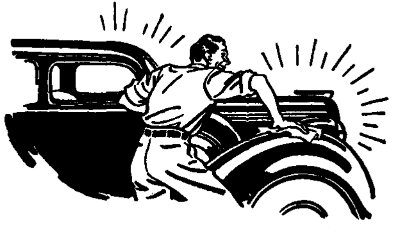

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TRUE TEMPER
The Golf Shaft of Champions

alone. There are not many of them left. In a few years . . ."

The canoe was alongside the ship's galley now. The cook tossed down some hunks of dry bread. A passenger dropped a carton of cigarettes. The Indians yelled hoarse thanks and dug in with their oars, splashing through the short seas back to their inlet.

"Nobody knows the Indians' language," offered Gus, stamping back and forth from wing to wing of the bridge. "They're just sort of animals. Now, down in Tierra del Fuego, south and east of here, they're better. More contact with civilization. The only civilized things these Alikulufs know are clothes, tobacco and fire water. Some ships drop them a bottle or two. . . ."

"Guess they can use it in this climate," said the Old Man. He broke off, pointing: "There's one of the wrecks. . . ."

On a half-tide rock by the channel side lay the iron bones of one of the ships that didn't get through. The wind-torn fog scrawled its grim autograph across her rusty plates and crazy-angled funnel. There she lay, with her back broken.

"A good channel marker," sighed Gus. "You come abreast of her funnel and make a 23-degree turn to starboard. If you cannot see her, maybe sometimes you can get an echo from her with the whistle."

"But, most times, not," said the Old Man.

"Well," said Gus, "I have never put a ship on the beach—yet."

A few miles farther on, the ship slides into a dark cove and drops the hook for the night. Most ships do. It's safer—and you can't navigate the channel by the charts.

"If you tried," said the Old Man, "you'd be on the beach in no time. Most of the islands are wrongly placed on the charts. Mariners keep sending in the correct positions to the chart makers, but nothing ever happens."

"Yes," agreed Gus, "it is safer, in spite of the gales, to go around the Cabo de Hornos. But it is four hundred miles farther and that is two days' steaming for a freighter in those waters. So the ships save time—and I have a job."

He threw back his shoulders and tossed a bar or two about Carmencita at a black cliff—Cape Holland—over to port. A faint echo drifted back.

Keep Lonely Vigil

Seafaring nations of the world have left their names around the Horn—Deutsche Reach and Isle Noir; Victoria Point and Boca Grande. West of Smyth Channel, Madre de Dios, Duke of York and Patricio Lynch Islands lie close together. The character of the place is told in Useless Bay, Famine Point, Ultimo Esperanzo Estro—Last Hope Inlet. . . . And, down there, Angostura isn't bitters, but a narrow channel: Angostura Ingles—English Narrows.

Far to the southward, just inside the Horn, is Beagle Channel, with Darwin Bay at its western end, in memory of the evolutionist and the ship on which he did a great deal of his work.

At the south end of Smyth Channel, where the ship turns into Magellan Strait, the long Pacific swell comes in from between the Evangelistas Islands and Cape Pillar. Most storm-racked lighthouse in the world is on the Evangelistas. There, three hardy Chileans keep watch for three lonely months at a stretch—and often longer if the lighthouse tender can't get to them through the sea mountains.

"One of those keepers," related Gus, "he wanted to save money. So he stayed at the light five, seex years. Then he comes into Magallanes City and he is so excited he blows in six years' pay in three weeks. Now he is back, saving up for another seex years'—how you say it?—bust!"

Distinction of having the world's worst weather goes to the western end of Magellan Strait. The unimaginative South America Pilot, a mariners' guide produced by the United States Hydrographic Office, takes time out to comment that:

"Westward of Cape Froward the weather is undeniably very bad. It is probable that no portion of the globe frequented by man experiences the year around worse weather. Winter and summer alike, rain, snow, hail and wind are absent only for very brief periods. There is absolutely no fine season."

The freighter skippers with frozen noses, peering out through the gray scud, boil it down to: "Two kinds of weather—lousy and worse."

Graveyard of Ships

Like all inside passages, the strait is a ships' graveyard. How many hulls have discovered new rocks and left their bones to mark the discovery, no one knows. But there are usually from six to a dozen wrecks visible, and in the almost complete absence of lighthouses the pilots steer along from wreck to wreck. The hulks of ships of all nations are here—Germany's Setos and Utgard; England's Gulf of St. Vincent; France's Atlantique; America's Harmattan. When the Harmattan struck not long ago, the captain and chief engineer had their wives aboard. The girls, with their husbands and most of the crew, lived for days on a barren wind-swept island before a tug took them off. They were lucky.

A dark headland looms up ahead in the channel. The gray water swirls in tide rips and pot holes. The ship feels the tug and thrust of the currents. This is Cape Crosstide, marking the meeting of the two great oceans. Although Crosstide is the actual meeting place of the seas, most mariners put the junction some miles east, at Cape Froward. The weather usually changes at Froward. The fogs, rain squalls and snow are left behind. The sun comes out.

The black, snow-spotted cliff of Froward is the mainland end of the American continent—the jumping-off place for the mighty mountain backbone that starts 'way up in northwestern Alaska and winds down, with a gap at Panama, for 12,000 miles to dip into the southern ocean in the gloomiest strait on earth.

On past Froward is Magallanes City, a sheep town of 35,000 people, claimed by Chile as the farthest south city in the world. It is connected with the rest of the world by a road of sorts, to Buenos Aires, a four-day drive. It is the end of the slowly lengthening Pan-American Highway. Maybe you'll be able to drive to Magallanes a few years from now.

Magallanes, which is better known as Punta Arenas, is only about as far south of the equator as Prince Rupert, British Columbia, is north of the line. Its farthest south boast is contested by Argentina, which puts forward the claims of Ushuaia, a penal colony of about 2,000 people, down in Tierra del Fuego.

At Magallanes the ship stops briefly and Gus and his charts and his baggage go down the ladder to the tug. He bawls an Adios and the tug trembles as his baritone shakes her wheelhouse. The ship swings on her heel and is lined up for the last long reach to nor'eastward and the open Atlantic.

A few hours later she's out past the white tower that marks the Chile-Argentine boundary; out past Dungeness Spit and Cape Virgenes. She swings north with the westerly gale hammering the seas against her slab sides, rolling forty degrees, fighting for five knots—headed up for the River Plate.

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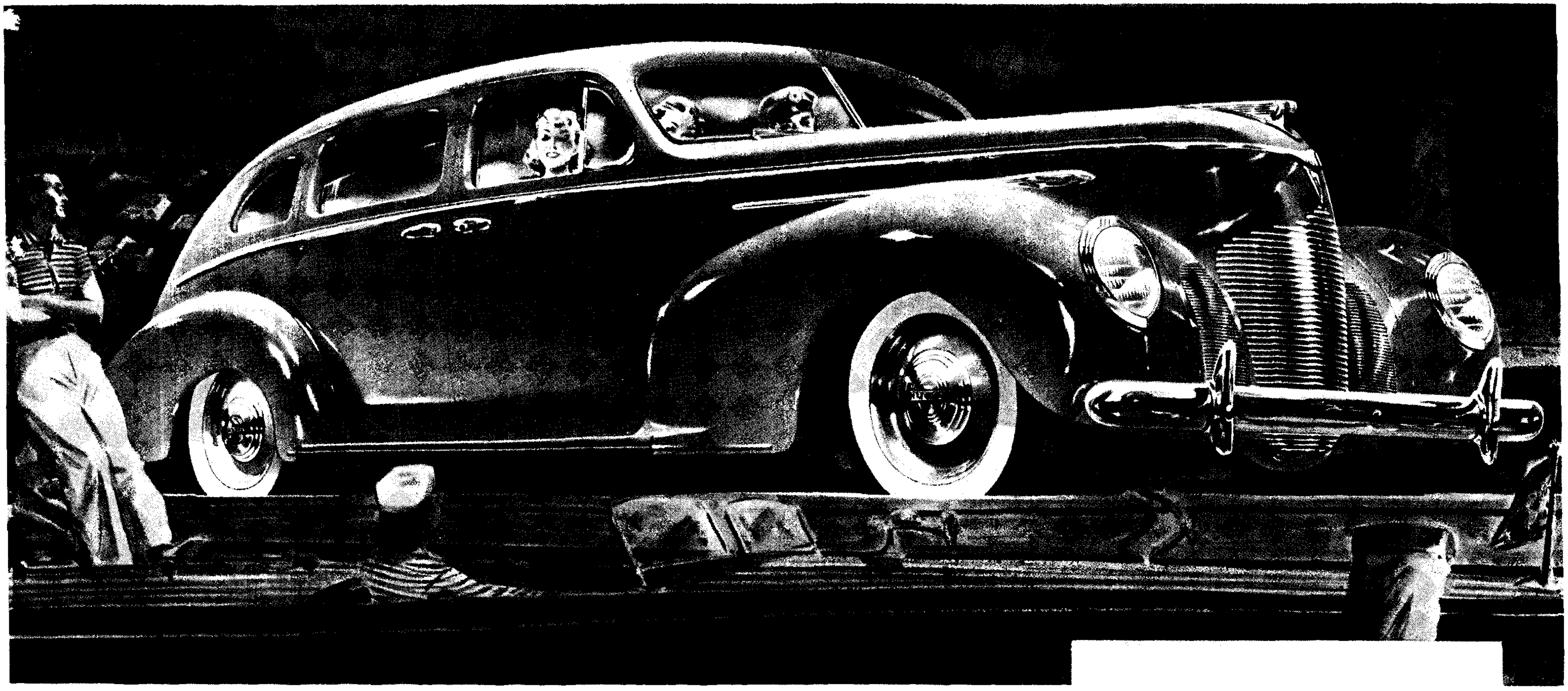
*Car shown is New Hudson Six Touring Sedan, $854**



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The Assassin

Continued from page 20

open and a moment later the thud of a body on the cobbles in the courtyard below and the woman's voice moaning, "My son, my son!" until she could moan no more.

"What can I do?" Mansac asked the darkness.

Once again he asked it of Kordin as they walked through an autumn fog.

"Others ask that and make plans," Kordin answered slowly.

"Do you know some of them?" Mansac asked timidly.

"I know one group," Kordin said. Then, bluntly, "I am putting my life in your hands now."

"No, no, you need not fear me. I shall never tell!"

"I am a member of one group," Kordin said.

"What does the group do?"

"We are sometimes assigned work," Kordin continued. "Three times I have had to tack up placards. Once I had to put leaflets in every locker in our store."

"I should be glad to do anything."

"We are always at the mercy of traitors. One member who was betrayed lived in your house. His mother jumped out of the window when he was arrested."

Mansac nodded. "What does your group hope to do?"

"To be ready when the time comes," Kordin said simply. "It will come."

"I should like to be a member, very much." Hurriedly, with his breath catching, he said, "Then I should know. I should know why I continue to live."

ON a spring evening Kordin said, "We shall walk together." They walked silently for some time. Then, "You have told me that you would be willing to take part in something desperate?"

"Gladly," Mansac said sincerely.

"It has been decided to do something. Possibly terror is futile but things could not be worse and something done might make them better."

Mansac asked no questions.

"You have had some experience with firearms?"

"As a boy, hunting rabbits. I was a pretty good shot."

"I have recommended you to our group," Kordin said. "I should like to take part myself but I have a wife and children." He lowered his voice. "Go tonight to a little tobacco store." He gave the address. "Ask the storekeeper for cigarettes and offer more money than they cost. He will give you change. . . ."

In a little store where a kerosene lamp was the only light, Mansac asked for cigarettes and put down a bill. The storekeeper handed him his change.

"Not everyone who wants change gets it," Mansac said, repeating what he had been told to say.

The answer came slowly: "Not everyone is willing to work for it." Then silence, and Mansac thought he heard his own heart beat. After a minute, the old man said, "Open the door in the rear of the store."

The door opened into a small one-room apartment. Five or six men were there, waiting in silence.

One man, somewhat older than the others, spoke. "We are none of us known to one another," he began in a low voice. "No names are to be known or used." He took paper from his pocket. "First of all, I want four of you to step forward and draw numbers."

Mansac was quickest and took the first slip of paper. His number was four.

"Without wasting any words, this is what we plan to do," the leader said.

Here, at last, was something to be done.

Mansac carried out his first command at once. He moved to a house on English Street, the narrow street that led to the railroad-station plaza. The house had been chosen for him. It was two floors high and his room was in the rear. On the first floor was a combination grocery and fruit store run by an old man, Loran, and his wife.

He watched the time go. Mansac's one worry was that His long-eared agents would discover the plan before the time came for carrying it out and that worry made time pass the more slowly. Twice in one week soldiers came to the house in which he lived and checked the people in it. They did not alarm him. They were checking everyone in every house in the block and in other blocks. He knew what that meant: Mansac and his friends had outguessed Him.

Then Mansac gathered with the other men at a final meeting. The same leader spoke to them.

"We left the last details until we knew what He would do," he said. "Tomorrow He and some of His ministers will drive to the railroad station. The route by which He will go will not be announced until tomorrow to forestall any such attempts as ours. One of our friends in the palace has gotten the route for us. Many troops will accompany Him and the procession will move slowly. Every inch of the streets over which He passes will be lined three deep with soldiers facing the sidewalks."

Mansac unconsciously nodded.

"You will take the following places," the leader continued. "Number One!"

A tall, dark-faced man answered.

"You will be just outside the palace gate. Number Two will be on Royal Avenue. Number Three will be at the intersection of Royal and English streets." He turned to Mansac: "Number Four!"

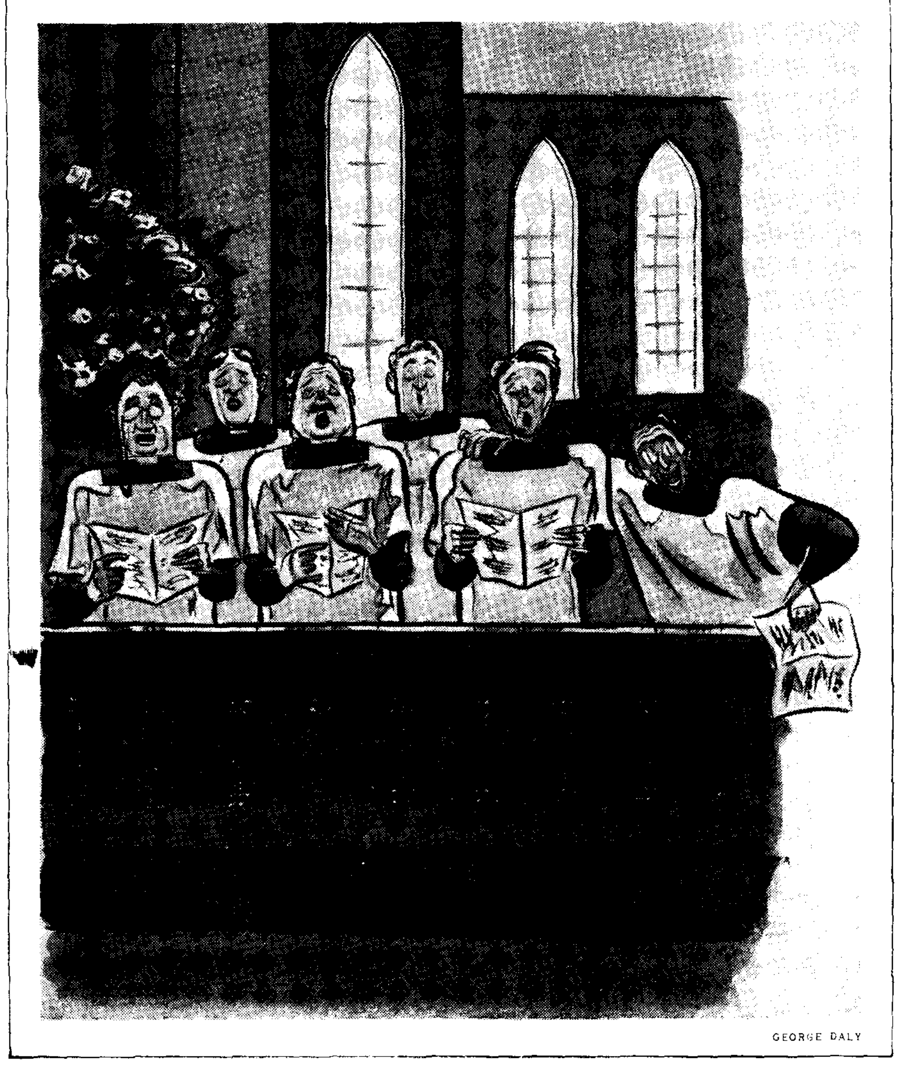
"Yes, sir."

"You will be on the roof of the house you live in." Then he lifted a small but heavy parcel to the table. "Here are your weapons. We shall use automatics and cartridges filled with steel shot. At thirty to forty feet, and you must be no farther away, you cannot miss. Hold the weapon firmly and fire all six shots quickly. If Number One has no opportunity to shoot, let Him pass and Number Two will watch a chance to evade the soldiers lining the street and to fire. It is important not to miss and if you do not have a clear target, let Him go on and the next man may get Him."

MANSAC looked at the other men. Their faces were set, they were listening intently, as if to a fascinating story but one beyond any chance of their own participation.

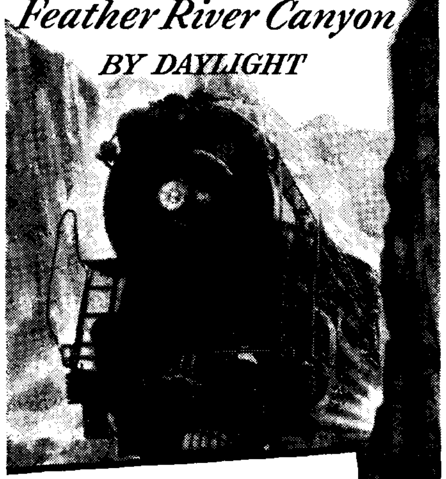
The leader's face was solemn now and his voice grave: "For that one of you whose lot it will be to shoot, I wish you safe escape but tell you that there is little chance. The soldiers and the police will be on you at once. Their boots are hobnailed and their gun butts are solid and heavy." His silence was like a benediction. "That is all, men. Here are your weapons, loaded. Be careful that you are not stopped as you go home with them!"

They left the house one by one and Mansac went along the street alone. For the past weeks he had been one of a group; now, on the dimly lighted sidewalk, he felt completely deserted. The silence on the street seemed artificial, ominous, a curtain of shadow separating him from the roar of the city just a few



GEORGE DALY

Colorado Rockies
AND THE
Feather River Canyon
BY DAYLIGHT



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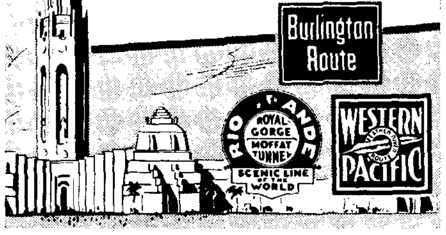

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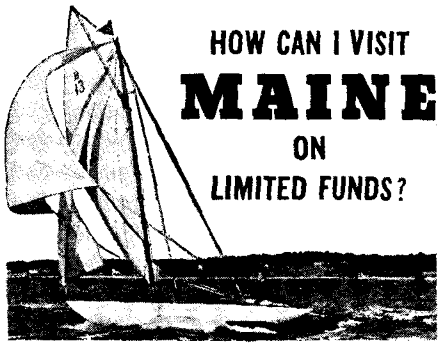

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blocks away. He found that he had quickened his step until he was almost running. That was ridiculous if he did not want to attract attention. Somewhere in the dark one of His agents might be hiding, waiting patiently.

Mansac was sure that the heavy automatic dragged his coat out of shape and that it would be noticed by any observant passer-by. Then he realized that it was neither the automatic nor the silence that motivated him: it was fear. Frantically he repeated that it was not fear for himself, but fear lest he be intercepted before the morrow came, fear that the whole plan would be spoiled.

He turned into a main street now, where the lights were shining brightly. Every pedestrian suddenly seemed hostile and the quicker he was home the better. He steadied himself and thought of a taxicab. He looked down the street, then stopped with a jerk so that the weight in his pocket hit against his thigh. A hundred feet ahead a crowd had gathered in front of a house. By the curb stood three large black vans. Mansac knew them well, the vans of His agents.

To a passer-by he whispered, "What's going on?"

"Searching that house! Some arrests!"

Very carefully Mansac put his hand in his pocket and held the automatic so that it would not swing against anyone. The one thing that would not attract attention or show fear was to walk straight ahead, brushing by the police if necessary. It would be proof that for himself he had no fear. He walked on slowly. Once he thought a man touched him on the shoulder. Several times he was sure that men looked sharply at him. Once he glanced back, certain that someone was following right behind him.

He felt a hand on his arm. "Got a match, mister?"

Mansac shook his head. He was through the crowd. A short distance ahead was his house. Now he could really saunter along with careful carelessness.

The little store on the first floor of his house was still open and Loran, the merchant, was at his counter. Somewhere in the house a child cried, then there was silence. He reached his room, locked the door, and put the automatic under his mattress.

HE WOKE shortly after six and for a moment he lay still. Then he jumped from the bed and pulled up the mattress. The automatic was still there. He examined it. Handling it gave him a sense of freedom, as if this were to be a holiday. Then Mansac sat down on the bed and thought of Him. With His agents. His guards, His ministers, His advisers and informers, He did not know one thing and Mansac knew that. And that was when His end was coming! Here in a little back room, one of the three million inarticulate people in the city, one of the helpless, lonely and weak people, could tell Him that—the one thing He did not know, the one thing that the long ears of His spies could not learn for Him. It was strength-giving knowledge.

He decided that he could even leave the room for a little while. The door would be locked. With a sense of great bravado he went down to the sidewalk and saw marching soldiers. Loran, the old shopkeeper, came up to him.

"Good morning," Loran said.

"What's the excitement?" Mansac asked, as casually as possible.

"I hear that He is going to the railroad station." Then, as if to indicate how he felt about it, "It will be bad for business this morning, with people on the sidewalks and all the soldiers."

A troop of His cavalry clattered down the asphalt, their trappings and their weapons shining. There were so many. Mansac was only one.

"What's the matter with you?" the old man asked.

Mansac was startled. He must not show that he was nervous.

"You're late for work this morning," Loran continued.

"I feel very bad," Mansac said lamely, concerned that Loran should notice his change of routine. "I'm going to my room now," he said loudly.

Back in his room Mansac counted the time. It would be at least two hours more before the procession passed. This morning would bring His end but bluntly Mansac told himself that if he had to shoot it would be his own end, too. The exultation of early morning was gone now, gone completely. Desperately, he wanted reassurance that he had no fear for himself, that he had never had any fear for himself.

A SUDDEN noise and then loud tramping in the corridor steadied him. That was the tramping of soldiers, come probably for a final inspection of all rooms along His route. In one moment of terror Mansac realized that here might be the complete abortion of the plan. He looked for a hiding place for the automatic and without further thought he put the weapon in the inner pocket of his overcoat and hung it on the coat rack.

He went to the door to answer a loud knock.

Two soldiers were there, young country boys, their red faces filled with their importance. "You take this room," one soldier told the other. "I'll take the one down the hall."

"What is it?" Mansac asked.

"Inspection," the soldier said, closing the door behind him. "Let me sit down for a minute. These damn' boots burn like fire." He sat down and eased his feet in the boots.

"What's the inspection for?" Mansac asked.

"Searching every room on the street for arms."

"I should think you'd be busy enough without this extra work," Mansac said, thinking he might talk the soldier out of any search.

"There's always something new. Up at four for this."

"You come from the villages, don't you?"

"My father was a peasant and his father before him."

"What do you hear from the village?"

"Things are bad—they take the grain." Then the soldier caught himself and hastily changed to gruffness. "They'll be all right, I guess." He stood up and started to go through the wardrobe. "For your sake, I hope I don't find anything here."

"There's nothing to find," Mansac said. Here was one of His soldiers, a simple person, his father a peasant, his father before him, born without fear but now afraid to talk to one of his fellows.

"There had better not be!" The soldier searched the drawers of the wardrobe, then the bed, then the drawer in the table.

The soldier turned around. "I guess you're all right," he said, starting for the door. "Goodby."

The door closed behind him and the overcoat waved slightly on the coat rack.

Without further hesitation Mansac put the overcoat around his shoulders and went up to the rooftop.

A parapet wall stood two feet above the rooftop. Mansac went to it and looked down on the street. It was crowding rapidly with soldiers who were taking their places at the curb. The sidewalks were already jammed. Rooftops across the way were filling.

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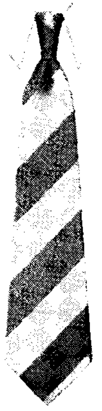

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Mansac heard voices behind him. He saw Loran, his wife and a little boy who held tighter to a flag than to his grandfather's hand.

"Couldn't stay in bed with all the excitement?" Loran asked.

"I thought I'd come up in the sun."

Mansac had not hoped to have the roof to himself but he wished that these people had been strangers rather than acquaintances. He sat down on the parapet. Waiting would be difficult.

Men's voices startled him. Three soldiers appeared on the roof and he drew his overcoat around him as they came near him.

"We're here to prevent any undesirable happenings," one of them said.

AS CAREFULLY as he could Mansac considered whether the presence of these soldiers might stop him from shooting if the opportunity came. He looked closely at them. They were laughing, obviously glad not to have to stand in line with their fellows and hold back that crowd of onlookers. The procession would hold all their interest.

One of the soldiers began to play with the little boy, who was running around the roof. "My grandson," Loran said proudly.

The child wanted to get back to the edge of the roof. "Will He come soon, Grandpa?" the child asked. "I want to see Him so much."

"He will come."

His coat held tightly around him, Mansac seemed to doze. Three men waited ahead of him, somewhere back along those crowded streets. Supposing they had no opportunity to fire and the procession came here by the roof and the whole responsibility for success depended on him! He stood up and looked down on the street and saw how tightly the soldiers at the curb already held their lines. It would be difficult for any man on the sidewalk to get a clear open shot at Him through those lines. All the more reason for his keeping cool! Possibly even he might not get a chance to fire. The procession might pass too rapidly. But the house on which he was had been chosen because it faced a spot at which any car would have to slow down to a stop to round the corner into the railroad-station plaza.

Loran came to where he sat. "You know, it must cost a lot of money, these journeys," he said, looking carefully from one corner of his eye at the soldiers.

"Yes, yes," Mansac said curtly, not wanting his thought interrupted.

"I have a nice grandson." The old man smiled nervously as if under tension.

"Yes." He could not shout, "Go back to your place. Let me alone!"

"You know," Loran said pointlessly, as if he had to talk, "I heard a funny anecdote." His voice fell to a whisper. "About Him! He was making a speech in a village about how good things were and a peasant said, 'But we have bad clothes, bad food, bad everything.' And He said, 'You must think of the American Indians—they have no clothes, no food!' And the peasant said, 'Well, perhaps they've had your government longer than we have!'"

Mansac looked nervously at the soldiers but they were paying no attention. The old man wanted to laugh but suddenly he turned white, realizing what he had said. "Please don't tell anyone I told you that anecdote. It would go so hard with me," he said and his voice cracked.

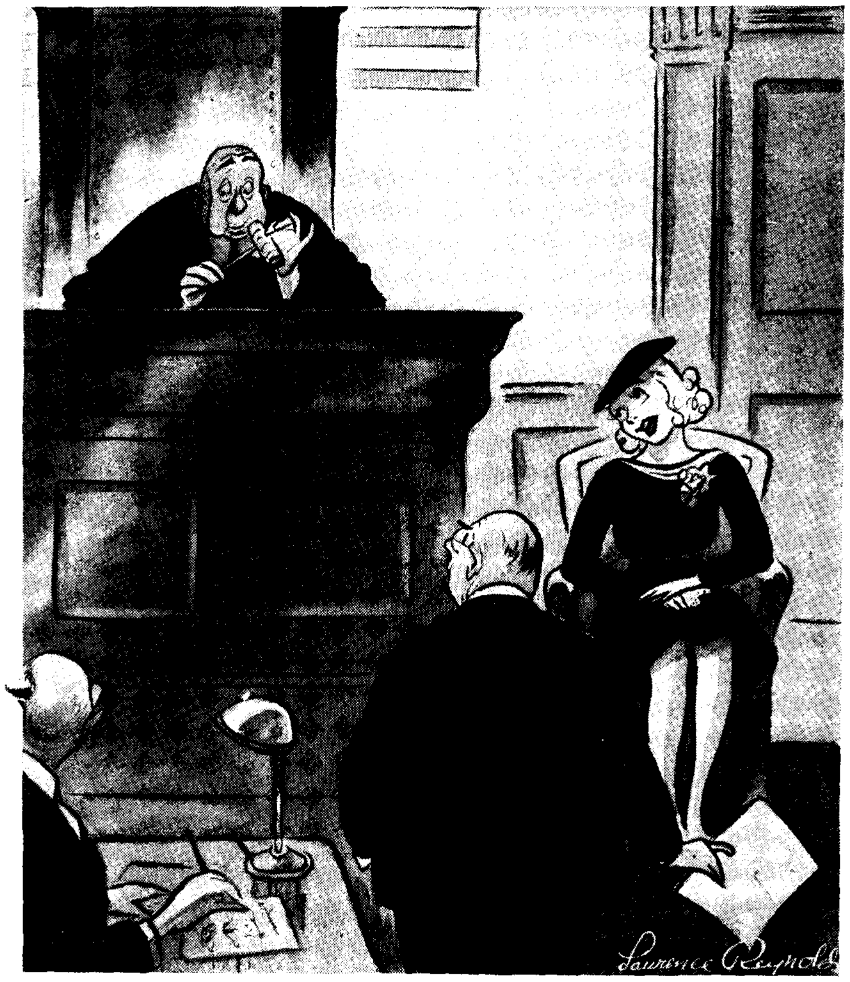
Everywhere, even here on the roof, was the same fear of Him.

From somewhere in the distance came a first sudden clash of music.

"He's coming! He's coming!" the little boy said, and he ran to the edge of the roof and waved his flag.

Mansac shoved his hand hard into his overcoat pocket.

He wondered what the other three



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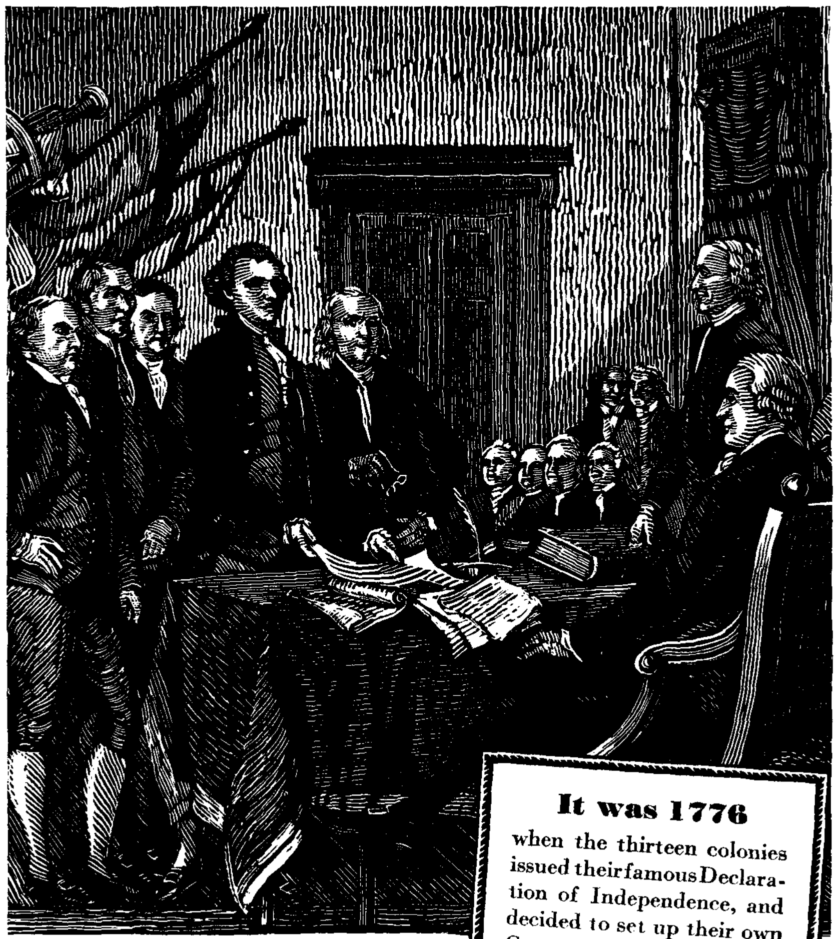

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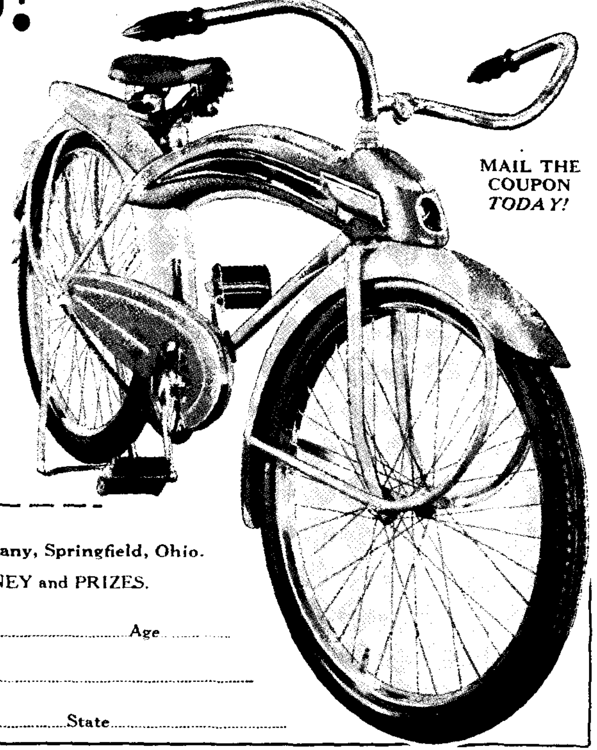

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men were thinking about now. They, too, probably had their hands in their pockets and one of them must be nervously fingering the safety catch, waiting for a chance to fire, to return to Him in one concentrated blast the years of misery and cruelty.

The music now came steadily and no longer in tatters. The street below was strangely quiet and every face was turned to the direction from which the procession would come. It had probably left the palace and possibly it had already passed the first man. If he had shot, there should be some sign of confusion, of automobiles hurrying back.

"Will He come soon?" the child asked.

"He will come soon enough," Loran said.

Mansac looked over the edge again and saw sudden activity in the street below. Automobiles were racing back, with police on the running boards. Something must have happened along the line of march and for a moment Mansac felt a deep relief that almost drew the blood from his head. If the second man had shot, then the responsibility was no longer Mansac's. For just a moment he was relieved; it would not be up to him to have to steady himself, to fire without a chance of missing. But still unbroken on the air was the band music, triumphant, blatant, and that would certainly stop if anything untoward had happened. Probably some incident in the crowds along the street had taken the police back.

Mansac felt nervous now at the thought of not being steady enough to fire accurately. As if it would give him assurance, he repeated that he was not concerned about his own safety. Then he was shaken out of his own deep concern by noise from the street below, noise that was first a sputtering, then, in slow crescendo, a mounting roar, as if a high-tension machine had been started and was gradually accelerating. From up the street came the first flash of cavalry uniforms. Somewhere, a hundred yards or more behind those horses, would be the first man. He had passed the second man. He was about to pass the third man.

Loran looked at him. "You feel bad? Your face is so white."

"The sun, I guess."

"Why don't you go downstairs?"

"I'll stay up here and see Him. I've never seen Him."

"Listen," it was a whisper, "don't ever tell anyone I told you that anecdote. It would be so bad for me!"

"No, no, no!" His attention was entirely on the street.

THE cavalry was coming and the first of the automobiles. The brass horns of a band caught the sunlight, burnished it, and threw it back. And He had probably passed the third man now.

In one last decision, Mansac was sure that he could fire through his overcoat and not risk having to take out the weapon and have it seized by an alert soldier. His right hand held it in position. The only uncertain thing was whether to finish the last cartridge with the gun at his own head. Better that than the hobnails and the gun butts of the soldiers. A bullet would be quicker, almost painless. Then he looked at Loran. That he should still be worried about that anecdote! On the street below, every face was turned to the procession. The roar of voices was shriller, less steady, but noisier.

"He is coming! He is coming!" The small boy was hanging over the parapet.

"Come back here." His grandmother grabbed him by his belt. "You stand here."

For the last time Mansac looked around the roof. The three soldiers were at the edge, unconcerned with anything except the procession. The first automobiles were just in front of the house, moving very slowly and slowing down. In the seventh car rode two men and a chauffeur. The man on the right, in military uniform, saluted stiffly and nodded at the cheers from the crowd.

There He was, a hundred yards off.

The small boy suddenly started to cry. He threw his flag down, turned away from the street, and his crying was a shrill discord in the noise from all around.

Mansac, annoyed, looked at the child for a second, then his glance went back to the face that was coming nearer. That fleshy, unhealthy face was the face of Him who until this time had been only a voice on the radio, a name in the headlines, a picture on the wall. Slowly his finger slipped through the trigger guard.

The child was yelling now: "Grandpa! Grandpa!"

Loran shook the child. "What's the matter with you?"

"Look, Grandpa, look!" The words came between loud sobs. "He isn't a giant!"

"Hush, child," the old man said nervously. "He is more powerful than a giant."

MANSAC checked his finger on the trigger. That weak, unattractive man in the back of the car! The increasing roar of the crowd! Those cheers could not be for that man in whom there was nothing to cheer. The crowd was cheering a fable, a fable of power, a fable of omniscience invented by an ambitious man. Finding a generation uprooted, a people hungry and desperate, He had fed them a little, He had pushed himself forward, and they had accepted Him and His fable. Without their acceptance He could not exist. Like all men, like the young soldier who had searched the room, like the old storekeeper, a shot could kill Him and it would be a quick and sudden death, a death too good for Him. But not one shot, nor six, could kill a fable. That was in people's minds.

His car was fifty feet away now.

There was only a moment left to think and Mansac put his hand to his forehead. There must have been a time when He was not powerful, when people would not have looked twice as he passed along the street. But He had drawn His power from them, their power, and then turned to them and said, "See how powerful I am! Bow down! Acknowledge it!" And because they believed that they were weak they bowed and acknowledged the strength they saw in Him, not realizing that it was their own strength that they saw, their own strength taken from them so that they could be kept forever weak. They had built Him up. Only they could destroy Him and all others like him.

Here He was, thirty feet away, wiping perspiration from His face!

Far better not to fire and give Him sudden, easy death! A shot would set that fable into permanence. Better to destroy what really had to be destroyed, the fiction in people's minds! Better to go to people and let them see, too, that He was no giant, that when men awoke and saw Him for what He was, when men realized their strength and were unafraid to use it, neither He nor His kind could ever rule over a free people again. It would be dangerous work for any man. It would be difficult to learn how to begin it. It meant not a minute of suspense, but years; not a moment of steadiness, but a lifetime. No one man could do it alone, but in this crowd below and in other crowds there must be men who thought as he now did. A shot from a solitary gun was feeble compared to their strength organized into one instrument.

On the street below He rode on, His weak white hand still rising and falling in salute. Mansac looked down at Him once more, then hurried from the roof as if he had immediate work to do.

Second Lesson

Continued from page 10

that the elevator operator was looking at him, waiting for him to make a move, and that the door stood open. He stepped out hastily.

Laura's suite was opposite the elevator. He tucked the box of flowers under his left arm, stuck the candy box between his knees, hooked his stick over an elbow, and started pulling off his gloves. In the middle of the maneuver the door opened. He snatched at the box between his knees and his stick fell to the floor.

It was Laura—tall, graceful, altogether lovely and, miraculously, not a day older. Her dark hair was arranged as it had always been, high on her shapely head, and she had stuck a gardenia in it. The demure effect was appropriate to the long, sweeping lines of the gown she wore. It was Laura exactly as he remembered her, and he had been prepared for almost anything but that. His astonishment must have shown in his face, or perhaps it was his clownish dive for the candy box: she laughed a little before she spoke.

"Hello," she said. "I'm Binkie. We heard the elevator open."

OF COURSE. This was her daughter. Coming upon her suddenly that way, though, was like having twenty years jerked right out from under you.

"Is your mother in?" he heard himself ask. Stupid, he had just spoken to her on the phone.

"She's gilding the lily," Binkie said. "She'll be out as soon as she's gorgeous."

There was nothing demure about her manner or her speech. She was a most assured young lady. He followed her into the foyer and set his two boxes on a table. Someone was playing a piano—by ear, he judged. He watched Binkie as she took his hat and coat; he could not take his eyes off her. No, no, he had to keep reminding himself, this was her daughter; but still he could not think of Laura as a mother. This was Laura twenty years ago—what would she be now?

Binkie disappeared into a closet with his things and he had to face it. Laura would be in that next room, and he was almost afraid to look.

It was a relief to find, at least, that it was not Laura who was doing that to the piano. It was a scrubbed and bristle-topped young man in full evening dress. He gave Bannister a glance and went on playing. Then a door opened, and as Bannister turned to look he caught his breath.

She was wearing a negligee of misty-gray chiffon through which glimmered a sheath of molten silver. Her skin was pale—it had always been—and there were lavender shadows about her eyes. Through the dark waves of her hair ran several strands of startling white. Oh, man, she was handsome!

Quickly he thought, to steady himself, her eyes are tired. But they were still that gray-green. Anyway, the redness of her lips did not deceive him; it was artificial, and the lavender shadows might be too. They could do things to a man, though, if he didn't know. Her willowiness was gone; you could not deny that. It had passed to Binkie, and in its place had come the stateliness of maturity. Well, call her what you would—stately, queenly, statuesque—it all came down to the one thing: middle age. No, Laura, he told himself firmly, you're not as young as you were once. And a nasty little voice said, neither are you.

Laura's eyes were upon him as she entered the room and she smiled tentatively, trying, he fancied, in that instant to bridge the twenty years and re-establish the old relationship. It didn't work. She was a stranger. Dazzling, glamorous—desirable, if you cared for that sort of thing—all right, she was beautiful. But she wasn't Laura.

She came quickly forward and gave him her hand and said, "Richard, I'm so glad. I'd no idea whether you'd come."

"Of course I'd come," he began, stuffily, trying to keep himself in check, but already she had turned away from him and was calling, "Binkie, darling!" Binkie came in from the hall. "Oh, but you've met Binkie," she said. "Fred, though. I don't suppose anyone's taken the trouble to introduce you to Fred?"

"Mr. Bannister, Mr. Coons," Binkie said casually. The young man nodded his head briefly. "Get up, oaf," she commanded. Mr. Coons grinned and stopped playing. He rose from his seat a little, with his hands still on the keys, said, "Hi ya," and sat down again.

"Bet I know what's in this," Binkie said, exhibiting the smaller of the two boxes Bannister had brought. She tore off its wrappings. "Candy!" She whirled across the room to the piano and thrust the candy box under Mr. Coons' nose. "See?" she said. "That's what a gentleman brings a lady."

"How quaint," said Mr. Coons, ignoring her. He cocked his head on one side and picked a handful of bass notes. Suddenly, as Binkie was turning away, he sprang up and snatched the box from her hands, popped off the lid, grabbed a couple of chocolates, and stuffed them into his mouth. For a moment they struggled over the box, laughing; then he let her have it.

"Children," Laura said, "stop fighting and pour everyone a drink." The cocktail shaker stood on a table near a window. The pianist swung a leg over the piano bench and made for it. Binkie brought in the other box from the hall and tossed it to Laura.

"Here, Beautiful," she said. "Don't forget to thank the nice man."

LAURA crossed the room to a love seat and laid the box of flowers on a low table before her.

"It was so sweet of you to bring them," she said, folding the paper back from the blossoms. Bannister had observed that the room was already filled with flowers more impressive than his.

"Oh, they're just—flowers," he replied.

"But they're lovely! Binkie dear, bring me something to put them in." Laura lifted them from the box and smelled them ecstatically and then for a moment laid her cheek against them. On guard, old man! Really, he told himself, it was a little too much: floating chiffon on a love seat, a sheaf of white roses in delicate hands, the downcast eye, the damask cheek. She might have been posing for a calendar or the top of a candy box. But it got him just the same.

Laura laid the roses tenderly back in their wrappings. "And candy, too," she said. "It's so long since anyone's brought flowers *and* candy." There, he had known that was a slip. She didn't mean it that way, though; she really seemed pleased.

Binkie brought in a glass pitcher for the roses and Mr. Coons came around shortly with cocktails. Laura talked lightly of little things, as she arranged the flowers on the table before her, and Bannister replied in cautious monosyllables. He realized, after a while, that he was listening not to what she was saying but to the way she was say-

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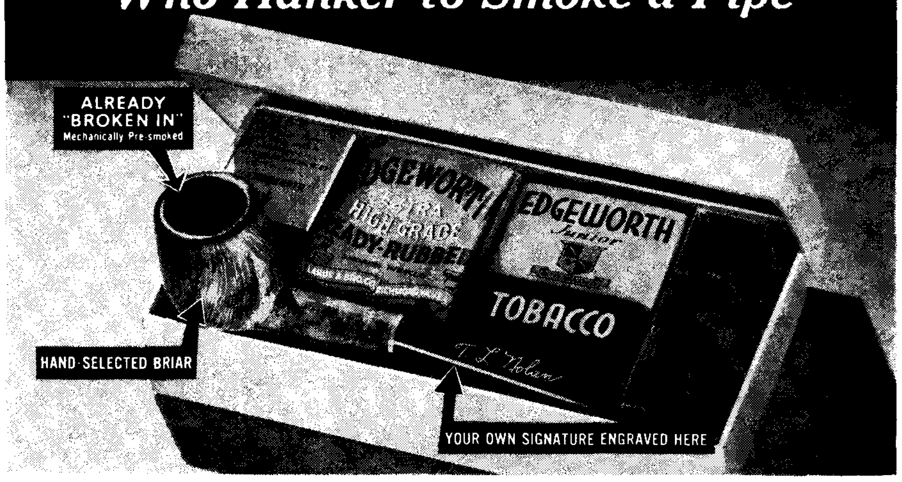
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ing it. It was one of the things about her that had changed. All this youthful animation was something she had not had in her youth, and it seemed to him that she was working a little hard at it. She was, he was aware, no longer the Laura he had known, but there was no denying that she was damned attractive, and he was a little annoyed when other guests started arriving, pushing in between them. They came and went, singly and in twos and threes, for the next several hours. There must have been at least twenty: he gave up trying to remember their names after the first half-dozen introductions. And Laura had said she didn't know a soul in New York. It was hard to tell which were Laura's friends and which were Binkie's. They all seemed on the most intimate terms and they all called Binkie's mother Laura.

The relationship of the two—in public, at least—was more that of sisters than of mother and daughter. Bannister asked himself whether this might be something Laura had cultivated deliberately, and was pleased with his skepticism. Oh, he wasn't missing a trick. It gave him an enjoyable feeling of superiority to sit by and watch her put these people through the hoops; it delighted him to see them sit up and beg and roll over. Not Bannister. He was anticipating every move and prepared to parry every thrust. Have your fun, my good woman. Work your charms, weave your enchantment, my fair sorceress. Spin your web. In the end it would be thank you for a very pleasant afternoon and goodby.

PRESENTLY Binkie set down her drink and threaded her way across the room to Bannister.

"You mustn't stand off here in a corner sulking," she cried—it was getting so you couldn't hear your own voice.

"I haven't been sulking," he replied, at the top of his lungs. "I'm having too good a time."

"Mooning, then. You haven't spoken to a soul all afternoon." She took his arm and dragged him across the room to the piano.

"Play Whacky Dust," she said to young Coons. He nodded and obliged with something that, for all Bannister could tell, was just what he had been drumming out all afternoon. The young man must have sensed that he was playing to a critical audience, for he looked up and said condescendingly, "You play, Mr. Bannister?"

"I used to," he replied.

"Good!" cried Binkie, and to Fred she said, "Scram, slave."

"Let me clean this up," the boy protested, and went on playing, but Binkie would have none of it. She pounded on the keys and threatened to close the cover down on his fingers, and ended by getting a headlock on him and dragging him off the bench.

Bannister laughed and sat down at the piano. His fingers were stiff, but not as stiff as he had expected. Groping for something in his slight repertoire that might appeal to the youth of 1939, he slid into some early Gershwin.

Binkie listened entranced until he had finished the piece.

"Coons," she said, "you're fired."

In Mr. Coons' face there was a new respect. "You're good," he told Bannister, as one serious musician to another, "but you're corny."

"He means you're old-fashioned," Binkie explained. "Play some more. I love it."

Bannister swung into The Blue Room. Coons raised his voice. "Now take me," he insisted. "I stink, but I'm not corny."

"Let him alone," Binkie cried, swaying rhythmically. "He's wonderful. He knows all the old ones."

But there was a missionary's zeal in Coons' eye and he would not let it rest. "The trouble is," he said, "you just play it the way it was written."

"What's the matter with the way it was written?" Bannister asked.

"Nothing. It's all right. It's fine. But it doesn't *do* anything to you."

Go on home, Bannister thought, you're corny. Crawl back into your club and stay there. There's moss on you. The boy hadn't intended any offense, though.

Binkie broke up the argument by shooing Coons off to sort hats and coats for departing guests. They left as they had come, with a rush, like bees off to fresh clover. But Binkie held Bannister captive at the piano.

"You can't go," she whispered. "You're having dinner with us." He didn't want to go, but he protested that he couldn't possibly stay.

"It's all arranged," Binkie said. "It's my birthday and everyone has to do exactly as I say."

When the last guest had delivered his last quip and departed, Laura came back into the room and collapsed on the love seat with a sigh.

"He says he'll stay," Binkie announced, without looking up from her playing. Bannister turned to Laura to protest.

"We'd love it if you could," Laura said. A man would do anything for her when she asked like that.

"Yeah, better stick around," Fred Coons put in. "We're going to the Waldorf after. Goodman's there." Coons treated him as an equal now, and for all his amusement, he felt flattered.

"It's a plot," he said, surrendering, and they all laughed because they were glad that was settled.

Bannister moved to an armchair and took out his pipe. He reflected, as he filled it, that it was a long time since anyone had cared much whether he went or stayed. It was pleasant to feel that these people really wanted him.

He lit his pipe and watched the smoke curl up from it. It was the color and texture of the chiffon Laura wore. He drew another puff and blew it out slowly, and his eyes followed it across the room to her—a silver figure all shimmering in a haze, against the faded blue of the love seat. His glance took in the grace of her throat, the lovely contour of her head in repose, the softness of her half-closed eyes. This is the true flowering, he told himself; Binkie is only in bud. Binkie's is a surface sparkle, Laura's an inner glow. He was conscious of a little inner glow of his own, and he wished it might last forever.

THE spell was soon broken, for Binkie was at them again, lashing them into action. Laura submitted reluctantly and retired with her to a bedroom to dress.

Mr. Coons remained standing awkwardly after the women had gone. Away from the piano he seemed to lose some of his assurance.

"Gosh, what a day!" he blurted suddenly. "Up at six to meet their boat"—he jerked his head toward the bedroom—"and with a head like a balloon." He shuddered reminiscently. "Boy, did I tie one on last night. Woo!" Bannister clucked in sympathy, feeling it was expected of him.

"This is going to have to be short and sweet tonight." Coons confided. "Got to catch a little sleep sometime."

Bannister could just see Binkie coming home early so Coons could catch a little sleep, and said so. Coons shook his head and sighed. "Women for you," he said. He seemed resigned.

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that does it. When at last Laura and Binkie reappeared the two men were tacitly in league against them. On Binkie's face there was that special innocence a woman wears when she knows she has kept you waiting an unconscionably long time.

Fred led off for his side. "Well, you took long enough," he said to Binkie—the age-old cry—but the admiration in his eyes told her she need not bother to apologize. She was wearing an evening gown of white brocade, with a high waist and a full skirt and no visible means of support, which added suspense to the fascination of her shapely shoulders. Already the league against women was wavering.

"What did you two find to talk about?" Binkie asked unconcernedly, as she paraded back and forth across the room.

"Not you," Fred said, his eyes following her. She made a face at him that only a pretty girl would risk.

Laura's was a more subtle strategy. Out of consideration for Bannister's informal attire she had chosen a quiet dinner dress, dark and unadorned save for a great intricate gold pin. It emphasized, by contrast, the ivory of her complexion and the strands of pure white in her hair.

THEY dined in the restaurant of the Balcon, and they were so late that they had it all to themselves. Binkie and Fred fought happily all through dinner, and the other two, after a few attempts to put a word in, just subsided and looked on.

It was clear, by the time they were ready to leave, that the cocktails had something to do with it, for Binkie was on the verge of the giggles and Master Freddy was getting a bit smarty. But when they reached the hotel, Binkie and Fred stopped their capering, and as they entered the Empire Room they became even more subdued.

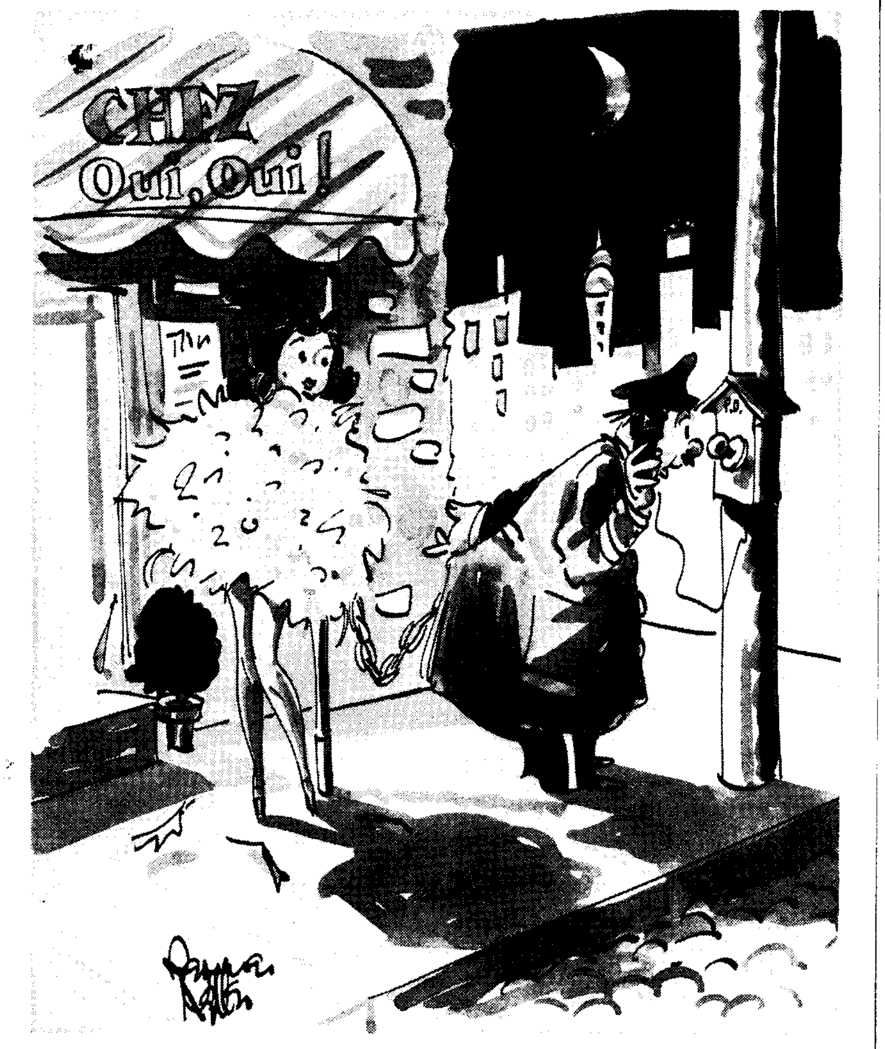
Bannister was surprised to find the same sobriety pervading the whole room. The lights were low, as they entered, and there was the hush and the undercurrent of exultation that one might expect at a revival meeting. The band was playing but, strangely, no one danced. Ranks of young people stood motionless on the dance floor before the bandstand and listened as if to a sermon.

THEY tiptoed after the headwaiter to a table as near to the band as Freddy, making the reservation days in advance, had been able to arrange. A hidden spotlight behind them cut through the darkness of the room and threw a white glare upon an amazingly blond young lady who sang, with faultless pitch and rhythm and no expression whatever, a melody wrenched from Debussy. Before her stood a detail of young men, like a group of choir boys, gazing up at her in adoration from the dance floor.

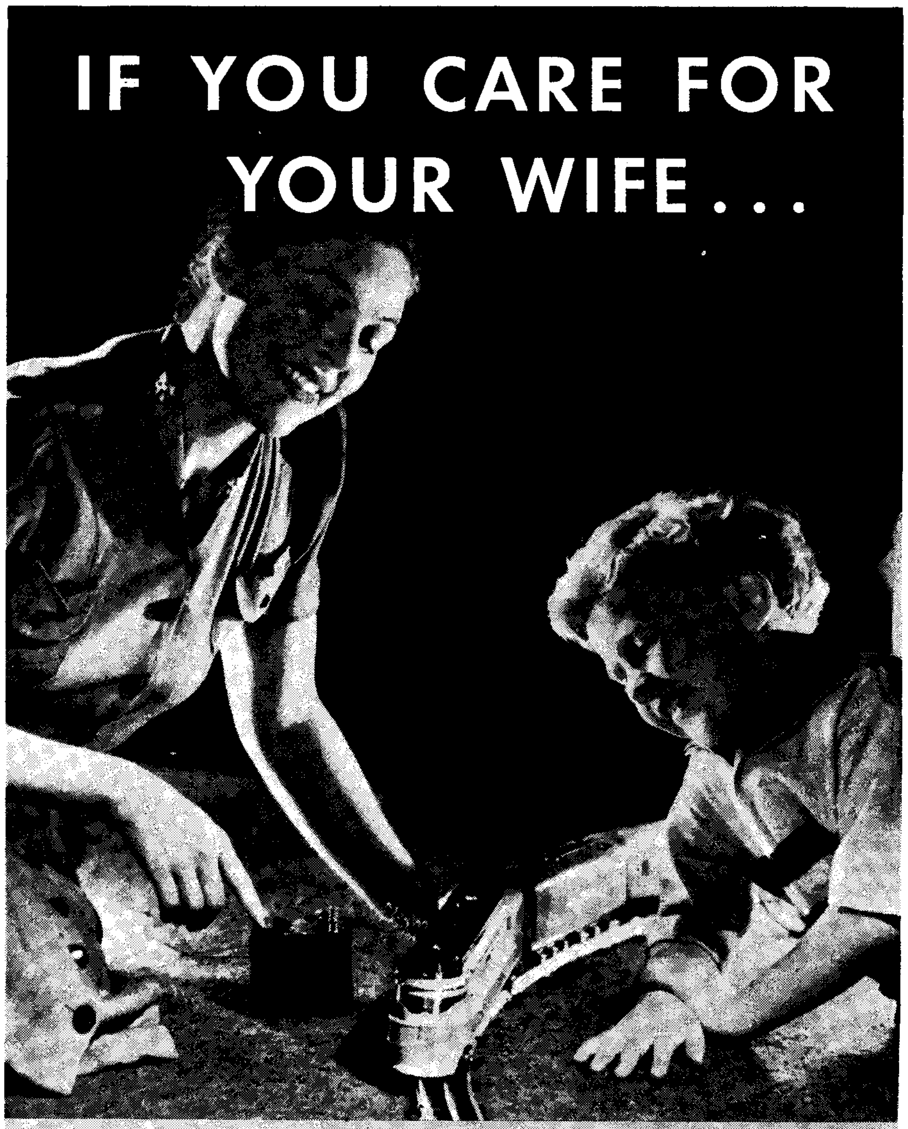
When her song was ended she faded from sight like a vision. There was a ripple of handclaps and a chorus of sighs. Some couples had started dancing, but stopped instantly. The beam of the spotlight had swung to a tall, dark-haired, benign young man with a round face and studious glasses who played a clarinet. His eyes twinkled and roamed about the room and there was a half-smile on his face as he played, in a businesslike way, a set of weird and inspired variations.

Binkie whispered in Bannister's ear, "That's Benny!"

He listened respectfully, making an effort to hear it as these young people heard it, trying to feel whatever it was in it that held them spellbound. He couldn't say that he liked it, but he did



"Explain to her the law about fan dancing, Sarge—she thinks I just want to take a ride with her in the wagon"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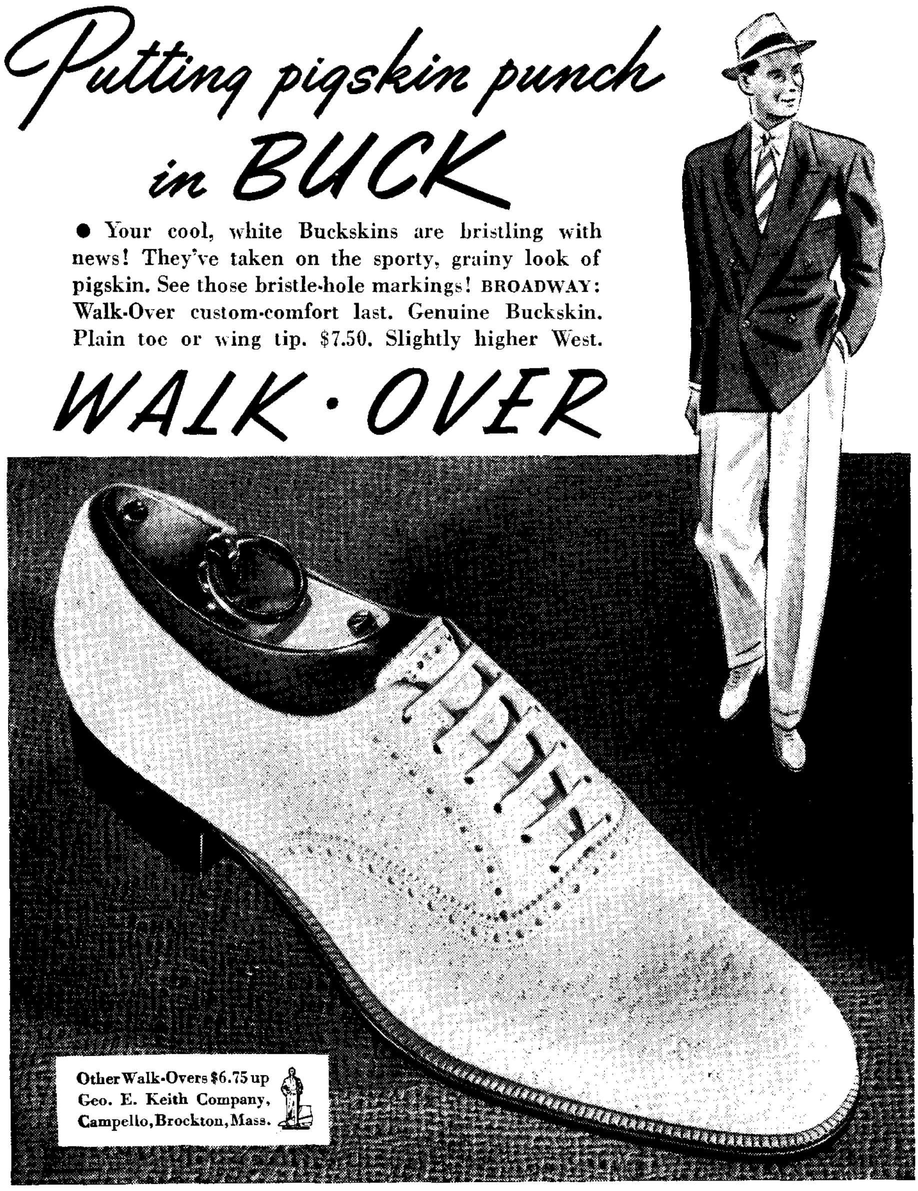

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find it fascinating in an objectionable sort of way.

The spotlight swung again and Freddy clutched Binkie's arm. "Listen to that trumpet," he said tensely. "Listen to that Ziggy Elman. Listen to that fool! Out of the world," Fred exclaimed. "Clean out of the world!"

The trumpeter, having reached the end of his passage or run out of breath, sat down again. "What a riff!" Fred moaned, and Binkie echoed, "What a riff!" The whole band came in again full blast and this seemed to be a signal for everyone to start dancing. Binkie and Fred slipped away from the table and disappeared in the vortex of the dance floor. The music became louder, wilder, till it was almost intolerable. Bannister saw Laura smiling at his bewilderment.

"Like it?" she asked, moving her lips very distinctly so that he might read them.

"What?"

"Do you like it?" she repeated.

"Do you?"

"You have to learn to listen to it. After a while you get so you don't hear it, and then it's all right."

He nodded and smiled. They gave up trying to talk while the band was playing, after that.

WHEN the music stopped and the lights went up for an intermission Binkie came running back to the table, fairly bursting with excitement and quite unable to speak. She held her left hand out to her mother, and on the third finger was a slender gold ring bearing an infinitesimal diamond. Freddy Coons, out of the world with love, had chosen that time and setting formally to plight his troth—to the accompaniment, no doubt, of a riff from the trumpet.

Everyone admired the ring extravagantly, while Fred sat by, looking proud and sheepish, and Binkie kissed Laura and Laura kissed Binkie, and they both kissed Fred, and Binkie swooped down on Bannister and kissed him too. He responded by ordering champagne in honor of the engagement and of Binkie's birthday. It came out then that it wasn't Binkie's birthday at all; that had been two months ago. She just felt like celebrating it again, she said, because she'd had such a good time at her party and Fred hadn't been there, and she was eighteen and a girl is only eighteen once—if she's honest.

Bannister glanced at Laura and saw tears in her eyes, but she smiled hastily and brushed them away, with a look that asked him not to betray her. Gentle Laura with tears in her eyes. It carried him back to another betrothal years ago. Were these tears for Binkie, because she was so young, or for herself, because she wasn't? Was she looking forward to the day when she, who had always had love and admiration and friends about her, would be left to herself?

He thought of his own lost youth, and of how much richer Laura's life must have been in the intervening years, even married to a man like Harry. How much richer his own might have been if he had been less cautious and had seized opportunity boldly instead of standing off and examining it in all its potentialities till it had passed him by. If only time could be turned back, if only Laura and he could pick up where they had left off twenty years ago. . . .

The lights dimmed once more; the music started.

The champagne arrived and Bannister offered a toast. Suddenly they leaped up and were off again. They seemed to live each moment as if there might never be another. (And well they might.) Bannister watched the change that came over their faces as they swung into the rhythm of the dance. He watched the faces of the other couples as they drifted by—all young. Everyone in the world was young but Richard Bannister.

He thought of Fred Coons telling him he was corny, and of Fred's criticism of his playing: "It doesn't *do* anything to you." He listened to the strong rhythmic beat of the band, so strong and so incessant that after a while it seemed as if the whole room were pulsing. It wasn't music these young people wanted, it was physical sensation. They wanted to be carried out of themselves, "out of the world." They wanted release—from the anxieties, the frustration, the disillusionment, the profound, eternal restlessness of youth. Suddenly Bannister realized that not for all the world would he be twenty-one again.

It put a different face on everything. Here, he thought exultantly, he had been mourning his wasted life when the best of it had just begun, the years of peace after the years of turbulence and heartache. Here he was bemoaning his lost opportunities, and across the table from him sat Laura. Events had swung in a full circle; opportunity, miraculously, had knocked twice. Was he to let it slip again?

"Laura," he said suddenly, "you can't go to Boston."

"Boston?" she said.

"You said in your letter you were going to Boston," he shouted. "You mustn't."

"Oh, yes—Boston," she replied. "Well, I've changed my mind."

"I say I won't let you go."

"No, I'm not going."

They were getting nowhere in all that racket.

"For the love of heaven," he cried, "let's get out of here!"

"What about Binkie and Fred?" asked Laura.

"They won't miss us. They don't know we exist."

He summoned the waiter and ordered the champagne replenished and paid the check. As they were leaving the room he hesitated.

"Maybe we ought to tell them we're going, though," he suggested.

"I think Binkie will understand," Laura said complacently. He gave her a sharp look: could she, by any chance, have anticipated this? She just smiled at him sweetly. You never could tell about Laura.

It occurred to him that he knew no more about Laura now than he had when he first entered her apartment that afternoon. They had been together for some six or eight hours, and in all that time he did not remember having addressed a single remark to her without immediately being interrupted or drowned out. There were a thousand things he wanted to know, and to talk to her about.

THEY got into a cab, and of course it had a radio and of course the radio was going.

"Is there some way to turn this thing off?" Bannister asked.

"It's coming from inside," the driver said, nodding toward the hotel. "It's Benny Goodman."

"Turn him off," Bannister replied. "He's corny."

Laura laughed. The driver cut off the radio.

"Where to?" he asked.

Bannister hesitated a moment and glanced at Laura.

"The Balcon on Forty-eighth Street," she suggested.

With the air of one arriving at a sudden decision Bannister snapped down one of the jump seats and stuck his feet up on it. Boy, this was going to surprise her.

"Drive around the park," he told the driver.

Laura snuggled down beside him with a sigh and said softly: "Here endeth the second lesson."

The Drums of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 19

"Those I had staying on board—there were four only—returned by the late express to Paris. I was unexpectedly compelled to break up the party. I am alone with my crew."

The storm was dying away over the sea, but distant rumbles of thunder reached us from time to time.

"I understand," said Nayland Smith, "that your four guests were Count and Countess Boratov, Mr. van Dee, and Miss Murano."

"That's correct."

Wilton looked surprised.

"Who is Mr. van Dee?"

"A well-known Philadelphia businessman. We have been friends for years."

"I see. And Miss Murano?"

"A schoolmate of Countess Boratov; very attractive and young. She has lived much in Africa, where her family have met with serious misfortune. She has unusually beautiful Titian hair."

I grew hotly unhappy; for I knew that he was describing Ardatha!

"And where did you make this lady's acquaintance?"

"In London, four weeks back."

"Through the Boratovs I suppose?"

"Surely. I asked her to join us here (she was with the countess in London) and she consented."

"How long have you known the Boratovs, Mr. Wilton?"

BROWNLOW WILTON'S sallow face grew lined and stern. As he glanced at Colonel Correnti, that elfin memory peeped out, and then eluded me again. Silver Heels rolled uneasily. Dimly, I heard thunder.

"I appreciate the fact, gentlemen, that you are acting with full authority; but not knowing why I have been favored with your company, perhaps I may ask in what way my friends are of interest?"

"No doubt I have been overbrusque, Mr. Wilton," said Smith. "But your own future is at stake. A crime that may change the history of Europe was committed at the Palazzo Brioni earlier tonight—"

"What's that?"

Brownlow Wilton bent forward over the table.

"I have no time for details, now; I merely ask for your co-operation. Where did you meet the Boratovs?"

"When they visited America, in the fall of last year."

"Could you describe the countess?"

"A very lovely woman, sir." A note of unmistakable admiration had entered the speaker's high-pitched voice. "Tall, slender, with fascinating eyes: they are brilliantly green—"

Nayland Smith nodded grimly.

"And the count?"

"A distinguished Russian aristocrat; once in the Imperial Guard."

"And they all left by the Paris express, you say?"

"All of them, yes."

"You remained alone for some time, then, at the palace?"

"No, sir. We dined here on board. News from England had come that meant I had to get back. Captain Farazan got busy. He secured the necessary clearance papers and we sailed immediately. My guests made the train, and are now on their way to Paris."

Nayland Smith stared hard at James Brownlow Wilton, and then:

"Excuse me," came a discreet voice.

The steward (his name was Lopez), who had gone out, stood now at Wilton's elbow, extending a message on a salver. Wilton took it, nodded his apologies, and read the message. The saturnine Lopez went out again.

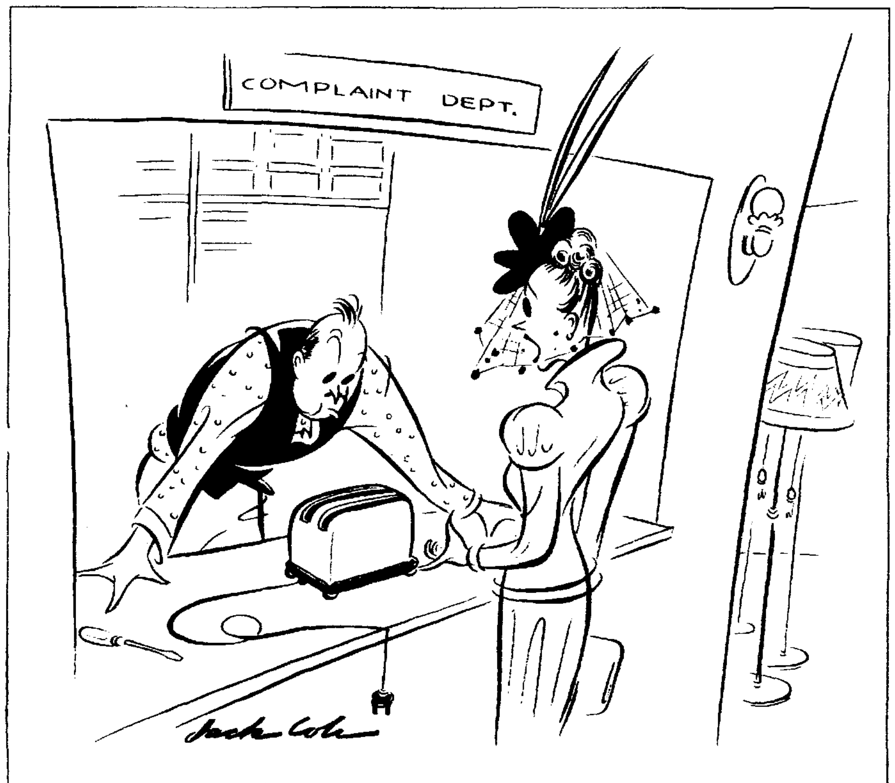
"Ah!—a personal matter, gentlemen—of no importance."

But his expression belied his words. Nayland Smith's face offered me a perplexing study. As Wilton crumpled the scrap of paper in his hand:

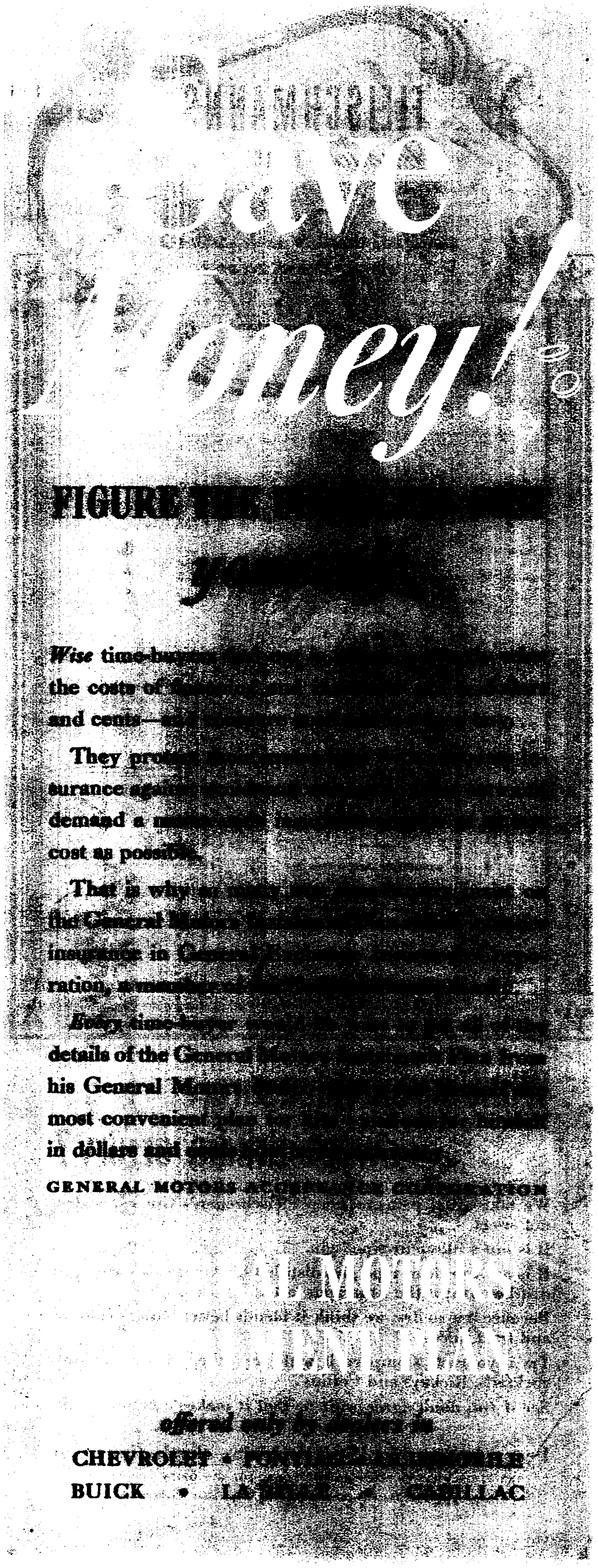
"I understand," said Smith, "that you have a secretary who takes care of most of these details. I am told that he put Silver Heels into commission in Monaco, and also came over to Venice to arrange a suitable household for your arrival. What is this gentleman's name?"

"You mean Hemsley? He has been with me for years. I sent him ahead to London. I am due back there, myself; but I want to put the yacht into dry dock before I go. There's something radically wrong with her engines."

"He engaged the present crew, I believe?" asked Nayland Smith.



"And when it ejects the toast, it goes 'pitooie!'" JACK COLE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"He did—and by and large, very efficient they are."

"Have any of them worked for you before?"

"Not one. Hemsley believes in a clean slate. The same applies to the staff in Venice. Never saw one of them in my life before."

SILVER HEELS rode the swell uneasily. Nayland Smith's eyes were fixed intently upon the face of the owner.

"You entertained Rudolf Adlon to lunch on board?"

"I did. I had introductions to him from Pietro Monaghani, with whom I am well acquainted."

"Herr Adlon returned after luncheon to the Palazzo da Rosa?"

"Yes—and I won't say I was sorry."

"Did you go ashore to the palace during the afternoon?"

"No, I stayed on board; but most of the party went ashore. They had odd jobs to do, you understand, before leaving for Paris."

"Did you see them off?"

"No, sir. They said goodby on the yacht, and went ashore in the launch. You see, I'm not as active as I used to be. I had a conference with the chief engineer. I wanted to find out if she could make Villefranche under her own power."

"So that was the last you saw of your guests?"

"It was. But we are all meeting again in London in three days."

Again that uncomfortable silence fell, and then:

"You are quite sure, Mr. Wilton, that your reason for breaking up the party was purely engine trouble? I mean, you have not, by any chance, received a notice from the Si-Fan?"

At those words, Wilton's face changed completely. He laid down the cigar that he had just lighted, and the effect was as though he had discarded a mask.

"How can you know that?" he asked. "How can you know that?"

"It may be my business to know, Mr. Wilton."

"I had two! I got a third while Adlon was on board. Yes, I admit it. I was running away. Now you have the truth."

Nayland Smith nodded.

"I thought as much. You control a great American newspaper, Mr. Wilton. Its sympathies are rather pointedly with Adlon and Monaghani. Am I right?"

"Maybe you are."

"Also, may I suggest that your armament works do a large trade with the governments represented by these gentlemen?"

"You seem to know a lot, sir. But as you say, maybe it's your business."

"How long does the third notice give you?"

"Until noon tomorrow."

"What are you to do?"

"I was ordered to come here to Venice." His glance, now, as he looked about him, was that of a hunted man. "And I was ordered to give that lunch on board to Adlon. Now I am told to beat it as fast as I can get away. This whole journey has been in obedience to those orders. I will admit it: I am a badly frightened man."

For some time past, faintly, I had heard the crackling of radio, and now came hurrying footsteps. A police officer ran in carrying a message, which he handed to the chief.

Colonel Correnti adjusted a powerful monocle and read it. Then he looked up, his hitherto pale face flushed with excitement.

"It is from headquarters," he exclaimed. . . . "A body has been found in the canal!"

"What?"

Smith sprang to his feet.

"They cannot be certain but they think—"

"Merciful heaven! This is terrible! What does it mean?"

Wilton, also, had stood up and was staring at the colonel's pale face.

"It means, Mr. Wilton," snapped Smith, "that something intended to avert war has happened tonight which, instead, may lead to it."

"Why should we be silent," the colonel cried, "about that which the world must know tomorrow! Mr. Wilton: A terrible thing has happened in Venice. Rudolf Adlon, a short time after he left this yacht, disappeared completely!"

"What do you say?"

Wilton dropped back into his chair.

"Those are the facts," said Nayland Smith sternly. "You were used to bring together Adlon and the woman known to you as Countess Boratov, under circumstances that would enable them to meet again, secretly. This meeting took place—you have heard the result."

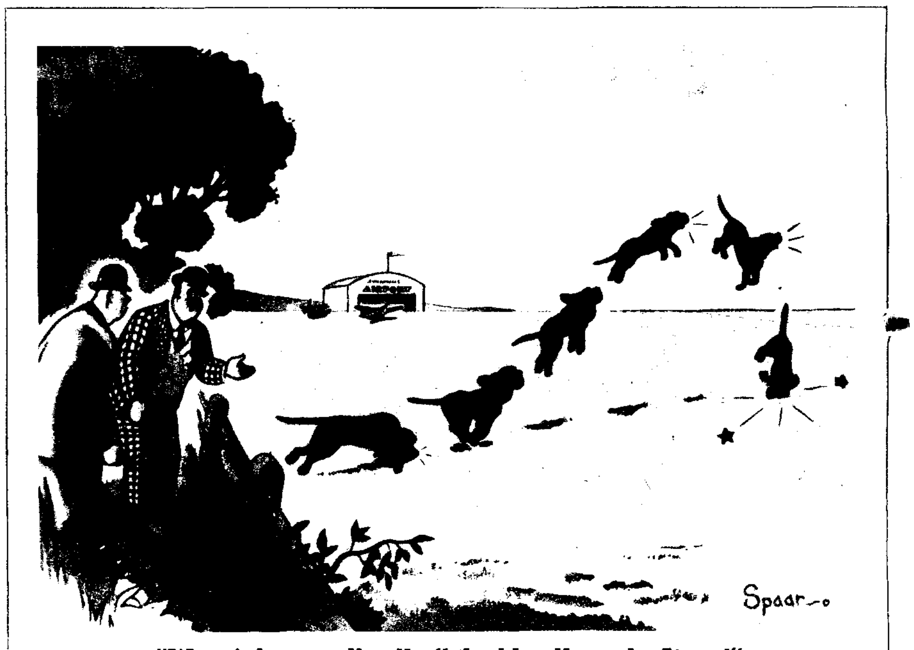
"But there may be a mistake! I find myself quite unable to believe it!"

"CATCH him, Kerrigan—he has collapsed!"

Just as he stepped out onto the deck, we both saw Wilton stagger and clutch blindly for support. . . . I caught him as he fell. In the deck light his face appeared ghastly.

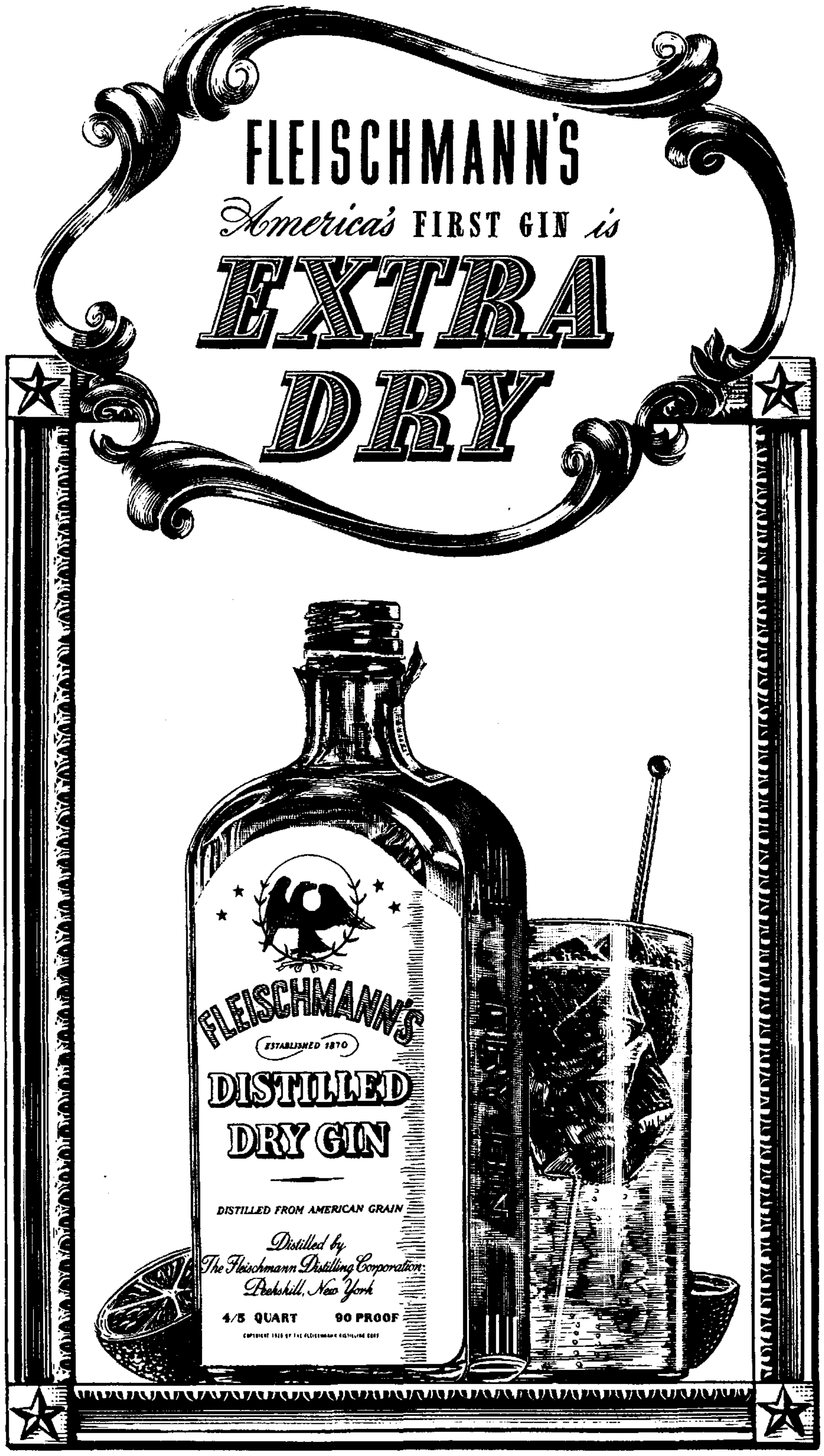
"My cabin is just forward," he muttered. "If I may lean on you I think I can make it."

Smith and I took him forward to his



"We might as well call off the bloodhounds, Steve!"

WILLIAM SPAAR



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cabin. It was commodious, with up-to-date equipment; and having laid him on the bed:

"My small medical knowledge does not entitle me to prescribe," said Nayland Smith, "but would some stimulant—"

Lopez, the steward, came into the cabin. Behind him I saw the carabinièri uniforms of the two men detailed to remain on board. In light shining out of the cabin, I disliked the steward's appearance more than ever.

"If you will leave Mr. Wilton to me, gentlemen," he said, "I think I can take care of him."

Brownlow Wilton's face was now contorted; he appeared to be in agony.

"What is it?" I asked aside.

"Angina pectoris, sir. The excitement. I am afraid he is in for another attack. There are some tablets . . ."

"Don't you carry a doctor?"

"No, sir. Mr. Wilton has a regular physician in Venice, but I don't think he felt any symptoms of an attack until this present moment."

NAYLAND SMITH was staring down at the sick man, and somehow from his expression I deduced what he was thinking. Dr. Fu Manchu, he had told me on one occasion, could reproduce the symptoms of nearly every disease known to medical science. . . .

"I will take no drugs—"

The sick man had forced himself upright—Smith sprang forward to assist him.

"Is this wise, Mr. Wilton?"

"Be so good as to give me your arm —as far as that chair. Lopez! I have found that a small glass of old bourbon whisky never does any harm at these times. If you abstemious gentlemen would join me, why, that would hasten the cure!"

His pluck was so admirable that to refuse would have been churlish. Lopez went to find the old bourbon and Nayland Smith, going out on deck, hailed the cutter:

"Head for port! Don't delay. I am remaining on board. Silver Heels will put about and follow. . . ."

At the small cabin table I presently found myself seated, the invalid on my left and Nayland Smith, too restless to relax, leaning against an elaborate washbowl with which the room was equipped. Behind me, Lopez poured out the drinks.

"Pardon," Smith muttered, and turning, began to wash his hands. "Grimy from the journey."

When he turned to take the glass that Lopez handed to him, I had a glimpse of Smith's face in the mirror that positively startled me. His eyes shone like steel; his jaws were clenched. Almost, I doubted my senses—for as he fronted us again, he was smiling!

Lopez withdrew quietly, leaving the cabin door open. I could hear the cutter moving off; there were shouted orders; and now I detected vibration. Silver Heels was being put about.

"To the future, gentlemen!"

Brownlow Wilton raised his glass, when:

"Look!—*Dr. Fu Manchu!*"

Nayland Smith snapped out the words and glared across the cabin!

Brownlow Wilton, setting his glass unsteadily on the table (I had not touched mine) shot up from his chair with astounding agility and we both stared at the open door. I was up, too.

The deck outside was empty!

I turned with a feeling of dismay to Smith. He was draining his glass. He set it down.

"Forgive me, Mr. Wilton"—he spoke with a nervousness I had never before detected in him—"that bogey is beginning to haunt me! It was only the shadow of a cloud."

"Well"—Wilton's high voice quavered—"you certainly startled me—although I don't know whom you thought you saw."

"Forget it, Mr. Wilton. I'm afraid the strain is telling. But that whisky has done me good. Finish your drink, Kerrigan. Perhaps I might rest a while, if there's an available cabin?"

"Why, certainly!" Brownlow Wilton pressed a bell. "Your very good health, gentlemen!"

He drank his bourbon like a man who needed it, and, as Lopez came in silently, I finished mine.

"Lopez—show Sir Denis Nayland Smith and Mr. Kerrigan to Cabin A. It is at your disposal, gentlemen. We have an hour's sailing ahead of . . ."

I glanced swiftly at Smith. The shock of his strange outcry had provoked another spasm of Wilton's dread ailment. His features were convulsed. He lay back limply in his chair!

"All right, sir!" said Lopez, as I stooped and raised the frail body. "If he lies down I hope he will recover—"

I laid the sick man on his bed. His eyes were staring past me at Lopez. He tried to speak—but not a word came.

"Here's your next patient, Kerrigan."

Nayland Smith spoke thickly . . . he was swaying!

I ran to him.

"This way, sir."

Lopez remained imperturbable. As I clutched Smith's arm and the steward led us along the deck, I cannot even attempt to depict my frame of mind. . . .

What ailed Nayland Smith?

Lightning flickered far away over the sea; thunder sounded like rolling drums. . . . The police cutter was already out of sight. Silver Heels swung slowly about.

As Smith reeled along the deserted deck:

"Take your cue from me!" he whispered in my ear. "When I lie on the bed, drop down beside me in a chair—anywhere—but as near as you can! Begin to stagger . . ."

The steward opened a door and illuminated a commodious cabin, similar to that occupied by Brownlow Wilton.

"In here, sir."

"Always . . . poor sailor, I fear," Smith muttered thickly. "Lie down a while. . . ."

I ASSISTED him onto one of the two beds whilst Lopez removed the coverlet. He lay there with closed eyes, seeming to be trying to speak. An armchair stood near by, and distrusting my acting, I slumped suddenly into it. I had ceased to try to think; but trusted Nayland Smith, for he could see where I was blind.

As the steward solicitously removed the coverlet from the neighboring bed and spread it over me:

"Sorry . . . whacked!" I muttered and closed my eyes.

The steward went out and shut the cabin door.

"Don't speak—don't move!" It was a mere murmur. "Roll over so that you face me, and wait."

I rolled over on my side and lay still. Now I could see Smith clearly. His eyes, though half-closed, were questioning about the cabin, particularly watching the door and the two ports that gave upon the deck. Over the creaking and groaning of the ship, I heard those distant drums. Something told me to lie still—that we were being watched.

"Speak softly," said Nayland Smith; "the man Lopez has gone to report. Do you realize what has happened?"

"Not in the least."

"We have fallen into a trap!"

"What?"

"Lie still. Someone else is probably watching us. . . . I foresaw the danger but still walked into it. I suppose I

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had no right to bring you with me."

"I don't even know what you mean."

The maneuver of turning the ship about had been clumsily accomplished, and I realized that we were now headed back for Venice. There was less creaking and groaning and the sound of thunder drums grew fainter.

"I suspect Fu Manchu's plan to be that we shall never return."

"Good heavens!"

"Ssh! Quiet! Someone at the porthole."

I lay perfectly still; so did Nayland Smith. Only by the prompting of that extra sense that comes to us in hours of danger did I realize that someone was indeed peering into the cabin. My brain, tired by a whirl of grotesque experiences, obstinately refused to deal with this new problem. Why should we both be overcome? And what were we waiting for?

"All clear again," Smith reported in a low voice. "Even if the door is locked, which I doubt, those deck ports are wide enough to enable us to get out."

"But Smith, what do you suspect?"

"It isn't a suspicion, Kerrigan; it's a fact. This yacht is in the hands of servants of Dr. Fu Manchu, from the commander downward."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"But Wilton . . ."

"In Europe our concern is concentrated upon kings and dictators, but Wilton in the United States wields almost as much power as, shall we say, Goebbels in Germany. His political sympathies are well known, his interests widespread."

"But Wilton is a dying man."

"I think you would be nearer the mark, Kerrigan, if you said 'Wilton is a dead man!' "

ONLY the sound of the propellers broke the silence now. I knew instinctively that Nayland Smith was thinking hard, and presently:

"Can you hear me, Kerrigan?" he asked in a low voice. "I dare not speak louder."

"Yes."

"The drinks we shared with Wilton were drugged. They think we're insensible."

"But, Smith—"

"I switched those drinks, Kerrigan, having created a brief distraction! My own, if you remember, I apparently drained at a draught. It went into the washbowl at my elbow."

"But mine?"

"There was no alternative in the time at my disposal. Wilton had yours—*you* had Wilton's."

"Do you mean you think he is lying dead, there in his cabin?"

"Ssh! Remember we are through if they once suspect us. I mean that he is dead, yes—but not lying in his cabin. . . ."

He lay silent for a while, and I divined the fact that he was listening. I listened also, puzzling my brain at the same time for a clue to the meaning of his words. Then:

"I am wondering why the two police have not . . ."

My sentence was cut short. I heard a sudden scuffling of feet, a wild cry—and then came silence again, except that, very far away, I detected a dull rumbling of thunder.

"Smith! *Can we do nothing?*"

"The murderous swine! It's too late! I was playing for time—trying to make a plan—" there was an agony of remorse in his low-pitched voice . . . "Hello!"

The lights went out!

"Now we can move," snapped Smith, and as he spoke, the engines ceased to move. Silver Heels lay rolling idly on the swell.

"This is where we jump to it! Quick, Kerrigan, have your gun handy!"

I rolled off the chair and made for the door. I was nearer to it than Smith.

"Damnation!" I exclaimed.

The door was locked!

"I didn't note them do it."

Dimly I could see Smith trying one of the big rectangular ports, which opened onto the starboard deck.

"Hello! This is more serious than I thought! These are locked, too!"

We stood there for a moment listening to increasing sounds about us.

"They're getting the launch away," I muttered, for I had noted that the yacht carried a motor launch. "What does that mean?"

"It means they're going to sink Silver Heels—with ourselves on board!"

"LISTEN, Kerrigan, listen!"

To the sound of voices, running feet, creaking of davits and wheezy turning of chocks, a suggestive silence had succeeded, broken only by the cracking and groaning of the ship's fabric. If Nayland Smith's conclusions were true, and he was rarely wrong, we were trapped like rats, and like rats must drown.

I listened intently.

"You hear it, Kerrigan?"

"Yes. It's in some adjoining cabin."

It was a moaning sound; but unlike that which had horrified me in the cellars of Palazzo Brioni, this certainly was human. Even as I listened and wondered what I heard, Nayland Smith had a wardrobe door open. The wardrobe was empty, but in the dim light I saw that he had his ear pressed to the woodwork.

"It's behind here!" he said. "We daren't use a torch, yet. Noise we must risk: the ship's noises may drown it. But this boarding has to be stripped. Hello!"

As I joined him I saw that there was a ventilator at the back of the wardrobe.

"No time and no means to unscrew it," he muttered; and I saw that he had succeeded in wedging his fingers between two of the bars. "Let's hope it doesn't make too much row!"

He wrenched it bodily from the light wood in which it was set. Speaking very close to the gap thus created:

"Anyone there?" he called softly.

A stifled muttering responded.

"Come on, Kerrigan! This is our only chance!"

So far as I could make out, every living soul on board, other than ourselves and whoever might be in the next cabin, had joined the launch. We attacked that job like demons, stripping three-ply woodwork from the back of the wardrobe. Every crack of the shattered fragments sounded in my ears like the shot of a pistol. We made a considerable gap—and no one hindered us.

"If anybody comes in," snapped Smith, "shoot him down."

There was a second partition behind, and now that stifled cry reached us more urgently.

"Stand behind me," said Smith.

He flashed a momentary beam upon this new obstacle.

"Matchboarding," I muttered. "These rooms once communicated."

Not awaiting his reply, I hurled myself against it.

I crashed through into a small cabin, as fitful moonlight from a porthole told me. On the floor the two men of the carabinièri lay bound—bandages tied over their mouths! One was struggling furiously; the other lay still.

"This one first."

QUICKLY we released the struggling man. He spoke a little English and the situation was soon explained. He had been struck down from behind as he patrolled the deck, and had recovered consciousness to find himself bound in the cabin. His companion, when we released him, proved to be insensible but alive.

"Now," snapped Smith. "Yes or no . . ."

The cabin was locked.

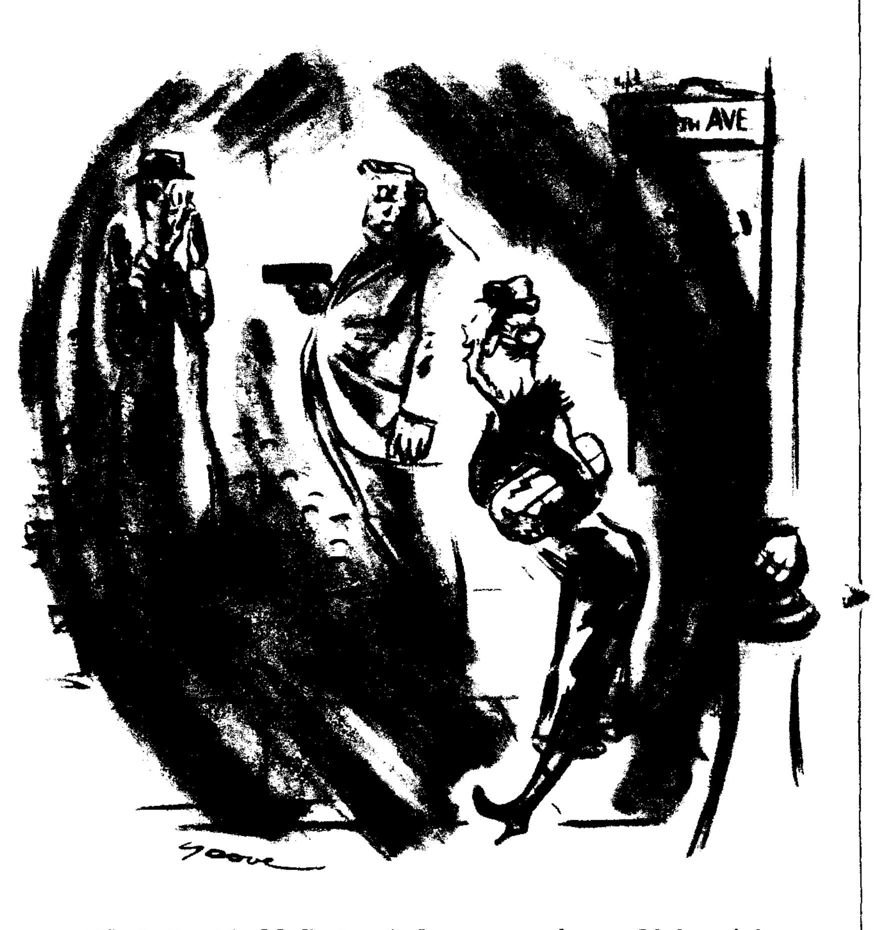
"This is awful!" I groaned; "but we could blow the lock out."

"Yes—fortunately we're armed; for these men's carbines are gone. But wait—"

He sprang to the porthole, worked feverishly a few seconds and then:

"A different fitting," he gasped. "I have it open!"

I climbed through onto the deck . . . and the key was in the cabin door. We were on the starboard side of Silver



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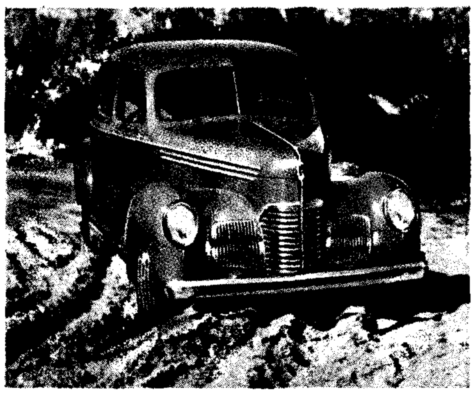

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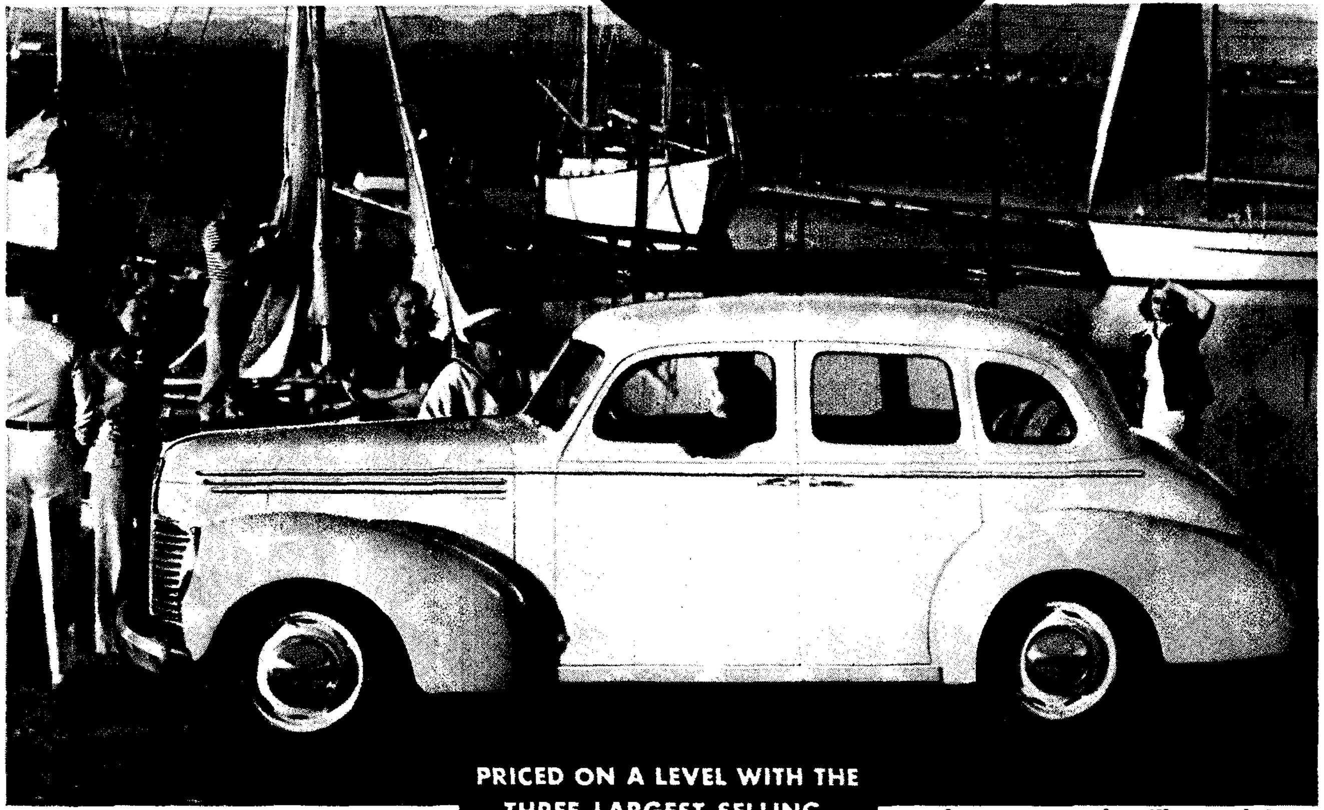

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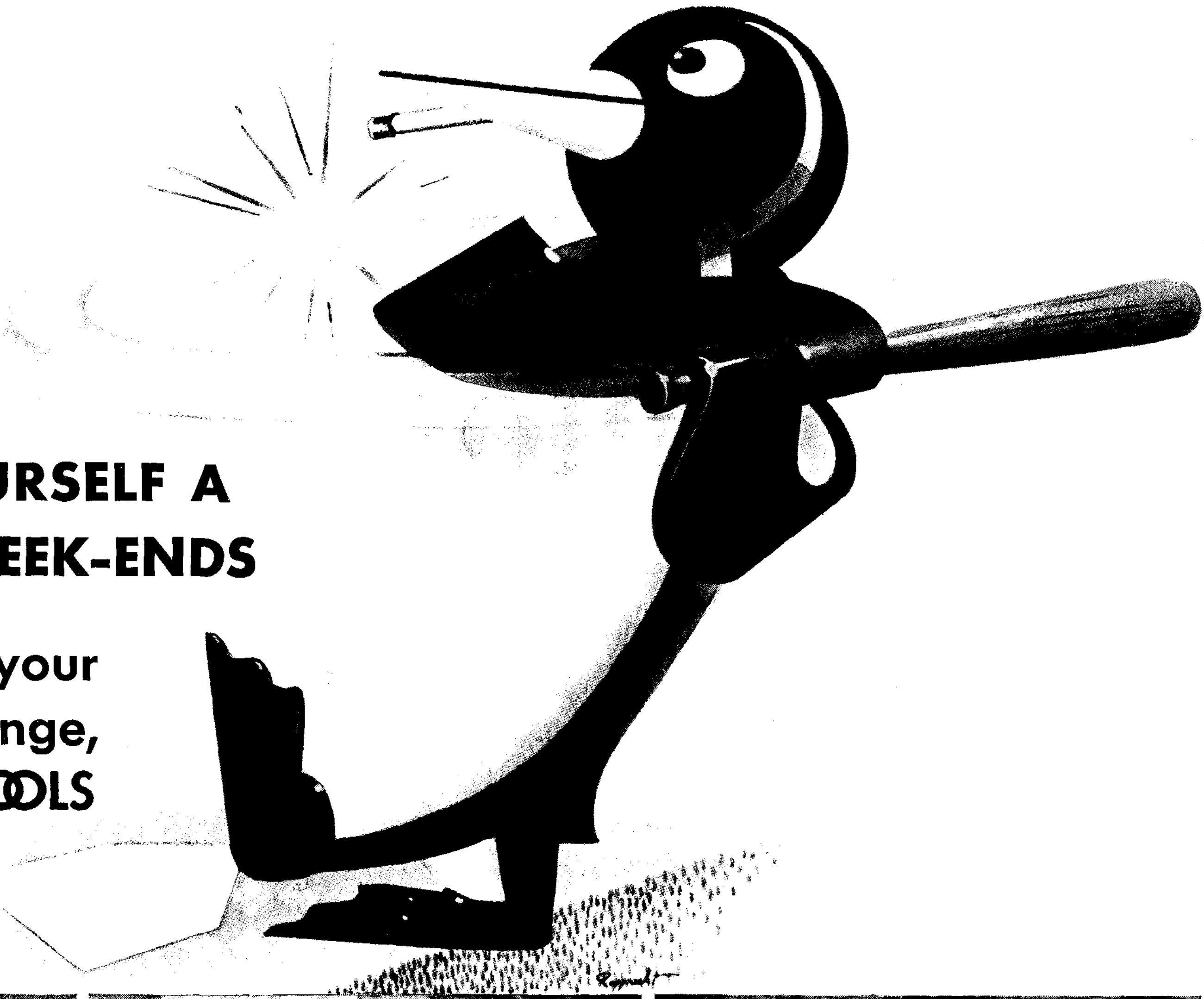

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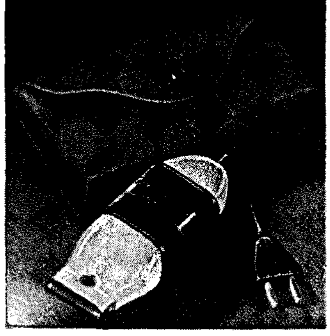

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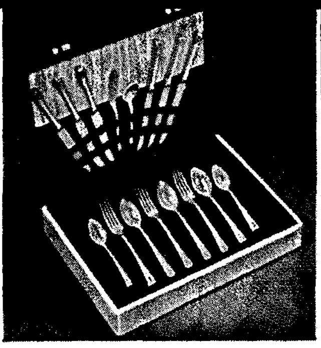

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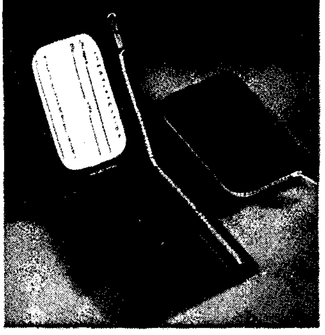

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Heels; the launch lay at the port ladder. And from the ladder head at this moment sounds of disturbance arose. Facing us, a small lifeboat hung at the davits; forward, just abaft the bridge, there was an alleyway which connected the two decks.

“Do you know anything about boats?” Smith snapped.

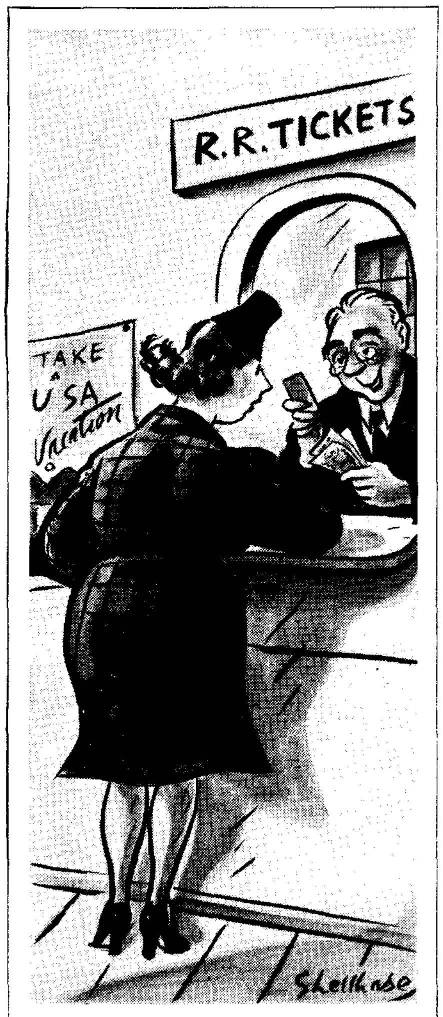
“Not much.”

“Do you?” to the police officer.

“Yes, sir. I was at sea before I joined the carabinièri.”

“Right! Kerrigan, steal through that alleyway and watch what is going on. You”—to the ex-seaman—“lend a hand with your friend.”

They began to haul the insensible man across the deck. I turned and crept along the alleyway. Soon I had a view of the ladder head. The port side was in shadow, relieved only by the light of a solitary hurricane lantern.



"No charge, lady. Here's your ticket and here's some spending money. The railroads are now under government control!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

One man stood there: he was tapping his foot impatiently upon the deck and watching a door that I thought led to the engine room. It was Lopez. Heralded by a rattling of feet on iron rungs, a man wearing dungarees burst into view.

“You have set it?”

“Yes.”

“Down quickly!—not a moment to waste!”

“But Dr. Chang! where is the doctor? I have not seen him.”

“His orders were to join the launch immediately she was swung out.”

“Dr. Chang is not on board,” came a voice from the foot of the ladder.

“How long have we?”

“Three minutes.”

Silver Heels, her wheel abandoned, creaked and groaned: it became difficult to hear the speakers.

“I shall not sacrifice myself for the doctor!” Lopez spoke furiously. “Already he has taxed my patience . . . Hoy!”—he hailed—“Doctor!”

“Dr. Chang!”

Other voices joined in the cry.

But Dr. Chang—whoever Dr. Chang may have been—did not appear.

At the head of the ladder, the man in dungarees hesitated, looking back over his shoulder—whereupon:

“Down, I say!” cried Lopez, a note of cold authority in his voice. “Who is in charge here? Always, the doctor was mad. If he wishes to be destroyed, who cares? There is not a moment to spare! Everyone for himself!”

NAYLAND SMITH and the police officer had succeeded in lowering away the ship's boat with the insensible carabinière on board; for when I got back to the starboard rail it was already riding an oily swell, fended off by the man in uniform. Smith, bathed in perspiration, was watching for my return.

“Well?”

“They've gone. The ship will blow up in two minutes! But Wilton—”

“Come on! The ladder is down.”

“But—”

“There are no ‘buts.’ Come on!”

Although I have said that the swell was subsiding, boarding that boat was no easy matter. We accomplished it, however; so that I am in a position to testify to the fact that some prayers are answered.

As dimly we heard the launch racing away from Silver Heels, we began furiously to pull around the stern of the vessel. We rowed as though our lives depended upon our efforts.

And this indeed was the case.

I was too excited at the time, too exhausted, to be competent to say, now, how far from Silver Heels we lay when it happened . . . but the effect was as though a volcano had belched up from the sea.

A shattering explosion came—and the graceful yacht seemed to split in the middle. Minor explosions followed. Flames roared up as if to lick the clouds.

Her end, I think, was a matter of minutes. . . .

I can hear myself, now, as that deafening explosion came, and Silver Heels disappeared below the waves, creating a maelstrom that wildly rocked the boat:

“Smith! I don't understand! . . . why did we desert Brownlow Wilton? He died a terrible death, and we—”

“He deserved it. God knows how or when the *real* Wilton died! The staff engaged in Venice had never seen Wilton. It was a plot to trap Adlon. The man who died on Silver Heels was a double, a servant of Dr. Fu Manchu!”

“Good heavens, Smith! A memory has come back!”

“Dictators have no monopoly of doubles. Dr. Fu Manchu employs them with notable success.”

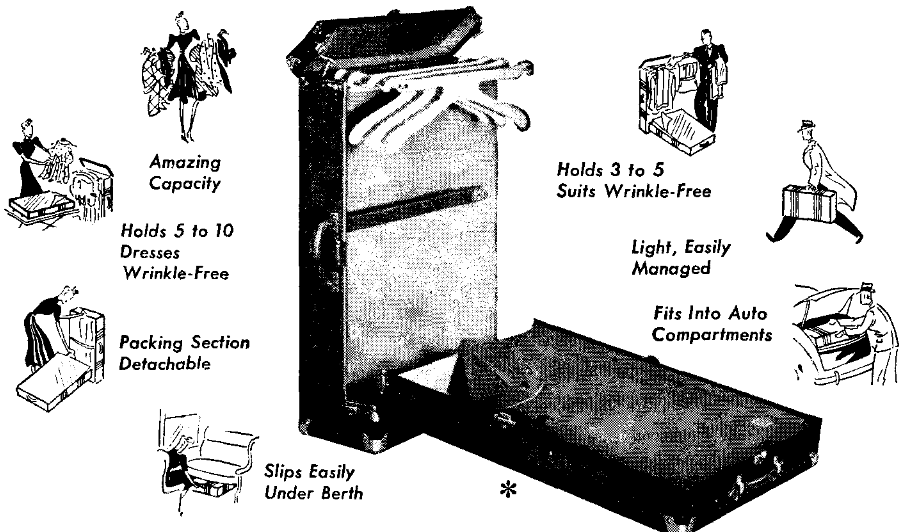
“Those fellows were crying out for someone called Dr. Chang, who was missing—”

“Wilton's impersonator, no doubt! I suspected a Mongolian streak. He lay drugged—by his own hand! I saw it all in the mirror, Kerrigan—hence my remarkable behavior! The man, Lopez, was directing; he is senior to the other in the Si-Fan. But ‘doctor’ is significant: probably Dr. Chang, apart from his resemblance to Brownlow Wilton, is a poison specialist—”

“I know he is. Smith—I know it! He is the man who came to your rooms and fixed the Green Death to the telephone!”

“Poor devil! You mean he *was* the man. . . .”

THROUGHOUT the week that followed our escape from Silver Heels so many things happened that I find it difficult to select a point from which to carry on my story, since I realize that this story, almost against my will, from the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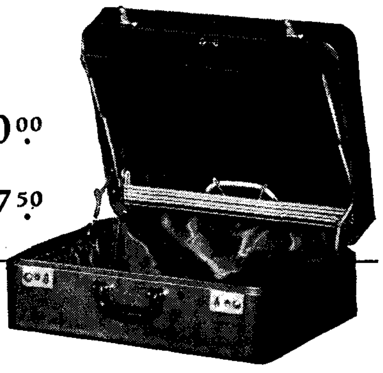

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The Prof. an' I speak the same language

There's one thing I like about this business—you never know who's comin' in next. But I never before met one like ol' Prof. Wright from over at the University—he's a *whizz.*

"Professor," I says, while fillin' his tank with Super-Shell, "this Golden Shell Oil cuts engine wear where most of it happens—on cold starts."

"Ah," says he, "high fluidity at low temperature, I take it—or to put it more simply, an accelerated velocity of flow from the reservoir to the reciprocating and revolving parts."

"Which?" (I gulp a little.)

"Yes, yes—I remember reading all the details recently—one of your research people reporting to a scientific journal, I think."

"You mean you already *know* Golden Shell is *fast-flowin'?* You *know* how it gets up into the engine *quick* when you start your motor?"

"Quite," answers the Prof., "and I seem to recall the mention of certain economies..."

"Oh, you mean the price? Well, it's only 25¢ a quart, Professor." (I'm gettin' more confident now.)

"Then, under the circumstances, I feel, as my students say, 'I shall *go for it in a big way!*'"

And he went. A complete oil change!

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

first has wound itself insidiously about the figure of Ardatha.

First had come what Smith called "the great hush-up."

Since Rudolf Adlon's double had been reviewing troops at the time when the real Adlon had been at Palazzo da Rosa, it was impossible for his government to divulge the fact that he had died (or disappeared) in Venice. When it became necessary to admit his death to a public that had looked up to him as to a god, they were told that he had died in his bed. The double, Rudolf Adlon No. 2, ceased to exist. It was done adroitly: the newspapers were muzzled. Patriotic physicians issued fictitious bulletins; then the final news for which a breathless Europe waited.

Mourning millions filed past a guarded dummy lying in state. . . .

NEXT came the retirement from public life of the ruler of Turkey; "a bloodless victory for Fu Manchu" was Nayland Smith's comment. (Pietro Monaghani, I should mention, had failed to keep the appointment with Adlon in Venice: he had accepted the orders of the Si-Fan.)

When an astonishing fact became undeniable—the fact that Fu Manchu, with all his people, including Ardatha, had vanished from Venice as though they had never entered the City of Lagoons—I remember that I advocated our secret departure to some base unsuspected by the Chinese doctor.

"Will you never realize, Kerrigan," Nayland Smith had said, "that from the point of view of the organization controlled by Fu Manchu, there is no such thing as a secret base? He knew that Adlon was going to be in Venice before the combined intelligence services of Europe knew it. He brought a crew of highly trained criminal specialists to deal with the situation, and dispersed them into thin air when their work was done, as a conjurer vanishes a bowl of goldfish. And think of the pack of cutthroats who left Silver Heels in the murder launch. The explosion was heard for miles—we were picked up ten minutes later; but what of the launch? It hasn't been traced to this day, nor anybody on board!"

And so on one never-to-be-forgotten evening I found myself back at my flat in Bayswater Road.

I stared from my window across the Park as dusk gathered and pedestrians moved in the direction of the gates. Presently, the behavior of a man who had just reached the gate nearly opposite my window began to interest me.

He was a tall, rather shabby-looking man, bearded and bespectacled; his wide-brimmed hat suggested a colonial visitor; and he walked with a stoop, leaning heavily upon an ash stick. Under one arm he carried a bulky portfolio. He was accompanied by a park keeper and a policeman who assisted his every step. But it was something else that had arrested my attention.

He was staring up at my window!

Now, as I drew the curtain aside and peered out, he raised his stick and lowered it, pointing to the front door!

That he was directing me to go down and admit him was an unmistakable fact, for I saw, during a halt in the traffic, that he was being shepherded across. I delayed only long enough to slip an automatic into my pocket and then went out and descended. I threw the door open and stood looking out at the man who waited there.

With a terse nod to his two supporters, he stepped in.

"Shut the door," he snapped.

It was Nayland Smith!

"Smith," I said reproachfully, "you promised me you would never go about alone!"

"I was *not* alone!"

He removed the wide-brimmed hat, the glasses, and straightened bent shoulders.

"I *cannot* complete the transformation in the best stage tradition," he said, with a grim smile. "False whiskers, if they are to sustain close scrutiny, must be attached with some care."

"But, Smith, I don't understand!"

"My dramatic appearance, Kerrigan, is easily explained. I was in a flying-squad car with Gallaho. Nearly at the top of Sloane Street, just before one reaches Knightsbridge, there is a narrow turning on the right. Out of this at the very moment that we were about to pass, a lorry shot—I use the word advisedly, for the acceleration pointed to an amazing engine. It struck the bonnet of our car, turned us completely around; we capsized—and before the lorry driver could check his mad career, resulted in the destruction of a taxicab, and, I fear, of the taximan!"

"But, Smith, do you mean—"

"That it was deliberate? Of course!" The pipe and pouch came from the pocket of his shabby coat. "Gallaho was knocked out, and I am afraid our driver was badly injured. As you see—" he indicated the side of his skull—"I did not escape entirely."

I saw a jagged gash that was still bleeding.

"Some iodine, Smith?"

"Later. A scratch."

"What happened then? How do you come to be here?"

"What happened was this: In spite of my disguise, I had been recognized. This was a planned attempt to recover something that I had in my possession! In the tremendous disturbance that followed, I climbed out of the window of the overturned car, and lost myself in the crowd that began to collect. The casualties were receiving attention. My business was to slip away."

He paused, stuffing tobacco into the brier bowl and staring at me, familiar gray eyes in that unfamiliar bearded face leaving an odd impression.

"I always carry the badge of a King's Messenger." He pulled back the lapel of his coat and I saw the silver greyhound. "It ensures prompt official assistance in an emergency without long explanations. I grabbed a constable, told him to come along, and made straight across the park. Here, I roped in a park keeper. Even so, I kept as much as possible to open spaces and checked up on anybody walking in the same direction."

AS I crossed to the dining room for refreshments, he dropped into an armchair and began to light his pipe. The big portfolio he set upon the floor beside him. On my return:

"The full facts of the Venice plot are now to hand," he said, bitterly. "Our pursuit of Silver Heels may or may not have been foreseen, but it is certain that they meant to destroy the vessel."

"Why?"

"The story of engine trouble had been circulated. She was, as you know, a Diesel engine ship. By the simple device of blowing her up at sea, everybody on board having first slipped away on the motor launch, the death of James Brownlow Wilton would be satisfactorily explained. I think we may take it for granted that the launch did not make for land. I am postulating, though I may never be able to prove it, some other craft in the neighborhood by which they were picked up."

"But . . . James Brownlow Wilton?"

"I have the facts—all of them; but the details are unimportant, Kerrigan. James Brownlow Wilton traveled by the Blue Train from London to Monte Carlo to join the yacht—I mean the *real* James Brownlow Wilton. At some time during the night (the French police think at

Avignon) he was smuggled off the train. His double took his place. . . ."

"It's too appalling to think about!"

"His retiring habits made the job a comparatively easy one. The double avoided—refused to see—those to whom the real Wilton was well known, and joining the yacht, sailed for Venice. The same procedure was followed there. Rudolf Adlon was dealt with, and saving our presence, the death of the millionaire at sea would have concluded the episode."

"That conclusion has been generally accepted, Smith. The newspapers are full of it."

"I know. Those who are aware of the real facts have been instructed to remain silent . . . as in the case of Rudolf Adlon."

"Great heavens! What a ghastly farce!"

My phone rang.

"Careful, Kerrigan!" snapped Smith. "Remember that Dr. Fu Manchu employs mimics. Don't say I'm here unless you are absolutely sure to whom you are speaking. But it may be news of poor Gallaho."

I picked up the receiver.

"Hello," came a typically English voice. "Is that Mr. Bart Kerrigan's flat?"

"Yes."

"I have been told by Sir Denis Nayland Smith's man that Sir Denis may be with you. This is Egerton of the Foreign Office speaking."

I TURNED to Smith, and without uttering the words, framed with my lips: "Egerton, F. O.!"

Close to my ear, Smith whispered:

"Say you will communicate with me if he will give you Fey's number."

"If you will give me Fey's number," I said (wondering what Fey's number might be), "I will endeavor to communicate with Sir Denis."

"Seven six nine four," came the reply.

"Seven six nine four," I mouthed.

Nayland Smith took up the receiver.

"That you, Egerton? Yes . . . precautions are necessary, I am afraid. We have had an unexpected scoop today. Be good enough to mention to *no one* that I am here. . . . Yes. . . . What's that? . . ."

He seemed to grow rigid. The gray eyes in that bearded face shone feverishly as he listened. Only once he interpolated a query:

"The mob killed him, you say? Is that certain?"

He listened again, nodding grimly. And at last:

"We knew he had had the notices," he said in a dull voice; "but he was even more obstinate than Adlon. In fact I am disposed to believe, Egerton, that he distrusted me. You know I was refused admission to the country?"

I heard the voice of the unseen Egerton talking for a while longer, and then:

"You can count on me. I will communicate at once," said Smith, and hung up the receiver.

He turned, and his expression warned me: Dr. Fu Manchu had scored again.

"Yes," he nodded, "the work of the Si-Fan carries on."

"What has happened, Smith?"

"Something even more spectacular," he replied bitterly, "than the published facts relating to Rudolf Adlon. The newspapers and news bulletins will have it tonight. All the world must know; for this is something that cannot be suppressed, nor edited. Standing on a black-draped balcony before no less than two hundred thousand people, General Diesler was delivering a funeral oration over the draped shell which does *not* contain the body of Rudolf Adlon. He said, so Egerton informs me: 'We have all suffered an irreparable loss. There is a fiendish enemy, by you unsuspected, an enemy in our very midst . . .' Those roughly, were his words. . . ."

"Well, what happened?"

"They were his last words, Kerrigan."

"What!"

"He stopped, clutched at his breast, and fell. The sound of a distant, a very distant report, was heard. He had been shot through the heart."

"But, Smith—"

"This shot was fired from the top of the cathedral spire—three thousand five hundred yards away!"

"I don't understand!"

"A body of police who happened to be marching through the cathedral close heard the report from the top of the steeple. They rushed in and caught a man who was hurrying down those hundreds of steps. It was none other than Baron Trenck, the millionaire publisher, ruined and exiled by Adlon . . . but acknowledged to be one of the three finest big-game shots in Europe!"

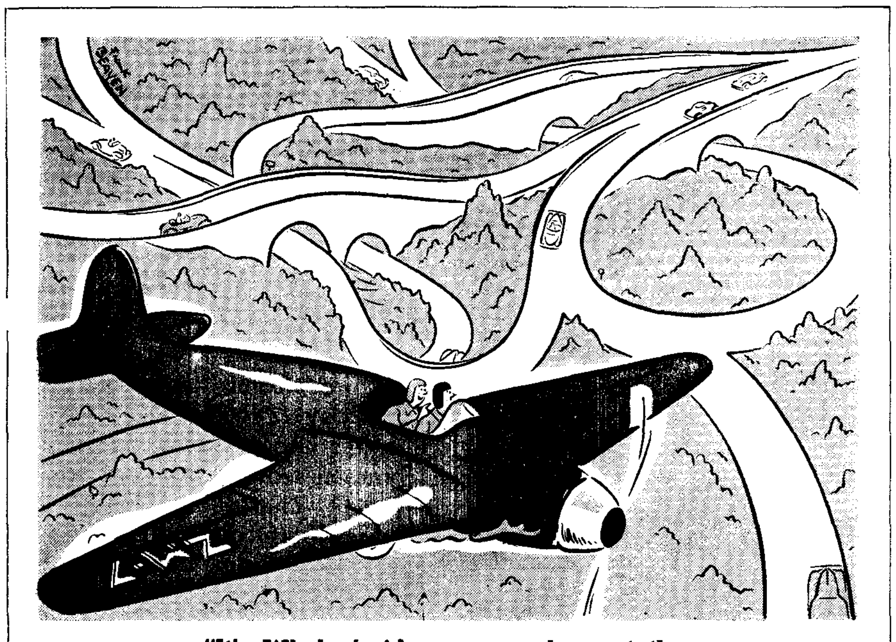
"But, Smith—"

"The rifle he carried was fitted with telescopic sights . . . and a Jasper vacuum charger!"

"Smith!"

"You see, the doctor has already made use of that valuable invention, thanks to the work of his daughter, Korêani! In spite of the efforts of the police, who endeavored to escort the baron under arrest, fanatical Adlonites—" he paused for a moment . . . "I gather that he was practically torn to pieces."

(To be continued next week)



"It's Whalen's idea—you end up at the World's Fair whether you like it or not"

FRANK BEAVEN

MORE "BRASS TACKS" CONCERNING COMPTOMETER ECONOMY

To thousands of large and small concerns in *every* industrial and business field, "Comptometer economy" is *more* than a phrase. It is *a direct way to substantial savings* in the handling of vital figure work!

Getting down to brass tacks, here are statements from five concerns in five different fields, whose use of Comptometer methods ranges from *10 to 26 years.* We believe they are *food for executive thought!*

MICHIGAN HARDWARE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich., has used Comptometers for 15 years. "We handle *all* our figure work on 4 Comptometers, with an estimated savings of $3000 annually. We get a remarkable percentage of first-time accuracy."

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HOUSTON OIL FIELD MATERIAL CO., Houston, Texas, has used Comptometers for 10 years. "Comptometers have saved us *many thousands of dollars* in time, and by elimination of error, in billing, costs, inventory, sales analyses and bank statement work."

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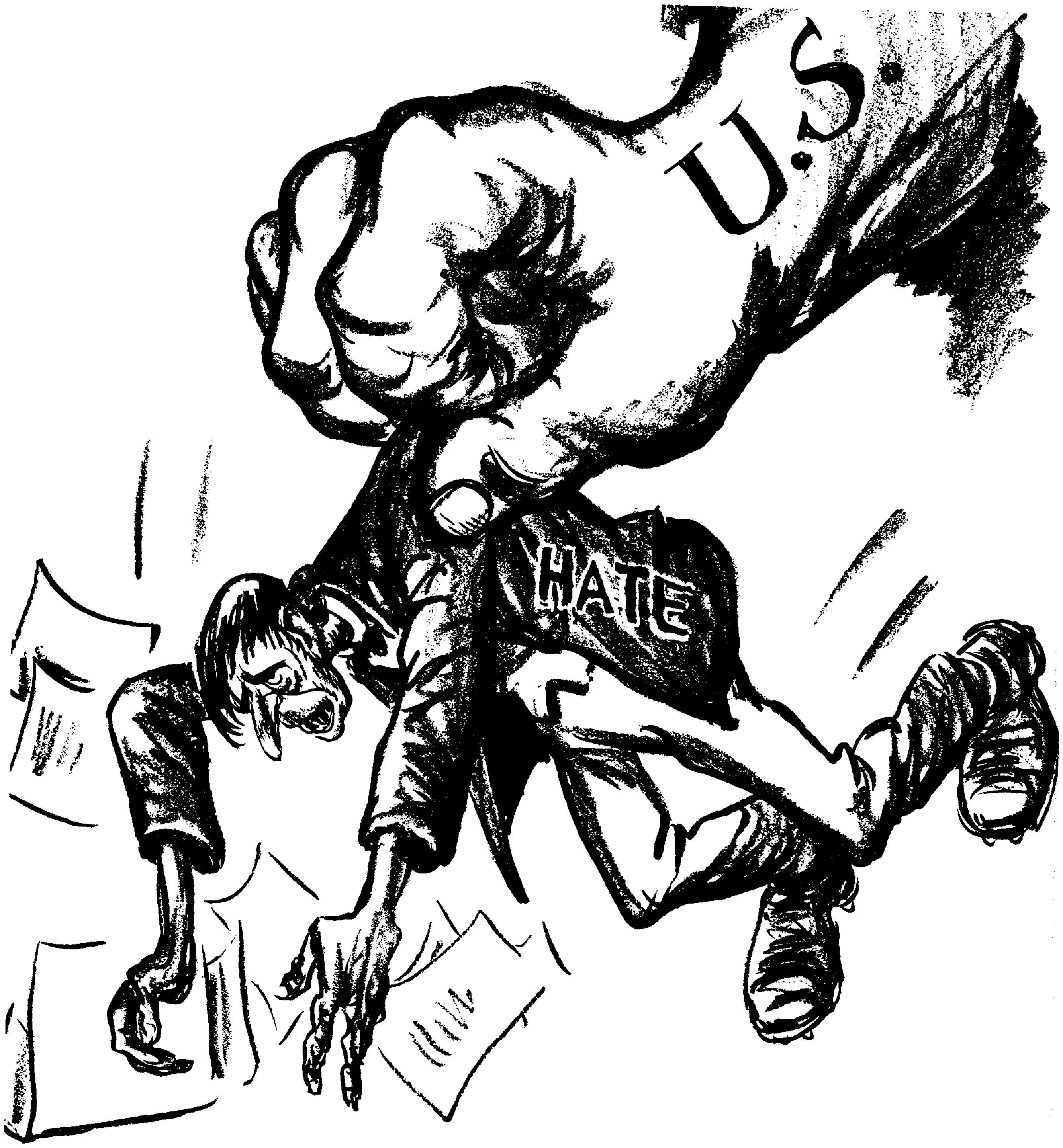

Boycott the Hate Merchants

IF YOU'LL bear with one more editorial on the recent Spanish civil war, we'll distill from it a thought of value for Americans.

The correct verdict on that war seems to be that both sides lost. Anyway, it is hard to tell whether Spain is more or less miserable now than it was while the war's fangs were at its throat. As between hot, open warfare and a clammy reign of terror, we don't know but what we'd prefer war.

Well, what brought Spain to this tragic pass?

The Spanish government that Franco overthrew was a government permeated with the ideas of class hate, property confiscation, kill the rich, out with the priests. Hatred was that government's mainspring. And the Spanish people by majority vote elected it.

The government before that one—Alfonso XIII, long bolstered up by Primo de Rivera—was another hater's government. Its mainspring was the hatred and disdain of the wealthier groups for the peasants and workers—*class hate, monopoly, grind the poor.*

Spain, in short, has been harried and hagridden by hatred and pride for generations. Every once in a while these passions explode in the most appalling savageries to be seen in Europe west of the Russian border. And these explosions settle nothing. Everybody loses.

The above-mentioned thought for Americans ought to be clear enough from these remarks. It is: Let's resolutely maintain our sales resistance to the merchants of hate who are now trying to peddle their goods among us.

A few of these hate-hawkers are the Communists, the Nazis, the anti-Semites, the professional pro-Semites, the anti-Catholics, the extreme New Dealers, extreme Old Dealers.

The prime objective of these people is to jockey us out of our long-standing hunch that we can only make our troubles worse by hating one another and fighting among ourselves.

That hunch still looks good. For some 150 years now, this has been a happier country most of the time than Spain ever is. The one time we forsook that hunch, to fight the Civil War in a spirit of hatred and no compromise, we almost killed ourselves as a nation—just as Spain's latest civil war has left Spain writhing in mud and blood.

Let's buy no more hate, no matter how persuasive the sales talk of the assorted hate merchants now circulating among us. Let's keep them firmly pushed over on the lunatic fringe, where they belong, fighting with one another, while the bulk of us calmly and co-operatively attack our problems.

There's little drama or excitement in democratic procedures; but there's practically no blood or misery in them, either.

A Fight We'd Better Start

AFTER more than five years of trying to keep cotton prices up by controlling production, the government finds itself with 11,300,000 bales of cotton on hand and our old-time foreign cotton market 5,000,000 bales a year below normal.

It seems to us that in the general excitement over what to do about it a couple of pretty dynamic notions have been overlooked or understressed by the politicians.

For one, how about teaching cotton growers to help themselves to some extent? For another, how about spooning a few of those million-dollar appropriations into scientific and strictly nonpolitical research for new ways to use cotton?

To illustrate the first idea, there is one example, the "Plant to Prosper" campaign that the Memphis, Tennessee, Commercial Appeal has carried on for the last five or six years. This campaign's aim has been to show cotton farmers how to plant diversified crops, thus getting away from the single-crop curse which rides them in years when that single product isn't bringing coffee-money prices.

About 42,000 cotton farmers had taken the Commercial Appeal's ideas to heart the last time we heard. Why can't there be such a campaign of education all over the Cotton Belt? The idea is the same as not putting all your eggs in one basket. It takes a bit of doing; but New England and Pennsylvania farmers, notably, have been able to accomplish it down the generations.

As to the scientific research idea—the most striking argument that we know of for more cotton research is the growing use of heavy cotton fabric as road-binding material. If science can take a fragile vegetable fiber and process it into a fabric that will help stone and asphalt stand up better under trucks and automobiles, science can find other astonishing and valuable uses for cotton, too.

Admittedly, both crop diversification and increased research would be long-range efforts at stepping up our cotton consumption. Admittedly, too, there would be few votes and no pork in either of them for politicians.

But it looks as if our foreign market is pretty well shot for a long time to come. We'll have to have political stopgaps—cheap resales of government-held cotton to farmers, perhaps, or export subsidies (only as a last resort, we hope); maybe more plowing under of cotton rows, with the taxpayers footing the bill.

Hadn't we better also get busy, though, on long-range, common-sense efforts to dehorn our basic dilemma? That dilemma is that we can and do produce more cotton than we know how or are able to consume. If we don't lick that problem, it will lick us—with disastrous effects, most likely, on both North and South. We'd better start fighting now, with the best weapons we can snatch up.

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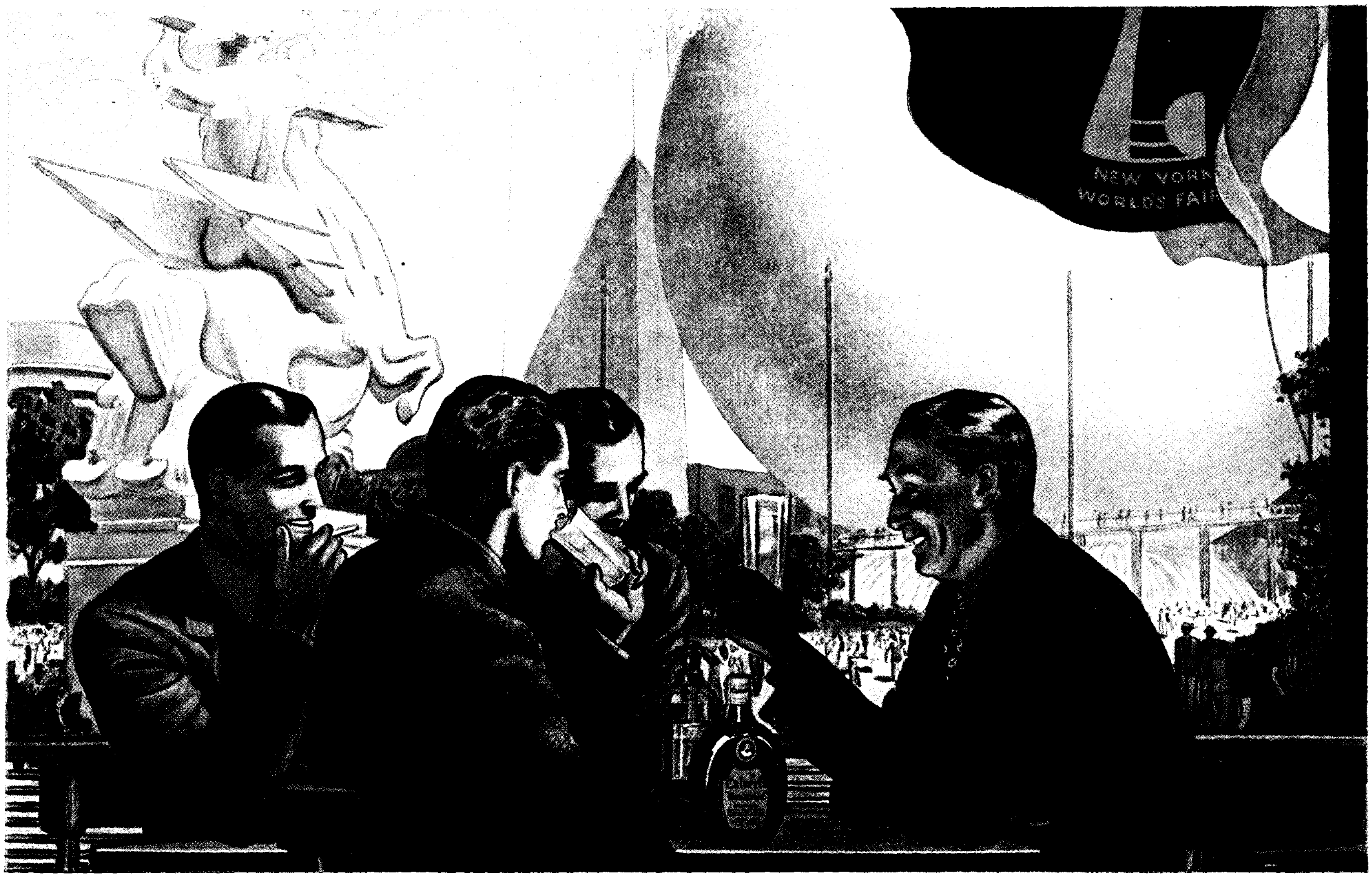
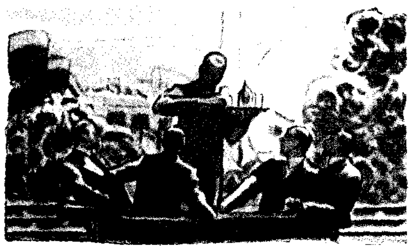


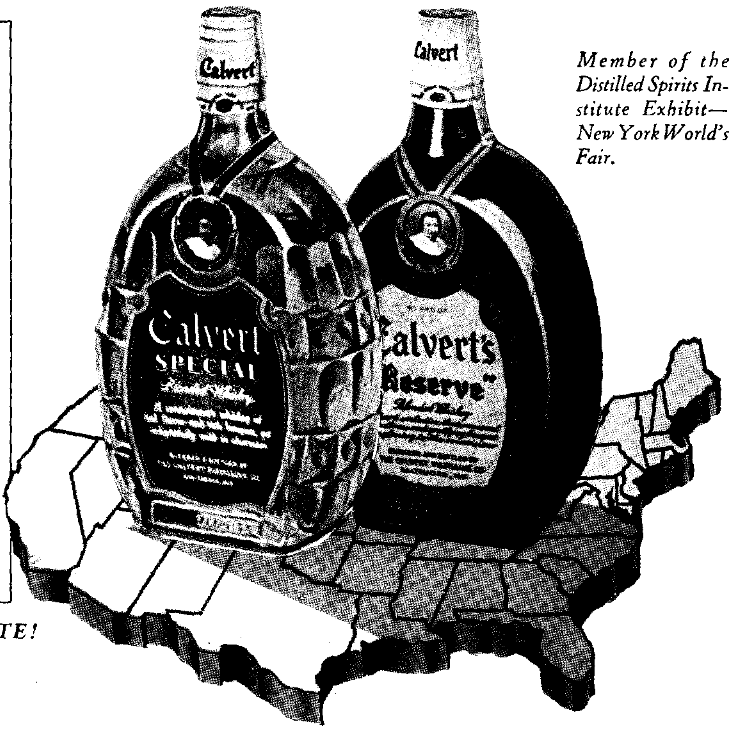
New York World's Fair 1939

The "World of Tomorrow," which opened this month with its gleaming domes and spires, its graceful causeways and myriad exhibits, is attracting visitors from all over the nation—an estimated year's attendance of over 20,000,000 people!



"IT'S A FACT, Bill—this trend to lighter, blended whiskies is sweeping the country! And if you ask me, *blended* whiskey is in *every* way a more desirable type of whiskey. It's smoother and mellower, you know—more pleasing to the taste."

"AND IT WAS THAT 'GOOD TASTE,' Sam, that first won me to *Calvert* Blends! Those Calvert people had a lot to do with starting the trend to blends—their whiskey, you know, is created by a group of *master blenders*—specifically for *better taste.*"



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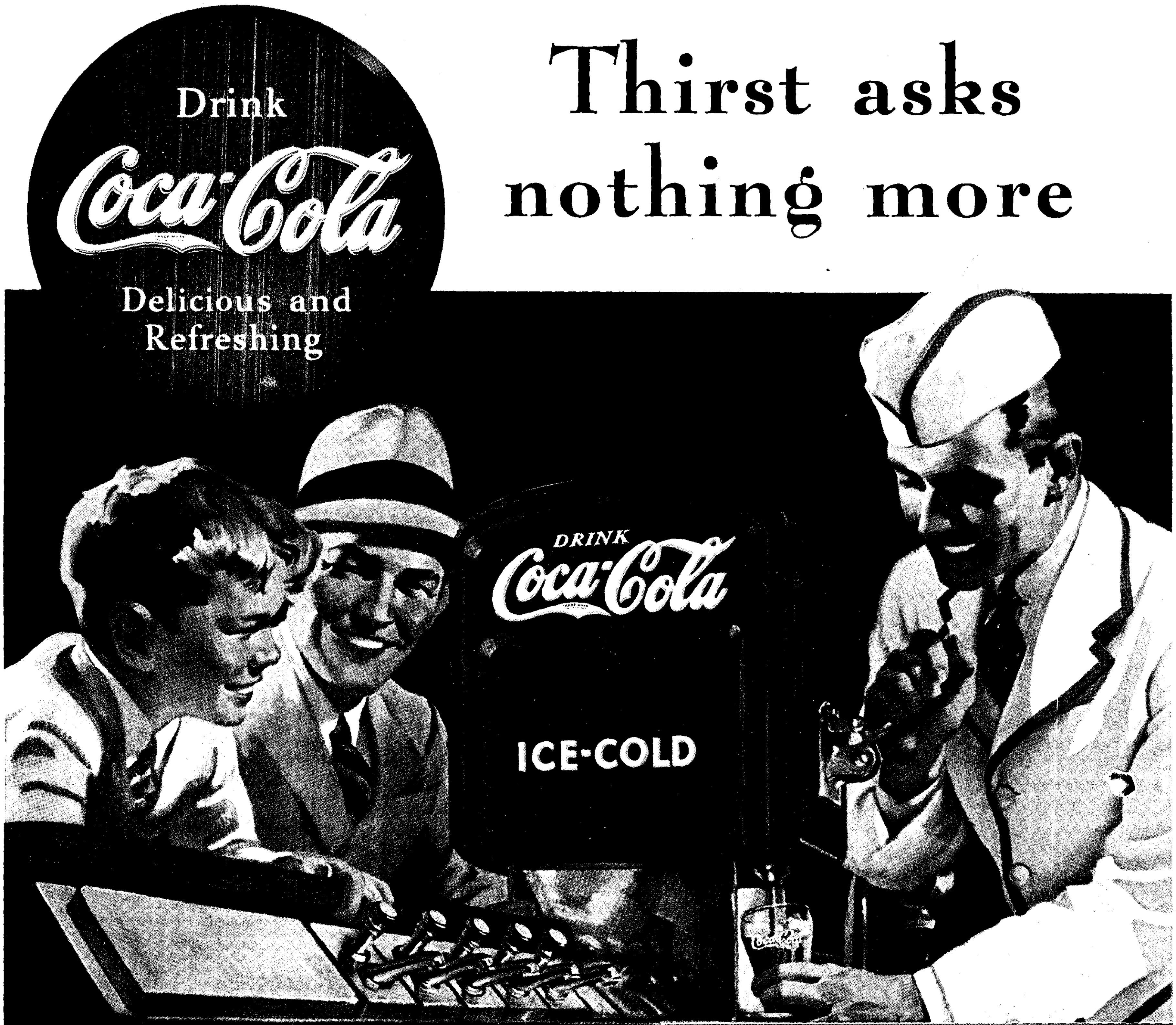
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